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THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR

By Montgomery Schuyler

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE illustrator having "seen visions" of the coming World's Fair at St. Louis, the scripture would be fulfilled if his collaborator, the text-writer, should "dream dreams." And indeed, at the time of drawing or of writing some optimistical imagination is required for an enthusiastic forecast of the Exposition. Not that it must body forth the shapes of things unknown, for the great palaces upon the aggregation of which the spectacular success of the show must mainly depend are already in a state of such forwardness as to be fairly seen and apprehended in their design, barring only the effect of the color decoration of such of them as are to wear it. But their sculptural accessories are for the most part still in the modellers' yards, and the whole setting of them is to be. Instead of the ample promenades that are to connect them, there is a Serbonian bog of mud of a peculiar viscosity. The plantations or transplantations have not been made of the trees that are to replace those doomed to destruction in the preparation of the site. The water that is to play so large a part in the general effect is of course not turned on, the fountains and cascades through and in which it is to play are still wanting, the great lagoon into which they are finally to be collected is still a yawning excavation of an impressiveness as little artistic as that of the great Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal. Decidedly the visitor whose aim it is, at this stage, to realize the intended effects, must, with Mr. Swiveller's Marchioness, "make believe very much."

But he need not make believe at all in order to be astonished both at the scale and the promise of the preparations. Nothing which he is likely to have heard will have prepared him for what he sees. The arts of publicity and promotion have not been exercised, at least as yet, in behalf of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, to anything like the same extent as in behalf of its predecessors. Chicago at no time hides its light under a bushel, and when it had the Columbian Exposition to give, it put the light in a colossal candlestick and brandished it in the attitude of Chicago Notifying the World. When Buffalo had a Pan-American to give, every American wayfaring man was fully "charged with knowledge" through the medium of polychromatic posters, that Niagara was harnessed and prepared to draw, and fully apprised of what Buffalo hoped the fair would be like. But outside of St. Louis there is as yet no such notion beforehand of the Terrace of the States and the Cascade Gardens as scarcely anybody, in any part of the country, could have escaped having beforehand of the Court of Honor, or of the plaza which was the foreground of the Electric Tower. "Mr. Dooley" has accurately enumerated, among the consolations of world's fairs, that "when a city has had one, it doesn't need to have another." The remark is accurate, at least with the notable exception of Paris, which is, to be sure, a permanent exposition, but which finds it pay to let its chronic spectacularity become acute every ten years or so. But

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certainly one of the lessons of experience is the desirableness, when your turn comes to have a world's fair, of "deaving the general ear" and dazzling the general eye with the proclamation as long in advance as possible.

And then, too, the nature of such announcements in advance as have been made, or at least as have been forced upon the public notice, has been less pictorial than statistical. The acreage, or mileage, of the forthcoming Fair has been duly impressed upon the reading public. It is that public's own fault if it does not know that the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has "inside its fences" twice as many acres as were enclosed at Chicago in 1893, and four times as many as were enclosed at Paris in 1900, or at Buffalo in 1901, and half as many again "under roof" as were sheltered by the "record" now broken. The superlative degree has seldom been so systematically worked. Every structure is the biggest or the longest or the widest or the tallest ever devoted to a like purpose "in the world." But surely it is known that there is room enough in the State of Missouri to break all world's-fair records in the respect of spaciousness!

Not, indeed, that all the advertising of the Fair has been of this kind, but only the loudest and the most diffused. There is a still, small pamphlet, an "illustrated handbook" of the Exposition, written by Dr. Kurtz, of the Art Department, which is a model in its kind, which sets forth what are the real distinctions and attractions of the show, and lets the stranger know accurately just what it is that he is expected to go out to St. Louis "for to see." But unfortunately the circulation of this admirable compendium seems to be too much confined to St. Louis itself, where it is least needed.

Although one having more or less authority in the councils of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has declared that it is not the object of the Fair "to immortalize its architects," the obvious fact is that, since Chicago, at least, the success of a world's fair must be a spectacular success, and it is the result of the architectural dispositions that makes or mars that success. Indeed, for purposes of popular attractiveness, the outsides of the buildings count for more than the exhibits inside. It seems safe to say that if the palaces at Chicago had been quite empty, they would have drawn a far greater concourse than what was to be seen within them if it had been stored in mere unpretending sheds, however well it had been disposed for inspection. A world's fair out of which the architects are to get no credit is a foredoomed failure.

Happily the practice of the Fair has been much better than the theory of the official in question. The plan, like that of its successful predecessors, was arrived at by a consultation of the architects chosen by direct selection beforehand, on the principle adopted at Chicago and Buffalo, of dividing the work nearly equally between local architects and architects from outside. The site selected, or imposed as being in the line of least resistance, was a tract of quite virgin soil, a parallelogram roughly a mile by two, and, if we must mention it, 1240 acres in exact extent, a part of the public pleasure ground, four or five miles, and three-quarters of an hour by trolley, from the heart of St. Louis, which is described as well as called by its name of "Forest Park." The part chosen to be cleared was known as "The Wilderness," a tangle of "brush" interspersed with primeval trees, virtually a level, but skirted to the southward and eastward by a ridge which attains a height at one point of seventy feet, rising rather abruptly from the plain. At Chicago the only natural "feature" was the lake. At Buffalo there was no feature which could determine the design. But this skirting ridge is the determining feature of the plan at St. Louis. From its central summit were drawn the radiating avenues which give the "lay-out" the likeness of a fan. The central avenue, wider than the others, is the waterway of the broad lagoon, or rather is lagoon for half its length and plaza for the other. Two of the great palaces, those of Education and Electricity, offer, the one the stately colonnades of its wings and the grandiose quadriga-crowned mass of its central portals, the other its huge Greco-Roman arches framed in projecting "orders," to the mirror of the land-locked basin, or of the subordinate canals by which they are completely islanded.

As far outward as these palaces extend, the stream that flows down the opposite hillside in ordered cascades is diverted to the lateral avenues and to the transverse

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avenue that connects them. It is an arrangement that had its effect at Buffalo, and it is introduced here on a far larger scale and with promise of a corresponding increase of effectiveness. Observe that the transverse avenue, the waterway that connects the three diverging ribs of the fan, is not a curve, but rectilinear, with the result of making a rather abrupt angle in the centre of each "block" of palaces, salient for the rears of these two inner buildings, re-entrant for the fronts of the wider buildings of longer radius from the centre of the Festival Hall that crowns the opposite hill, and is the centre and cynosure of the whole display. Behind the Palace of Education spreads out the huge Palace of Manufactures, behind that of Electricity the corresponding bulk of that of Varied Industries, the former a pompous and festal series of Roman arches, declining into detached peristylar colonnades at the corners and rising into triumphal arches of entrance at the centres, the latter reminiscent, as it seems, of the Machinery Building of Chicago, showing pedimented and steepled entrances at the centres, domed and arched pavilions at the angles, and between these central and terminal features curtain walls fronted with a colonnade standing on an arcaded basement, excepting that the basement is not really a basement, since there is no floor to divide it from the colonnade.

On the outside, again, of these ribs, or radii, are more palaces, flanking that of Education that of Mines, flanking Manufactures, Liberal Arts; and, on the other side, Machinery beyond Electricity, and Transportation beyond Varied Industries. It is a huge show, sure enough, that is constituted by these eight palaces. It is to be noted that the similitude of a fan, obvious and taking as it is, is not accurate. The pin of the fan may indeed be represented by the Festival Hall that crowns the centre of the slope. But the "nub" or nucleus of the display is not a point, not even a point of two hundred feet in diameter, which is that of Festival Hall. If it were, each of the diverging ribs would at its outward extremity command the view across the grounds and waters, and up the hillside to the central cynosure. The centre is in fact a quadrant of a quarter of a mile in extent, the "Terrace of the States" along the ridge. It is only the central avenue that commands the direct view across the plaza and the basin to the crowning temple. The vista of each of the lateral avenues is closed by the circular colonnaded pavilion which forms the termination of the quadrant on that side.

Manifestly, the scheme is noble and impressive. It was a happy thought to take the one distinctive natural feature of the site and work it up into the cynosure of the show. Apparently it was an afterthought. At any rate the "Terrace of the States" that flanks the Festival Hall and crowns the ridge, has the unfortunate effect of effacing the one palace of the Exposition that is destined to permanence, the Art Building, which is no longer apprehensible, in the view for which one may suppose it was chiefly designed. It is a substantial and dignified structure in brick and limestone, of which the composition is a tall nave, fronted by a hexastyle Corinthian portico, above which appears the large lunette that promises abundant light for the interior, with similar and similarly pedimented openings along the sides, and flanked by a singularly bold expanse of low wing wall, left blank but for the small grilled squares at the top, and for a simple feature near each end—a pair of columns carrying a pediment and enclosing a niche —the feature corresponding, apparently, to an interior corridor, although it has no opening. All this is of a classic severity, though severe rather in the modern Parisian than in the ancient Athenian sense. But on the garden front, which the temporary annexes convert into a quadrangle, the designer has relaxed himself and become unscrupulously "amusing" with a free and fantastic treatment of motives from the Italian Renaissance. There is no gainsaying the amusement, and this garden front is noteworthy as affording the only employment, at this time of writing, of exterior color in the Fair and indicating, what was so abundantly shown at Buffalo, the festal possibilities of that device. The main building is not, as it was not required to be, of an "expositional" character, and its gravity might have struck a sterner note than would have comported with the Fair. But it seems a pity, all the same, that it should have been hidden to make a local holiday. The concealment

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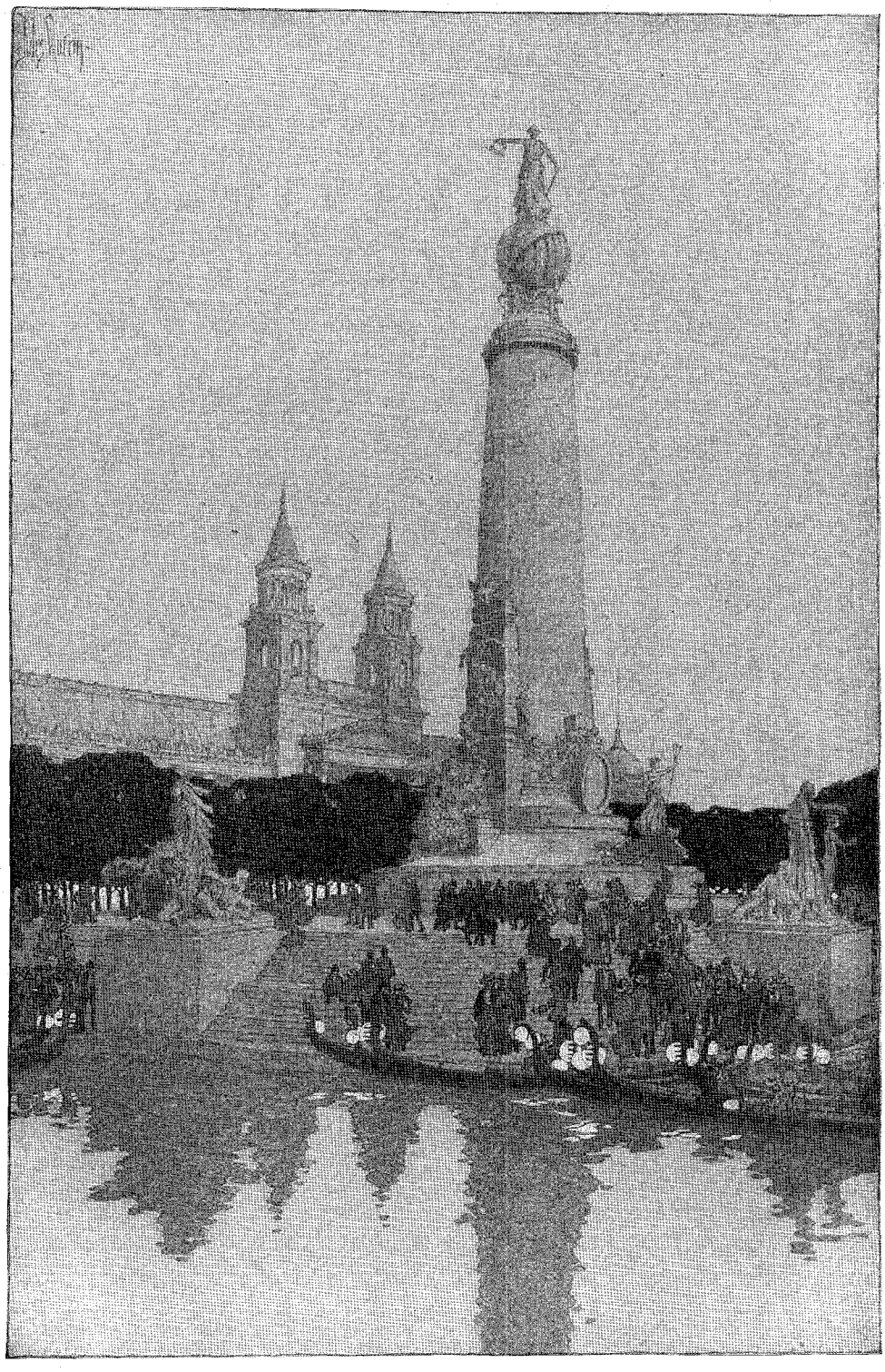

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Monumental shaft to commemorate the Louisiana Purchase.

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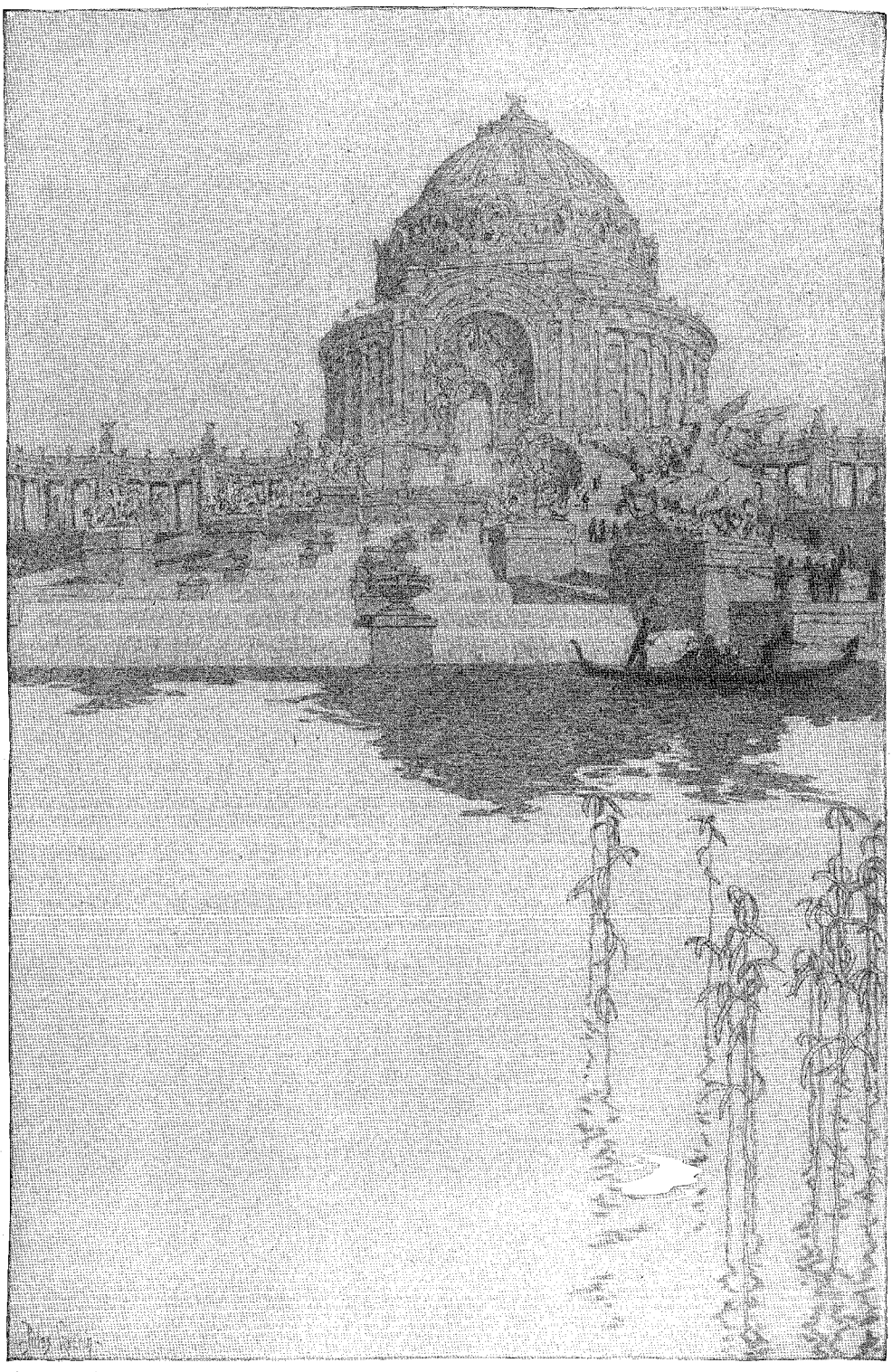

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The Festival Hall and the Great Fountain at the head of the Basin.

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was attended with every circumstance of consideration, for it was the architect of the Art Building, Mr. Cass Gilbert, who was himself invoked to efface it by interposing Festival Hall between it and the vulgar gaze for the period of the Exposition. Nobody could say fairer than that. The Festival Hall, which with its flanking colonnade so completely, for the time being, hides the Art Building, is a cupola rising from an encircling colonnade of less than its own height. The "circumscribing parallelopipedon" of the structure would be very nearly a cube of two hundred feet. When a structure of this kind is set on a hill even of seventy feet, to be looked at from what is virtually a plain below, it is adapted to dominate the scene, as this Festival Hall undoubtedly dominates the Fair. And when it is flanked by a furlong of continually curving and recurving colonnade, punctuated with colossal seated statues, each in its own "exedra," the "Terrace of the States," representing the commonwealths (up to date twelve States and two Territories), that freedom has developed out of the Louisiana Purchase during the century, and terminated by a domed pavilion skilfully designed with reference to it; when, finally, from the central structure and from each of the terminal structures, there streams down the slope and into the great basin at the base a series of symmetrized and formal waterfalls, sparkling in the sun, and, when the sunlight fails, susceptible of the more various and iridescent illuminations of electric light—it will be agreed that here is an attractive novelty in the central features of world's fairs. It is, in fact, the Administration Building of Chicago plus the electric illuminations of Paris—with this difference in its favor, that the electric fountains play against the hill of the Trocadero, as it were, and are witnessed from the plain of the Champ de Mars. Festival Hall, with its diverging colonnade and its descending cascades, promises to be worth going a long way to see. Assuredly it will be if the indications of the plan are carried out. And although the landscape work and the water work and the sculpture and the color and the illumination are all to come, the architecture, at least, is secure, and this although this central feature of it, the Pantheon, so to say, although in form and in design it much more nearly recalls the baptistery of Pisa, is as yet but a pyramidal bulk of scaffolding. One has very frequent occasion, in making the tour of the grounds, to congratulate the managers of the Fair on having secured the services of Mr. Masqueray as Chief of Design, and in this crowning feature not least. For it is upon the design of the incidental and accessory elements of a great decorative scheme like this that the ultimate effectiveness very largely depends; and this is here unfailingly successful. The colonnade itself, the great quadrant made up of lesser quadrants, is not only an effective setting for its statues, but an effective connection between the tapering bulk of the central hall and the smaller but similar masses of the terminal pavilions, which, for their festal purpose, are of admirable design. Their practical destination as restaurants has compelled the interposition of a gallery midway of the circular enclosing colonnade, which is of course a solecism; but it is a solecism so associated with Southern building, since the days of Jefferson, that one welcomes it in a Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The execution of this whole crowning feature of the Fair is worthy of its conception. An equally effective erection in its kind, the Louisiana Purchase Monument, to be crowned by Mr. Bitter's colossal "Peace," is the one structure on the grounds that is called a "monument," though but a monument in staff, destined to pass away with the rest of the "insubstantial pageant." The design of it seems to entitle it to a greater duration, although that design has been determined with strict reference to its place in the decorative scheme. In function it quite corresponds to Mr. French's "Columbia" in the Court of Honor at Chicago, bearing the same relation to Festival Hall that that bore to the Administration Building, although at a much greater distance, and, according to L'Enfant's happy expression about his plan for the "Federal City," "preserving reciprocity of sight" between two principal objects. At the edge of the basin and the centre of the plaza, with its height of 128 feet, and a bulk more than corresponding, according to the columnar conception of a monument, it will form the point of convergence for the view from the ridge, as Festival Hall for that of

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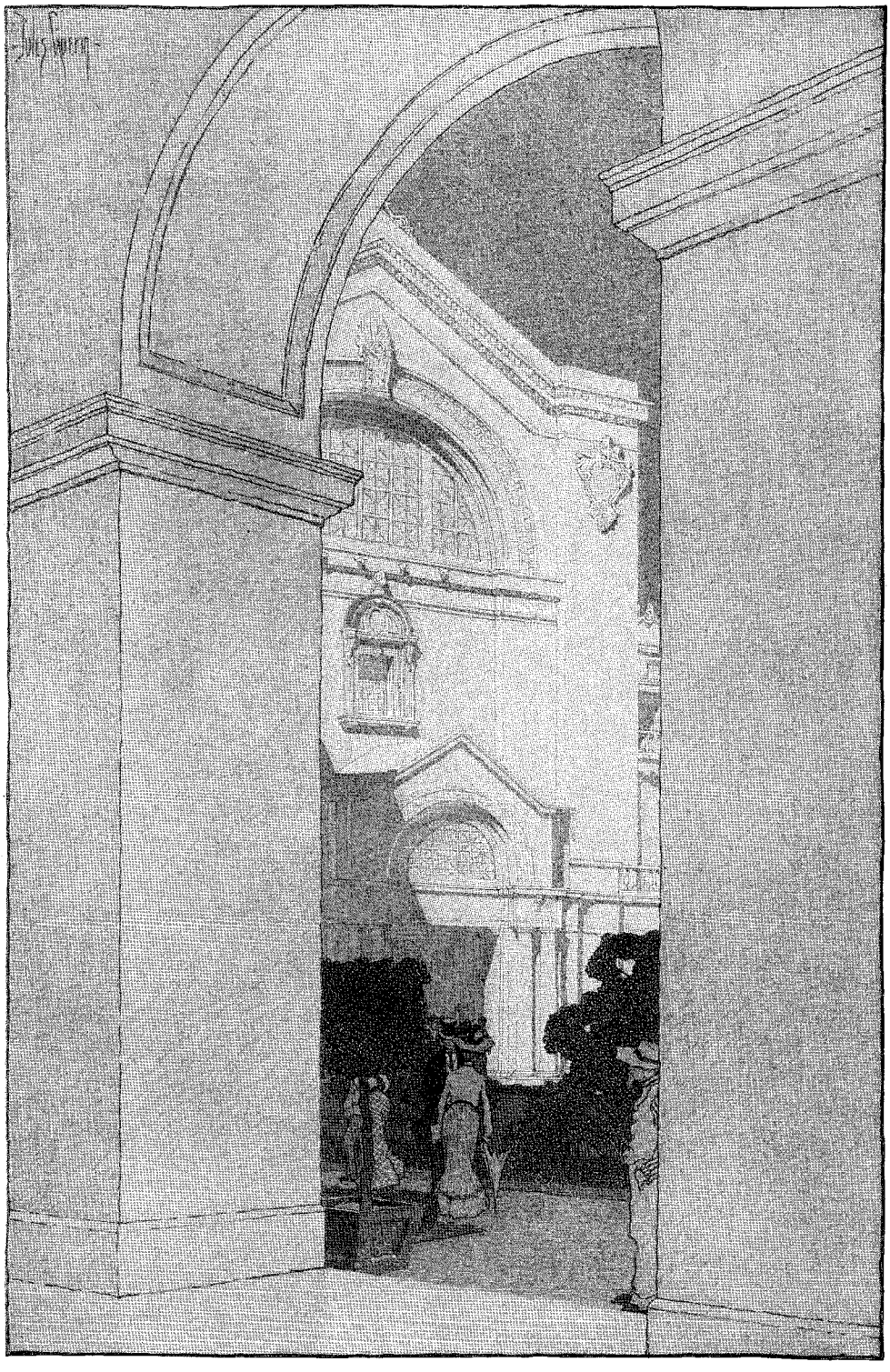

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

The courtyard of the Electricity Building.

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spectators on the plain. The columnar conception, according to which a member designed with a spreading capital to take a superincumbent weight of distinctly greater area than its own, is employed to support a statue of distinctly less, is here frankly abandoned in favor of the more logical arrangement of a bulky and solid tower as the pedestal of the statue, an arrangement which is more effective as well as more logical for a monument to be seen like this. In his own Transportation Building the architect has effectively repeated on a smaller scale, and by way of "imitation," the form of the monument in the finials of the massive abutments of his vast triplet of wheeling arches.

This, then, is the heart of the Fair, this three-ribbed fan of which the pin is the Festival Hall, the handle the quadrant of the colonnaded Terrace, the ribs the three broad avenues, of waterways out to the transverse avenue and landways beyond, which are bordered by the eight great palaces. It seems a pity that the transverse avenue should not have been a curve instead of the broken line of which the angle occurs in the centre of blocks of palaces, offering indeed, on one side—the side of the salient—an architectural opportunity, of which several of the designers have effectively availed themselves, although at least one has "refused" both the opportunity and the entrance, but on the other an architectural difficulty which some of them have found insoluble, and of which the most eligible solution is perhaps that to which the designers of the Varied Industries have resorted in masking it with the convex segment of a colonnade. It was probably the practical difficulties of building round the curve that resulted in the choice of the artistic difficulties of building round the corner. But one disadvantage of the choice is that the longest fronts do not get the benefit of their length; that there can be no such effect of "magnitude, uniformity, and succession" as was attained by the interminable series of the flank of the Liberal Arts at Chicago. The most impressive examples at St. Louis of this simplest but most unfailing of all architectural effects are attained in the shorter but unbroken fronts of the inner buildings, or in the flanks of the outlying buildings of which the inner fronts face the outer ribs of the fan. The thirteen-hundred-foot flank, for example, of the Transportation Building, the front of which I have just been praising, affords ample scope for it. But here it tends to monotony—through no fault of the designer, I hasten to say, but because the repetition, at the centre of each of the flanks, of the colossal triplet of arches that appears at each end, shown in the drawings, has been omitted from the execution. In no art is the effectiveness of rests and interludes more important than in architecture. But an architectural "rest" of a quarter of a mile becomes necessarily monotonous. Monotony, however, as it is by no means the worst of architectural faults, so is by no means the fault of the least successful buildings of the eight great palaces, but rather miscellany. Redundancy of "motives," or, more vernacularly, "thinginess," is the drawback of such erections as the building of Liberal Arts, which has got itself promptly nicknamed the Building of the Varied Architectures, or as that of Machinery, with its "grand choice" of colonnades and arcades and steeples and round pediments and pediments triangular. The equal division of the chief buildings between local architects and architects outside worked excellently at Chicago, where the work of the local men quite held its own in the competition, and surprisingly well at Buffalo, where it resulted in giving a national reputation to designers who before had only a local reputation. If it has not worked quite so well at St. Louis, that cannot be because "home talent" is wanting. The architects of the Education Building were known already to their profession as architects of cultivation and accomplishment, as had been attested by their brilliant design for the reconstruction of West Point, which indeed failed to meet the approval of the judges as a practical project, but as a "concours" was applauded by all to whose notice it was brought; and, later, by their success in an exacting competition for the new custom-house of San Francisco. The architect of Mines and Metallurgy is an architect of ideas, as is strongly attested by that building and had been previously attested by the Union Station of St. Louis, which is, of course, locally, "the biggest in the world" (though I seem to have heard that same claim put

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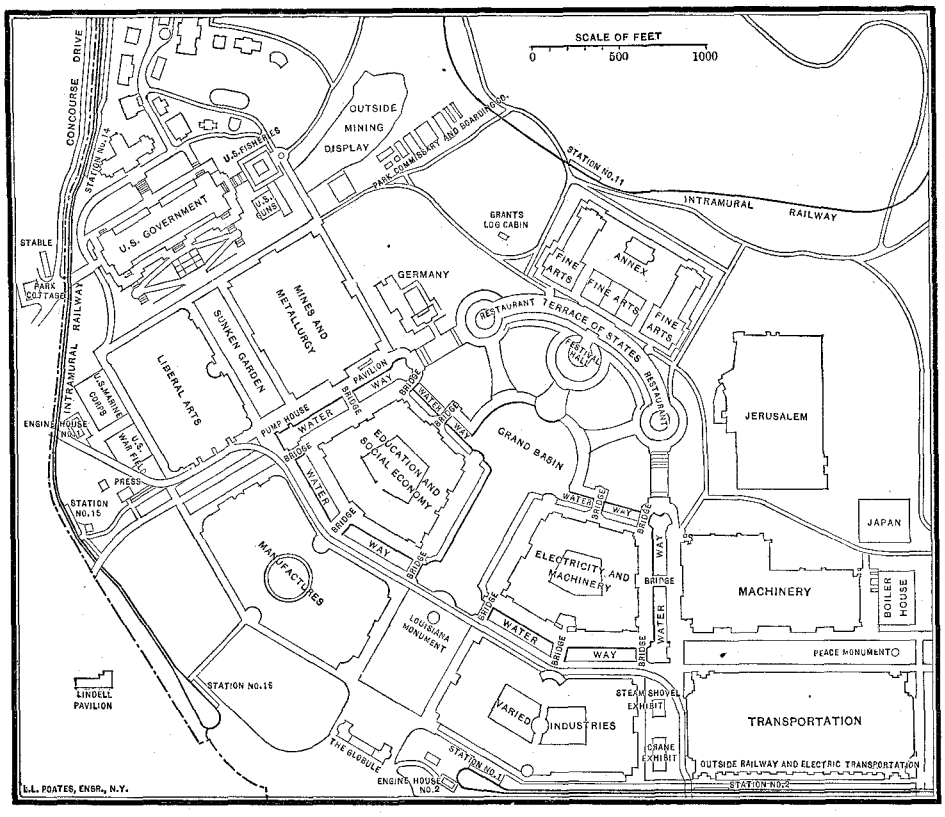

Plan of the Fair grounds.

forward in behalf of the South Union, in Boston itself), but which is considerable, architecturally, on better grounds than that of mere bigness. Excepting these, one need not be very familiar with the architecture of St. Louis to recall some designers who were left out who were quite as deserving of consideration as some who were chosen. One infers, from remarks dropped by some of the chosen, that that harmonious co-operation and discussion among the authors which led to the architectural harmony of Chicago have been displaced at St. Louis, after the manner of architects, by more Ephesian controversies. The prescription of a "free treatment of the Renaissance" instead of the "classic" of Chicago, or the Spanish-American adopted in deference to the Pan-American purpose of Buffalo, has everywhere received a sufficiently liberal interpretation. The architect of Mines has construed it even to include Egyptian, in a building of which the distinction is that, like the Transportation at Chicago, it aims to be a reality, an actual structure of plaster in the midst of simulacra of masonry, and which, with its wide overhanging eaves and solid shadows, goes further in the direction of the prototype. Evidently its design, like that of the prototype, contemplates the free external use of color, and it cannot be fairly judged until the addition has been supplied. And, regarded as a protest, it is, much more distinctly than the prototype, lacking in comity. For the Transportation Building at Chicago was isolated, whereas the building of Mines at St. Louis is one of the group of the principal palaces, and necessarily to be seen in connection with other members of that group, so that it may at the same time be successful in itself and a failure in its environment. Of none of the other of the eight great buildings can this be said. They are designed under a sense of the desirableness of congruity and the obligations of comity. For the most part, they are scholarly and even academic essays

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within the lines of the general consensus of style. Education, Electricity, Manufactures, Varied Industries and Transportation would have taken their places with credit and propriety among the edifices that lined the Court of Honor, as worthy examples of the "expositional" style. And the execution of even the less successful is not often in detail, and scarcely ever to any flagrant degree, unsuccessful enough to nullify the effectiveness of the general scheme.

With unlimited space, it would be pleasant to go on talking about the buildings that lie outside the essential architectural scheme. One would like especially to dwell upon the practical and the artistic advantages the Exposition derives from being able to employ, for the time of its duration, the admirable buildings of the Washington University, albeit composed, as they are, in the collegiate Gothic, which is probably the least expositional of all architectural styles. It would be interesting to point out the distinct advance that has been made since Chicago, in the fitness and merit of the State buildings, beginning with the imposing structure, not much less in frontage than the Capitol, which Uncle Sam has erected for the housing of his exhibit. At Chicago our revered relative played the unflattering part of Helot amid the classic Spartan boys, or divided that part with the State of Illinois. At St. Louis he occupies with dignity his commanding position of stopping the view at one end of the crooked cross-avenue, while the other is stopped by the French pavilion. Of course the only building that Virginia could fitly reproduce for a Louisiana Purchase Exposition is Monticello. Equally, of course, the only architectural representation of Louisiana must be the old "Cabildo" at New Orleans, in which the transfer was actually made. And there is manifest a general tendency among the States to recall their respective traditions in their architecture, a tendency carried to a questionable extreme by Texas in making the "Lone Star" the ground plan of its building. It would be worth while to notice the rage for reproduction that has taken the designers of the foreign buildings, insomuch that, instead of the pretty and exemplary cottage of Chicago, Great Britain sends us an extreme example of the sadness with which the Englishman takes his pleasures, in a grim reproduction of the Orangery of Kensington Palace; and France, a reproduction of the Grand Trianon; and Germany, in place of those specimens of "Gemuethlichkeit," the German buildings of Chicago and Paris, a reedification of the Schloss of Charlottenburg. But it would not be fair to close without saying how much the success of the Fair will depend upon the works of "the allied arts" which are not yet in evidence, upon the gardening and the sculpture and the color. In these latter departments, doubtless we may trust Mr. Bitter and Mr. Millet and their coadjutors. It is proper to point out how not only the building of Mines fairly clamors for color and will be incomplete till it gets it, but how, of the outlying buildings, such important and extensive buildings as that of Agriculture, that of Horticulture, and that of Forestry, have evidently foregone modelled decoration in the expectation of the designer that they would receive painted decoration, and without that addition cannot be fairly judged. But it is not premature to say that, with accessories as well executed as the architecture, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will be a spectacular success. Whether it will fulfil the apparently primary purpose of some of its projectors by "beating Chicago," is quite another matter. Very many of us would regard it as a disaster to have the recollection of Chicago effaced. And the invidiousness of comparisons is exaggerated and complicated when the comparison is between a memory and a hope. It ought to suffice that St. Louis promises to be so well worth seeing, alike by those who did, and by those who did not, have the opportunity of seeing its predecessor.

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Not homeless, but first arrivals.

PLAY-GOING IN LONDON

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK CRAIG AND L. RAVEN-HILL

THE secret of the modern English drama is revealed nightly at the door of every playhouse. The spreading marquee that shelters the entrance from the damp of fog and the drizzle of rain is lined with the carriages of the rich and great, out of which issues a stream of men in full evening clothes, and of women from beneath whose silks, laces and furs gleams the allurement of white necks and shoulders—an unbosoming of self that in all other lands is permissible only in the most exclusive gatherings. Just beyond the marquee is a narrow pent-house, under which gathers a queue of men and women in the clothes in which they have worked all day, carrying umbrellas that only half shield them from fog and drizzle, and shifting from tired foot to tired foot. When the door is at last opened they file into the pit for half a crown, where the white shoulder of luxury and fashion displays its soft curves between them and the stage; or into the gallery for a shilling, from which the white shoulders are the wings of seagulls, spread out in flight toward the footlights. The voluptuous splendor of wealth and fashion, with the hungry eyes of the many peering above—that is the symbol of all one finds in the London theatre.

I

IN any playhouse, of course, men of every fashion foregather; but, owing to one of the vagaries of history, the extremes are greatest here. The English drama was the

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first born in modern Europe, and was far the most beautiful; but it has always been the Cinderella of the arts. In France the traditions of Corneille and Racine and Molière were preserved at the public expense in the Théatre Français, and have been a living part of the culture of each succeeding generation, through all the strife and turmoil of political and social revolution. In Austria and Germany, each of the great capitals and most of the petty provincial courts had by the eighteenth century established its own state theatre, on the plan of the house of Molière, for the cultivation of the art that developed Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe. The national repertory has since been kept alive everywhere on the boards for the national glory, and for the bettering of the public manners and intelligence. If a new play of acknowledged merit is written, the repertory theatre produces it with only half an eye on its financial success. And having deserved the patronage of the intelligent of all classes, the theatre on the Continent has been fostered by their discriminating appreciation. In England, the traditions of Shakespeare were cut short by the Puritan revolution; and when royalty was restored it was too weak to found great institutions, too corruptly Parisian to be in sympathy with the national drama. Instead of fostering all that is best in the theatre, it confirmed the mighty prejudices of the Puritans by wallowing in all that is most base. Three-fourths of the English people, and those numbering the most sober, intelligent, and vitally alive, enter the theatre not at all, or only on the rarest occasion; and so, when they come, are ignorant of true dramatic art. The English drama has lacked on the one hand the vital stimulus of the great middle classes, and on the other the intelligence and the munificence of state support.

The commercial manager of to-day stands between the devil of the rich and the deep sea of the poor. Whether the attraction is "Hamlet," or "The Great Ruby," "The School for Scandal," or "Three Little Maids," one of its magnetic poles must be pointed toward the white shirt-fronts and the bare shoulders of the revellers by night, and the other toward the hungry eyes of the workaday world; and each pole must be able to draw hundreds upon hundreds for month after month, until the half guineas of those who have, plus the half crowns and the shillings of those who have not, show a handsome excess over the outlay.

It is a phenomenon that makes an American pause and reflect. Provincial in many things, the much-boasted United States are most provincial in matters of the drama. The play-going public is many times as great as that of England, and, on the whole, more intelligent; but of all the entertainments that pitch their tents in the metropolis, and then railroad from city to city in that vast and uncertain region known as the Road, two out of three were made in London.

II

WHO are the pittite and the god? The one thing certain is that they have worked hard through long hours, and are hungry for something that will release them from weary, workaday realities. It is with reason that Shakespeare has been called the dramatist of dreams; and to this day the tired Briton hungers for such stuff as dreams are made of. It is not so long ago that, during a period of hard times, the druggists in the large manufacturing towns occupied their spare time through the week in making up penny and two-penny packages of opium; and on Saturday night, hundreds of poor and hungry creatures would form in a queue to buy the drug that promised oblivion from their weary suffering until the miserable Monday morning. The queue at the doors of those druggists must have looked very much like the queue that nightly gathers at the pit and gallery doors beneath umbrellas in the rain; and the object of its patient waiting was the same.

Metaphorically the same, of course. In point of fact, the pittite is frequently, after his fashion, well-to-do. If he has dined at home he has dined amply on boiled mutton and potatoes. And there are French restaurants in Soho, where one may dine in no little elegance for eighteen pence (thirty-five cents) among newspaper men, painters and actors, on a meal that begins, perhaps, with escargots from across the channel, and ends with a delicious Parisian *patisserie*. The dinner may not be as digestible as boiled mutton and as sustain-

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There are French restaurants in Soho.

ing of life as boiled potatoes; but it is fertile of dreams, and that, as I have said, is what the play-goer is after! The pittite has even been known to drive to the theatre in a hansom, the English cab fare of fourteen to twenty pence being not out of proportion to two and six for the seat.

Even as he stands in line, wearily waiting, the pittite has his little luxuries. A seedy fiddler scrapes a tune to put the dance joyance into his stiffening legs. A young music-hall artist, out of a job, with a rim of felt that he twists into the likeness of many hats, and with a mobile face upon which he pulls many grimaces, gives you imitations of anyone from Napoleon Bonaparte to Samuel Weller. Up comes an old actor, his coarse, red face betraying all too plainly

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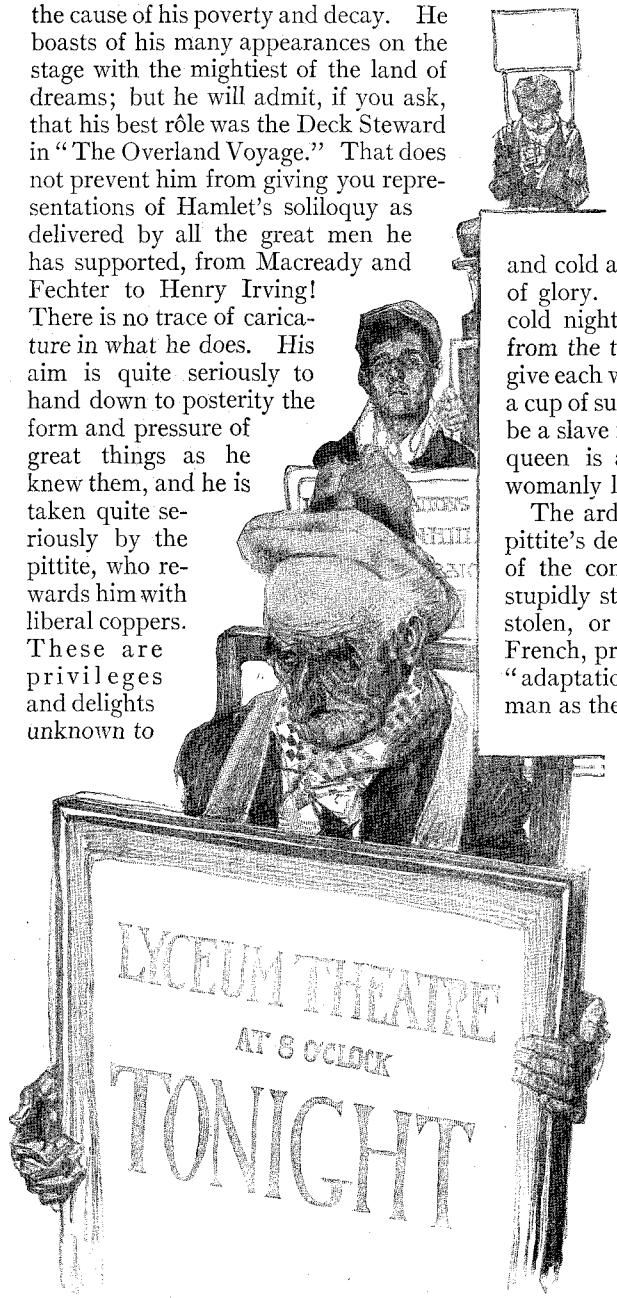

the cause of his poverty and decay. He boasts of his many appearances on the stage with the mightiest of the land of dreams; but he will admit, if you ask, that his best rôle was the Deck Steward in "The Overland Voyage." That does not prevent him from giving you representations of Hamlet's soliloquy as delivered by all the great men he has supported, from Macready and Fechter to Henry Irving! There is no trace of caricature in what he does. His aim is quite seriously to hand down to posterity the form and pressure of great things as he knew them, and he is taken quite seriously by the pittite, who rewards him with liberal coppers. These are privileges and delights unknown to the fair and the great who float by in lace and ermine!

On the occasion of a first night at the Lyceum, in the old days, the queue often gathered twenty-four hours and more before the opening of the door that was to admit it to one more vision of the splendor of Irving, of the witchery and heartfelt goodness of Ellen Terry. The waiters sat propped against the wall, or upon boxes. Mackintoshes and umbrellas kept off some of the rain, and heavy woollens kept out some of the mist and fog. And so, hour after hour, the lengthening queue waited, braving hunger and cold and weariness for the brief space of glory. In the morning after that long, cold night, Miss Terry used to come out from the theatre and, with her own hand, give each weary worshipper a sandwich and a cup of sustaining coffee. Who would not be a slave in the realm of dreams when the queen is a creature of such beauty and womanly loveliness?

The ardor and the personal note in the pittite's devotion make him a conservative of the conservatives. For long years he stupidly stood for a constant diet of plays stolen, or otherwise come by, from the French, propitiated by the most superficial "adaptation," and the name of an Englishman as the author in the playbill. But let an American play turn up on the Strand or the Haymarket, and, leagued with his humbler relative, the god, he does his best to boo it into failure. Three years ago Mr. Gillette and his "Sherlock Holmes" were booed; then came Mr. Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," and Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Climbers"—all good and successful pieces of their kind. The right to applaud involves the right to boo, granted freely! What one objects to—to vary a saying of Chevalier's—is not so much the boo he boos, as the nawsty way he boos it. Throughout the evening he permits the partisans of author and actor to applaud as they will. He even abets them in applauding. He is busy, meantime, passing the word along from shoulder to shoulder. At the end, when actor and author are called before the curtain, the cave of the winds breaks loose. The poor victim, with his neatly prepared speech of modesty and gratitude, waits for the booing to stop, trusting that his friends will again assert them-

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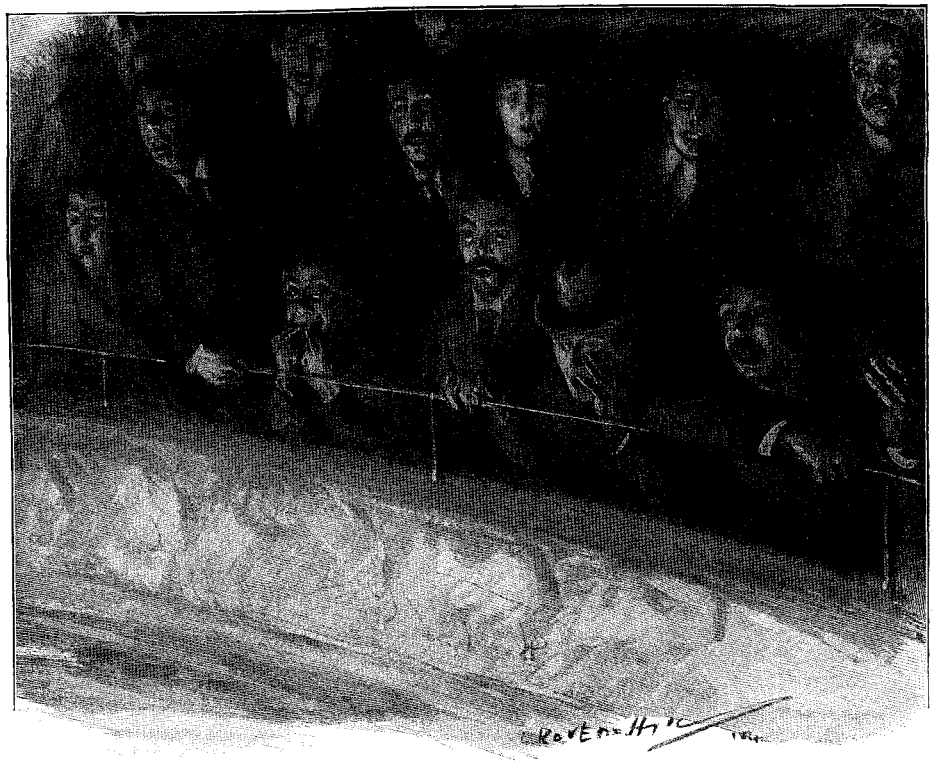

The gods disapprove.

selves. From time to time he tries to make his words of modesty and gratitude heard above the uproar. They have him now where they want him, and they take the step that divides the booer from the boor. Every time the speech of modesty and gratitude rises to the author's lips the flood of boos again surges over his unhappy head, until he storms at his tormentors in impotent fury, or is routed from the stage. The chivalry of the pit is no greater than its sense of sportsmanlike fair play. Some years ago Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was betrayed into attempting a first-night speech. In fairness it should be stated that the offence of her being an American was aggravated by the fact that her comedy was too thin, and the applause of her friends too thick. But yet she was a woman, and she was booed off the stage.

III

A London first night is far more of an event than a first night in New York. As much of the world of fashion is there as can be got to come, and the world of playwrights turns out almost to a man. One can watch the face of Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones and gather from it perhaps the judgment on a fellow craftsman. Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie is there, and you wonder whether he is meditating a theatrical skit for *Punch* or another "Man from Blankleys." Mr. Anthony Hope passes round between the acts to exchange a cordial word with his friends, who seem to be legion. (The most rigorous common-sense will not restrain you from guessing which is Dolly, and imagining the dialogue with her!) Mr. Barrie's inscrutable, childlike smile convinces you outright that he is none other than Sentimental Tommy.

It is not, of course, the first nighter, but the subsequent nighter, who determines the fate of the English drama. He may be a successful barrister, a Member of Parliament, a country gentleman, a peer of the realm; but he is far more likely to be a merchant who has risen from a commercial traveller, a successful broker, an adventurer from Africa or Australia—not

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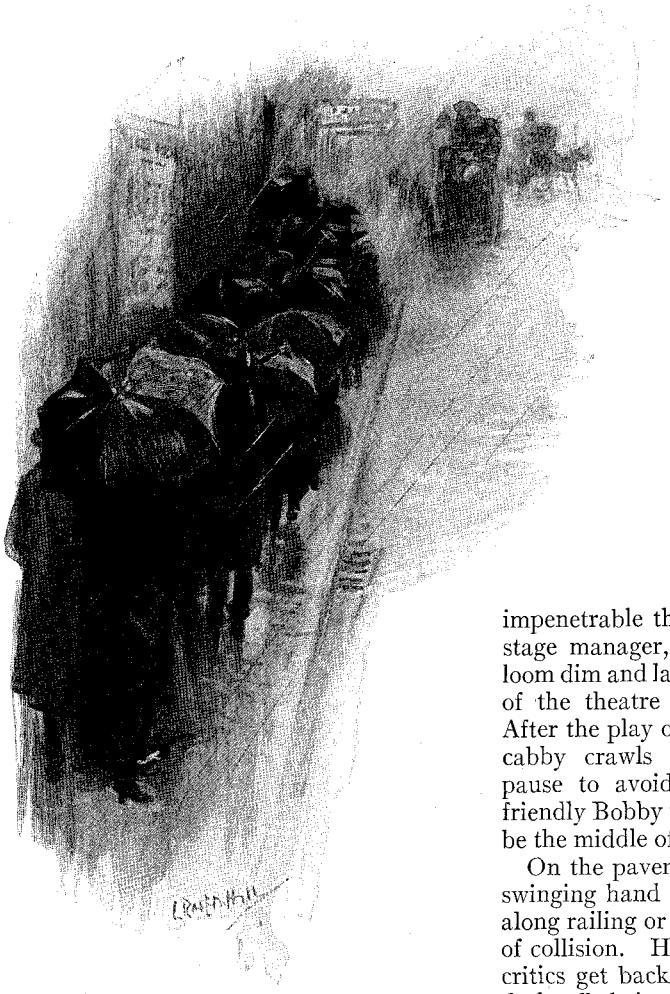
the exponent of English life and feeling, but the outsider, who is eager to catch its point of view and make a way into it.

After the play, it is off for supper—to Saint James's if you have a roving eye on the nether world, or to the Carlton, if you are more mildly Bohemian. But you have to sup hurriedly, for at half-past twelve the triumphant arm of respectability reaches out through the law and decrees that the public house be closed. At Jimmy's (the title of Saint is appropriately dropped in parlance) the reveller and his Bella Roba, as Justice Shallow would say, are herded out upon the sidewalk, where no less than four stately Bobbies most politely make way for him and his lady to the cab if he is orderly, or handle him without gloves if he is not.



The queue.

At the Carlton you have scarcely time to look about for the celebrities of the stage or the social world when the five-shilling supper, hastily served and not too well cooked, is cut short by the hand of the clock and of the law. At 12.35 all is over. Standing in the electric brilliance of Piccadilly Circus you may catch a glimpse of glowing silks and satins, the flash of diamonds, perhaps the gleam of a white neck, all indescribably softened and mellowed by the misty genius of the air—and then the emptiness and the silence of night!

Before the play one catches at most a lightning glimpse of the wealthy play-goer as he dashes up to the marquee, torn from the luxury of his evening food and drink, and already late, perhaps, for the rise of the curtain. A decorous matron ushers him to his seat, selling him a programme for sixpence on the way. Between the acts she serves coffee to those whose dinners have been curtailed; and in the back of the house is a bar at which a barmaid dispenses drink and tobacco.

In midwinter not even the brilliance of a first night can quite stand against the weather. A damp spreads its clammy breath abroad, and sometimes the wraith of the fog invades the auditorium in person, drawing between the audience and the stage a dun-colored opaque veil, more mistifying and impenetrable than the gauze drops of the stage manager, through which the actors loom dim and large, and the so-called optics of the theatre are thrown out of focus. After the play on such a night the briskest cabby crawls homeward with many a pause to avoid collision, or to ask the friendly Bobby where he is, though it may be the middle of Piccadilly Circus.

On the pavement resourceful folk carry swinging hand lanterns, and others grope along railing or curb in momentary danger of collision. Heaven knows how the poor critics get back to Fleet Street in time to dash off their reports of the play for the

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An impersonator.

first edition, which goes to press shortly after midnight!

With the coming of spring the theatrical season, which everywhere else in the world is beginning to languish, suddenly takes new life. Those who have fled the brown monotony of winter in London for the mitigated rigors of the country, flock back to their town houses with appetites quickened for folly. The stranger feels and breathes the atmosphere of fashionable pleasure seeking, and sees its variegated shows in the streets and squares beneath a sky to which sunlight and gladness are no longer strangers. It is not certain, however, that the people in the stalls are, on the whole, so very much more fashionable. Amid all the rush of social functions, and especially in the press of late dinners, there are few evenings left for play-going. One often hears it said that people enjoy the theatre most out of "the season," when they come up to town for shopping, or are detained there, as many are, by the session of Parliament.

What the man in the stalls delights in, is not great art. Even refinement and intelligence he appreciates only in moderation. He pines for something that will fill his lazy eye, aid digestion by rippling his diaphragm, and put no strain upon either his sympathies or his understanding. The women folk he takes with him are of better taste and intelligence in the world of art;

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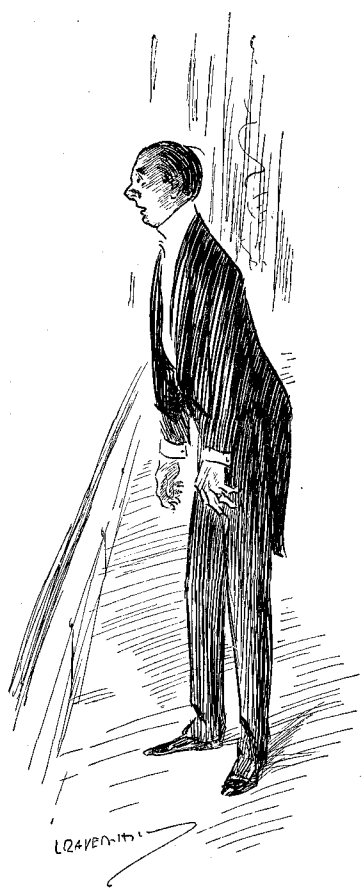
yet on the average, they are below, rather than above, the general level of the British matron and the British maid. Sentiment for them must be pink, and all emotion represented must be such as they imagine to be felt and talked about in polite society. Above all the actress's gowns must be modish, the stage settings elaborate. Different as is the point of view of the stalls from that of the pit, what they demand is the same—an entertainment that has the ease and felicity commonly attributed to a dream, even though it has also its unreality.

IV

TREADING perilously between the devil of the luxurious and the deep sea of the poor, it has fared ill in England with the greatest of arts. Worst of all has it fared with Shakespeare. Never for a moment have his plays, when adequately represented, failed to appeal to the heart of the nation. Even in the long era of false taste introduced with the Restoration, Shakespeare held the boards. And to-day the intelligent Briton, however puritanical, ventures in crowds to the theatre to see "Hamlet" or "As You Like It" well performed. But when does one see them well performed? The long period of the Puritan revolution obliterated the true Elizabethan tradition; and since then the classical drama has been the charge, not of a dignified and permanent institution, free from financial worries, as on the Continent, but of actor-managers, each engrossed in the box-office and his own personal success. The producers of Shakespeare have ruthlessly cut down all parts but their own, omitted scenes at will, transposed what were left, and tacked on the "happy ending" so dear to the commercial manager. They have even rewritten plays entire. All this they did for ages without let or hindrance, because the state permitted the traditions of the art, which is its great glory, to go by the board, and the otherwise intelligent public was too ignorant of the drama to know the difference.

The nineteenth century, which reformed so many of these abuses, added its own engine for mangling Shakespeare—the elaborate scenic production. In a stage picture the perspectives are of necessity false, the proportions of necessity preposterous, the lights of necessity the negation of natural truth. Exhaust every resource of intelligence and money, and stage pictures remain the worst pictures. But put before pit and stalls an easy illusion of splendor, and they sit like John-a-Dreams, unpregnant of Shakespeare's cause, their lazy eyes swimming in the glitter of light, their undiscerning senses swooning in a riot of color. Irving, so austerely noble, so keenly intelligent in most regards, heaped scene upon scene of costly theatrical glamour. The splendid lines of Shakespeare, written to awaken the inner visions of those who thronged the Elizabethan playhouse, were overwhelmed in the riot of stage effects. The cumulative sweep and vigor of his dramatic narrative was checked by the many pauses for the scene shifter. What happened was what always happens when truth and beauty are made to cry out in one voice to all sorts and conditions of men. The adornment of Shakespeare became a



"Boo-hoo."

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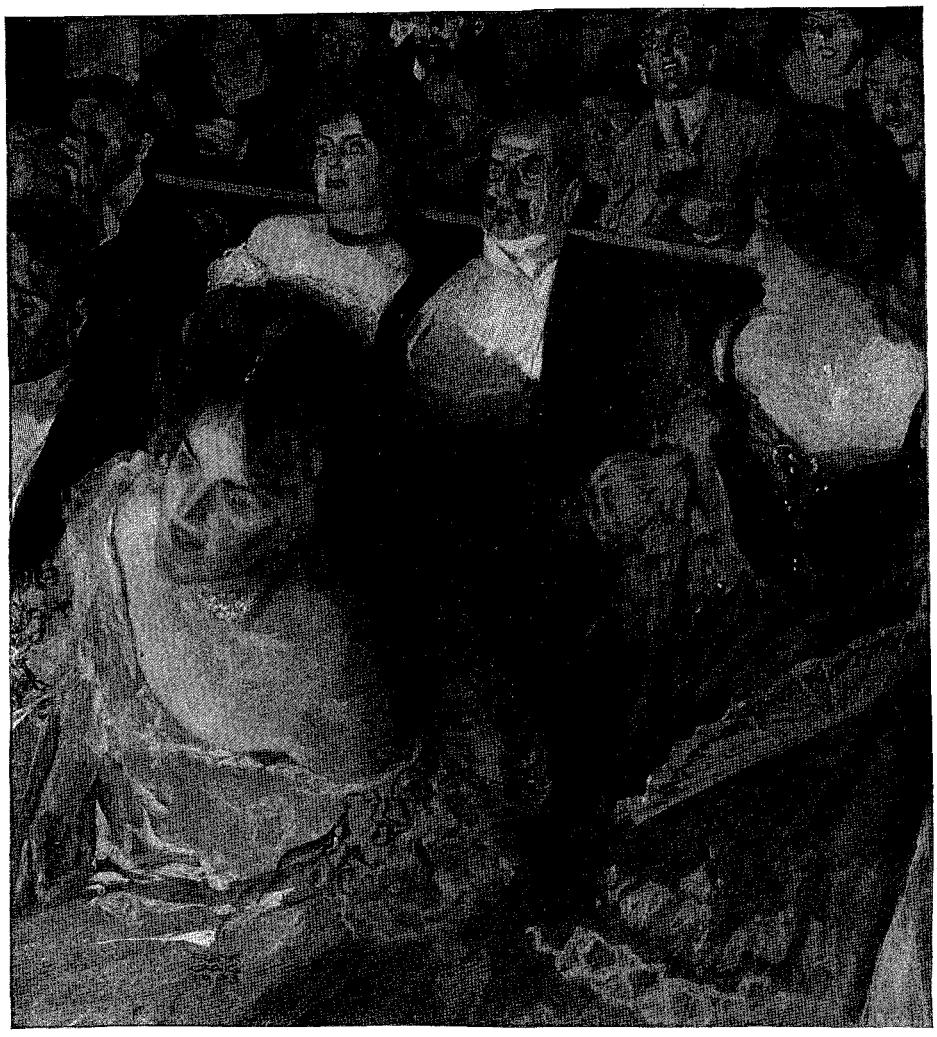

In the stalls.

ritual in which the essential spirit was crushed out in irrelevant splendor.

For a time the Lyceum ritual of Shakespeare attracted. It was certainly beautiful. Granted an audience too dull to create the atmosphere of a play in the world of the mind, under the spell of Shakespeare's lines and of the few warrantable "set-pieces" and stage properties, it is perhaps in place. But it cost too much. Irving once complained that he had lost a princely fortune on Shakespeare. On Shakespeare? Hardly! What complaint the playwright and manager of the Globe Theatre in the Bankside might make if he were here to see Sir Henry pontificating in all his uncalled-for splendor will never, alas! be known.

One reason why the pontifical Shakespeare failed was because it was too easy. Mr. Beerbohm Tree caught Irving's idea, employed Irving's scene painters, costumers and artistic assistants; and on the larger stage of His Majesty's surpassed the splendor of the Lyceum. Never have there been more spacious architectural effects than Mr. Tree showed in the Rome of "Julius Cæsar," never a larger prospect of idyllic landscape than in Olivia's garden in "Twelfth Night," never more magnificent perspective, vaster aërial spaces than on

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the mimic seacoast of Bohemia. Pit and stall fled to the new priest, taking little note —so long as the show was better—of the difference between an actor of genius and one of talent, a manager reverent to his text and one who wrenched it at will to his personal purposes. London abandoned the Lyceum to provincials in town; and Irving played to half houses all winter long, filling up in the summer only with the influx of Americans. If it had not been for the English provinces, and especially for the lucrative trans-Atlantic tours, Irving would have had to stop his career years ago. As it was, he was forced to give up the Lyceum as a failure. In his latest venture, Sardou's "Dante," he took over the huge Drury Lane Theatre, where in elaboration of stage effects he overtopped the spreading Mr. Tree. In the course of this rivalry in the purveying of easy dreams the English actor-managers have pushed scenic art far beyond any other nation. Even the directors of the great Continental theatres come to London to study mechanical devices and the pictorial effects. But the spirit of Shakespeare is like Poor Tom, acold.

Is it to be much wondered at that for centuries no great acting plays were written? It is not that the genius of the nation has lost its bent for the stage. Wordsworth, one of the few poets who have not ventured dramas, protested that he could have written plays like Shakespeare's if he had had the mind, whereupon Lamb mischievously conceded that it was only the mind that was lacking. Shelley, Keats and Byron, Swinburne, Browning and Tennyson all had the mind to write plays, and wrote them. If a knowledge of artistic dramaturgy had been kept alive in England, and the public of substantial intelligence had been educated to the theatre, there can be little doubt that the poets of the nineteenth century would have shone in the theatre as in the printed page, vying with the dramatic poets of Elizabeth. But the popular interest in the poetic drama was quite dead; and all the great English poets knew of the art of the dramatist was what they had gathered from the pages of the Elizabethans and the Greeks. The more faithfully they followed these great masters, the more hopelessly were they led astray. Tennyson wrote plays quite like Shakespeare, Swinburne quite like Sophocles. Now one may, if he chooses, prefer the stage of the ancients. For the purposes of the poetical and romantic drama, the Elizabethan stage, notwithstanding some crudities (which have, however, been vastly overrated), was an instrument of far greater flexibility and range, capable of far more varied and emphatic effects, than the scenery-crushed modern boards. Better or worse, however, the signal fact is that it is different. The stage of the Lyceum or His Majesty's differs from the stage of Shakespeare or of Sophocles as completely as a modern symphony orchestra differs from Sneak's noise, or from the simple musical instruments of an Attic chorus. You may prefer the music of the viol de gamboys, or of the Grecian flute, but you do not write it to be played in a violin concerto. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" and "Harold," and Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" are plays of very high order of poetic merit—even of dramatic merit in their kind. But their dramatic form is alien to the modern theatre, and so far as the play-going public is concerned, they are abortions.

Well-directed efforts have not been lacking to bridge the chasm between English poetry and the English theatre. Mr. Gilbert produced one piece, "Pygmalion and Galatea," the whimsically tender fancy of which, the atmosphere of naïve and delicious womanly feeling, are unrivalled. But it is only quite lately that the effort toward a poetical drama has been sustained and hopeful. Mr. Stephen Phillips was an actor before he was a playwright, and he put the full strength of his youth into the undertaking. He was fortunate, moreover, in finding in Mr. Beerbohm Tree a manager who was compelled by the theatre he worked in, as by his large ambitions, to dare greatly. The result was productions that spoke to the dream-loving, picture-loving English public with a coherence and cumulation of effect hitherto unknown. The single setting in "Herod," with its majestic perspective modulating subtly with the passing moods of the day, threw into vivid relief the soul tragedy of the Jewish king. The rapid scenes of "Ulysses" (as produced in London, not as produced in America), vibrating from Olympus to Hades—from the halls of Penelope to the magic isle of Calypso, afforded the most gorgeous raiment for what is essentially a clothes-horse play, however poetical. "Pa-

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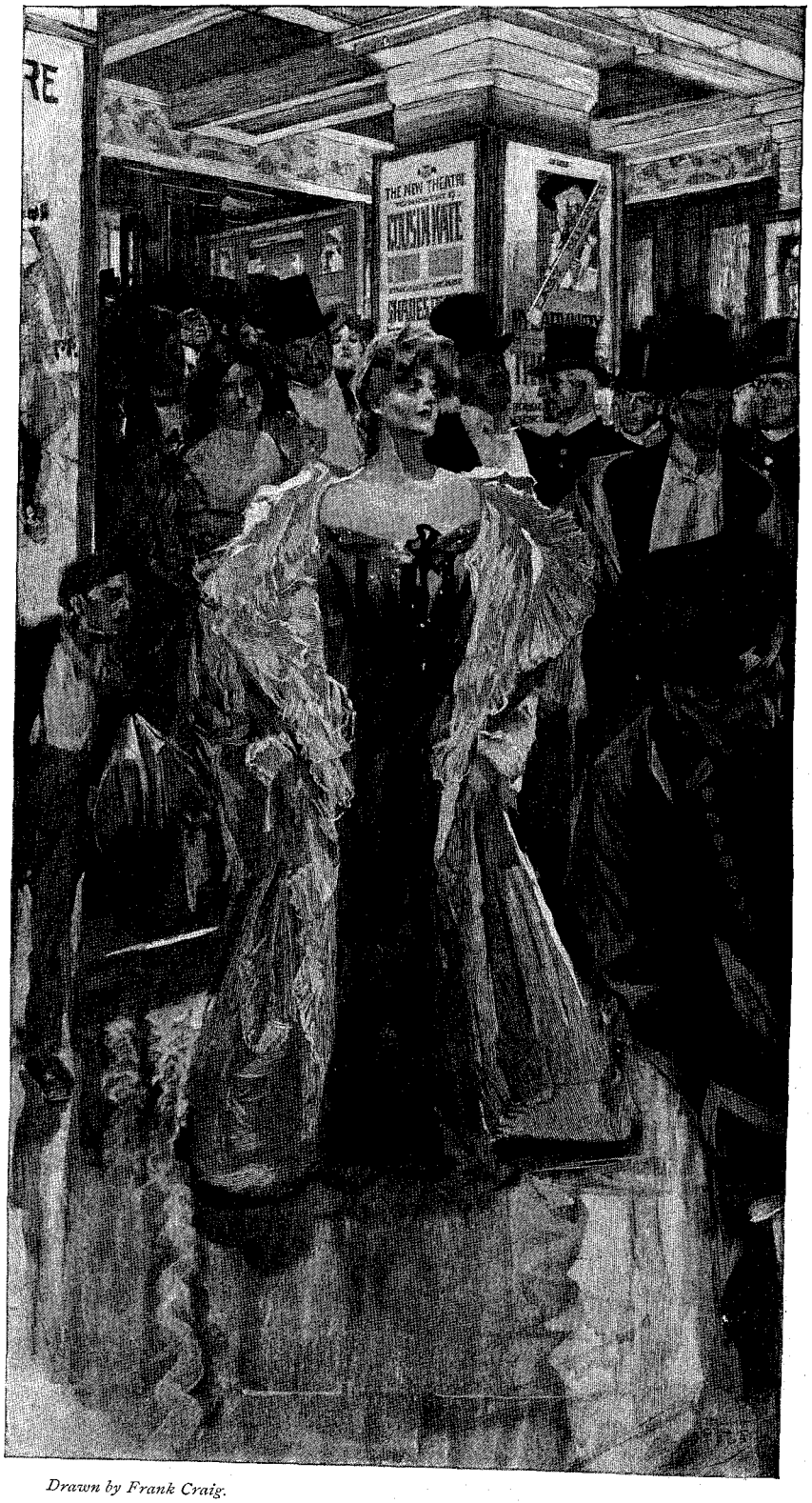

Drawn by Frank Craig.

A nightly scene in the Strand.

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olo and Francesca," written first, but produced last by the tardy Mr. George Alexander, was even more successful. Mr. Phillips's fate has been much the same as that of Mr. Edmond Rostand. To some he has seemed a poetic dramatist of the first order, the regenerator of a long-languishing art; to others he has seemed a mere man of the theatre with a gift for parroting the poetic diction of his predecessors. What is certain is that he has for the first time in centuries written plays in which the pictorial splendors of the modern stage reënforce the dramatic effect instead of weakening it. Hereafter no man of sense will venture forth with dramas written for an obsolete stage. And hereafter, when a poetical play is produced the public, it is hoped, will have standards by which to judge it.

V

THE prose play has suffered similarly from the lack of established traditions and an educated play-going public. According to Matthew Arnold, the English theatre hangs between sky and earth, being neither real nor ideal, only fantastic. When Arnold wrote this the prose drama was at a low ebb. Since then a band of playwrights has appeared who have raised it to a level it has held only two or three times in its history. Yet the English play is all but as fantastic as ever.

Efforts enough have been made to plant the drama firm on the ground of life. When has the return to truth not been the war-cry of the rising artist? To a public that had marvelled at the audacity of Charles Matthews in putting a few chairs in a stage parlor, the teacups and saucers of Robertson were a nine days' wonder of realism, while windows that slid open and doors that slammed shut added the last touch of actuality. Yet what now strikes us in seeing "Caste" and "Ours" is scarcely their realism! Some touches of rough, strong truth there are in the characters of humbler station, the Eccleses and the Gerridges—types with which Robertson's life had made him familiar; and these are of vast moment in the history of modern English comedy. But as for the veracious portrayal of the world of fashion and function, Robertson had done his all when he purchased teacups and saucers for the property-man. If the folk-drama had existed, he might have written pint-pot comedies with the living touch or verisimilitude. It was his fate that he had to write at once of the pint-pot and the teacup. Result—an ounce of real life mingled with those floods of absurd and sentimental fantasy that are the common delight of pit and stall.

In Henry Arthur Jones the theatre gained a robuster and more intellectual Robertson, whose generation is more auspicious, who has been more mercifully spared to pursue his artistic development, and who has felt the combined influence of Dumas and Ibsen. Apprenticed in the school of popular melodrama, the success of "The Silver King" gave his solidly ambitious temperament freedom. He knew the humbler English world as well as Robertson, and he had observed it with a far surer intelligence, a far more passionate sincerity. His first step upward from melodrama, "Saints and Sinners," revealed a sure touch in picturing the lower middle classes, and in lashing their vices of greed and hypocrisy. It was a success of scandal. It roused a storm of protest from the great puritan element, still in the night of ignorance of those who two centuries before had risen up against Molière's Tartuffe. In "Michael and His Lost Angel," Mr. Jones made a stand for freedom from the comic relief, the superficial sentiment, and the theatric devices of the conventional play. The result was a drama of great interest—as simple and untheatrical, almost, as a play of Ibsen, and as a study of vital passion the strongest work in the modern English drama. But it again put a religious theme on the boards, and this time the scandal meant failure. The falsely godly rose in revolt, and the public of unbiassed theatre-goers was unsatisfied without the theatrical obviousness, the sentimental mush of tradition. In two other plays of note, "The Middleman" and "Judah," Mr. Jones kept mainly to the middle classes; but he prudently provided them with the conventional theatrical devices, and was at pains to introduce a larger element of the life of the great world.

In time the white shirt-fronts and the bare shoulders completed their spell. Mr. Jones took up for all, if not for good, with the fribbles and frabbles of aristocratic society. His instinct of the born dramatist

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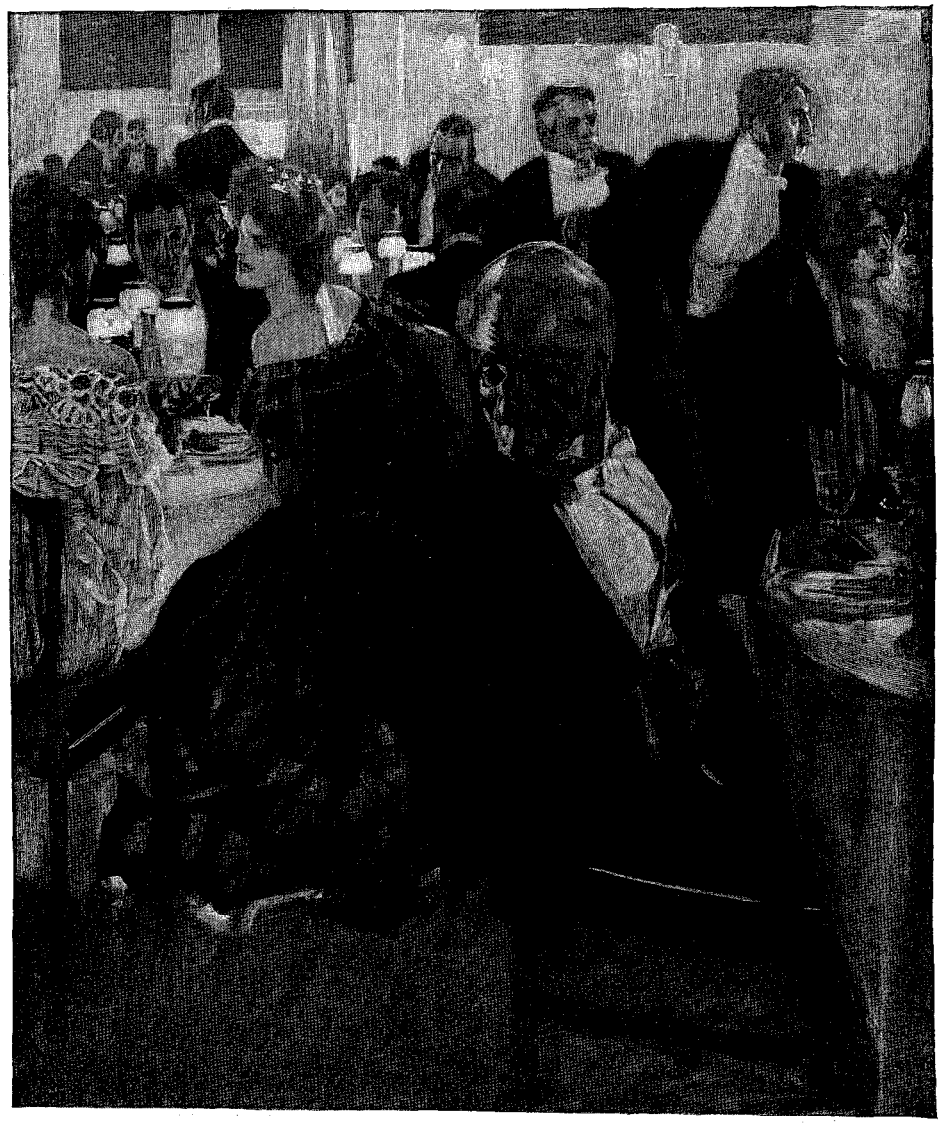

Supper after the play.

and his vigorous understanding did not desert him. His wit proved genuine and his invention abundant. He unites in an unusual degree sympathy with the most wayward femininity and with the most virile manhood. At times the austerity and passion of Michael, and the quintessential femininity of his Lost Angel come to the surface. "The Crusaders," "The Masqueraders," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Manœuvres of Jane," "The Lackey's Carnival," "The Princess's Nose," are most clever, and in parts dramatically effective. But they are all tinged with the vein of fantasy—of the fantasy founded on vulgar half knowledge or clean misconception, not the fantasy of piquant and emphatic truth; instead of flattering the sensibilities of the stalls, have frequently and quite justifiably outraged them. And they have lacked the obvious appeal demanded by the pit. For the most part Mr. Jones has fallen between the two stools of the English playhouse.

Not infrequently the clock strikes twelve.

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In "The Liars" Mr. Jones represents in vivid outline and with abundant comic effect the aristocratic world of folly. In "Mrs. Dane's Defense" and "Whitewashing Julia," he employs his new knack of picturing polite society to enforce a subtle and biting satire against his old *bête noir* of smug respectability. It would be equally rash to say whether these plays are or are not on the plane of "The School for Scandal." What is certain is that Mr. Jones is, in the words of Mr. Augustin Filon, "the most English of living dramatic authors, the one who expresses most brilliantly and most sincerely the spirit of his generation and his race."

"Alas! poor Yorick!"

Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero has been both less fortunate than Mr. Jones and more fortunate. An alien to native English sympathies and instincts, what he lacks in native genuineness he makes up, with all the Jewish mentality and shrewdness, in artistic skill and address. However clearly he may have seen through the pretensions of the new woman, he did not risk the success of "The Weaker Sex" and "The Amazons" by infusing into them reflections on life such as Molière gave to similar pieces two centuries before. It was enough to make them Britishly absurd and fantastical. However sincerely he may have despised the cant and hypocrisy of his audiences, he signalized the failure of Mrs. Ebbsmith's notorious experiment in free love, not by any such logical representation of its outcome as Sudermann has given us in "The Joy of Living," but by making his heroine melodramatically snatch from the burning the Bible she had thrown into the fire. However genuinely he may have despised the sentimentality of the British public, he shows a thrifty leaning toward the "happy ending," even in such a masterpiece of neat and poignantly tender observation, of exquisite fancy, as "Trelawny of the Wells."

All this is perhaps due not so much to a necessary prudence as to a lack of the power of close and thorough thinking. In either case the result was the same. Acutely true to life as Mr. Pinero has always been in expounding his theme, in sketching in his characters and making them talk, the conclusions of his pieces have been nothing if not illogical. It was many years before he wrote the perfect last act which is the badge of dramatic masterhood. Yet almost from the start Mr. Pinero has been as ardent an innovator as Mr. Jones, and his greater adaptability has brought him greater success. In "The Profligate" he made what seemed to him then a daring strike for artistic freedom, namely, the treatment of a serious—or as it is called, an "unpleasant"—theme realistically, and without the palliation of "comic relief," which, rightly considered, is so little comic and so very far from a relief. But less rash than Mr. Jones in writing "Michael and His Lost Angel," he did not venture all in a single throw. He built up his play about one of the most effective theatric situations in the modern drama. Judged by the standard Mr. Pinero has since set up, "The Profligate" is a tangle of theatric coincidence, his characters sentimental and psychologically impossible, his dialogue wooden. But "The Profligate" succeeded where the vastly truer, more moving and significant "Michael" failed.

Step by step Mr. Pinero pressed onward to the full emancipation from the tyranny of the old conventional standards of pit

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and stalls. His success has not been uniform. In "The Benefit of the Doubt" he saw a work of art of the first water fail, and at his best his "unpleasant" plays have not had the success of such early meals of sentiment as "Sweet Lavender." But he has had the reward of a sincere and courageous artist. In portraying the English man he is not at his best. His most virile male creature is the monstrous Portuguese Jew, Maldonado. For the rest, his most striking male portraits are friends of women, Cayley Dummel, Croker Harrington, the Duke of St. Olpherts. It is in feminine portraits that he shows his real strength, and here, except for minor rôles, there is little that is natively English. Change a few unimportant details, and Iris, even Paula Tanqueray, might be women of any nationality. In this fact, of course, lies a part of their greatness. In the best sense of the word they are universal, and are the only heroines of English drama to make their way with success into the repertoires of the great actresses of the Continent.

Pinero is the one English playwright in whom the realistic genius of the nineteenth century finds full and adequate expression; and if we may venture a dangerous and surreptitious peep into the future, he is destined to take a place among the few great English dramatists.

While Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero have worked their way upward within the theatre, two men of equal talents have approached it from the world of letters. Mr. George Bernard Shaw first burst upon the astonished gaze of the British public with the declaration that he was an atheist, an anarchist, and a vegetarian, which he well knew would seem to it a climax of horrid attributes. He had been an advanced critic in music, painting, and the drama, and a writer of novels and tracts before he commenced playwright. In dazzling brilliance of intelligence and wit he is far above any of his contemporaries; but his plays, whether "pleasant" or "unpleasant," have found little more favor with his beef-eating public than his vegetarianism. Even "Arms and the Man," and "The Devil's Disciple," which Mr. Mansfield played with some success in America, would not go. With undashed energy he has produced play after play, all brilliant, some beautiful, as for instance, "Candida," declaring that not only himself, but Ibsen his master, is greater than Shakespeare. Play after play has been produced obscurely by a band of loyal enthusiasts. It is doubtful whether Mr. Shaw is either an atheist or an anarchist. It is very likely that in waging his war of abuse against Shakespeare he has been mindful of Thackeray's adage that in order to gain the attention of the British lion it is only necessary to tweak his tail. But he made a grave miscalculation. Having gained the attention of the lion, the next thing is to keep from being devoured by it.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's case is in striking contrast. "The Wedding Guest" was a drama of very high quality, deeply human, wise, and sincere. Except for an amateurish theatrical device or two, it was real enough to suit Mr. Shaw. But it was also "unpleasant"; and it takes the mastery of Mr. Pinero to force such a theme on the public. Mr. Barrie very soon "found the wye." He abandoned the field of realistic problems, which after all is scarcely his characteristic field, and in "Quality Street" and "The Admirable Crichton" essayed the region of airy and humorous fantasy, which is so much his own. At his quaintest he is truer to life than all but the master truth tellers; at his most fantastic he has always one firm foot on the solid ground of fact. Mr. William Archer, the best of English critics, has grumbled, a little unreasonably, at his lack of intellectual purpose and philosophic intention, but the public found the plays it has long been waiting for. They are amusing enough to comport with an abundant dinner, and are never caustic; they are well within the sympathies and intelligence of both pit and stall, and they bring to both the solace of pleasant dreams.

Under the lead of Pinero and Jones, meantime, a brilliant band of young playwrights has assembled. The witty and sincerely sentimental Mr. Henry V. Esmond, with his "When We Were Twenty-One" and his "Wilderness"; the sprightly and clever Mr. R. C. Carton, with his "Liberty Hall" and "The Lord and Lady Algy"; the irregular Mr. Haddon Chambers with his frank melodrama of "Captain Swift" and his pure comedy of "The Tyranny of Tears," the deliciously Gilbertian Captain Marshall with his "Royal Family," and "His Excellency the

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Governor," and finally the dainty and tender Mr. H. H. Davies, with his "Cynthia" and his "Cousin Kate"—any and all of these are playwrights of solid performance and great promise. Such a galaxy augurs well for the future of the English prose drama.

VI

To insure that the present excellences of the English playwrights shall be maintained—to say nothing of adequately producing Shakespeare—it is necessary to have a conserving and fostering institution of the kind that has done so much for the drama on the Continent. Strong efforts have been made to establish a theatre with a sufficient subvention, preferably from private sources, to keep the best English plays of all sorts alive on the boards. Whether the efforts will succeed cannot, of course, be foretold. The playwrights have done their part. It rests with the public to turn their labors to permanent advantage.

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GIVERNY

AN IMPRESSION

By Marguerite Merington

Sown in furrowed strife and pillage
Meadows spring to fruitful tillage
Down the wide, white Norman road,
Where in thatched and low-built village
You shall find Monet's abode.
Near, the valleyed Seine runs, cleaving
Hills, to mate with ocean's skir;
Harvest toilers, at their sheaving,
Sing beside the shining Eure.

Roses here in wind-swept spaces,
Sweet, dispense their courtly graces;
Lilies, mediæval, tall,
Rise, uplifting saintly faces
Over Monet's garden wall,
Breathing virginal confession,
Swinging frankincense and myrrh,
While dark poplars in procession,
Priest-wise, march beside the Eure.

Yon, a templed spire is teaching
Heaven's ways, with penance, preaching,
Matins, noon and complin prayer;
Stands a wayside cross, beseeching
Mary's intercession-care.
But the light clouds bound for Paris
Know what sets art's blood astir:
Corot trees, Daubigny marice,
Monet sunsets, by the Eure!

Monet's workshop is that high line
Where green-blue hills cut the skyline,
Catching dappled lights that pass;
Purple mowers on the eyeline
Scything polychromic grass;
Foreground splashed with poppies scarlet;
Middle-distance, rainbow blur;
Cornfields flecked by cornflowers' starlet
Stretching to the silver Eure.

When I see his color-scheming
Framed, in salon, on me beaming—
Sunsets, haycocks, hills and all—
Drift I to Giverny, dreaming,
Where by Monet's garden wall
Memory is calling, bell-like,
From the prismy days that were,
While dark poplars, sentinel-like,
Guard their secret by the Eure!

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THE USE OF IT

By Edward Boltwood

Illustrations by S Ivanowski

I

KATE'S room was on the second floor of the narrow New York house where the twenty nurses lived who worked at Dr. May's private hospital in the next block. When the noon whistles sounded, she clambered out of bed and put on her gray wrapper. She had promised herself that she would get up if she was not asleep by noon. As she bathed her throbbing cheeks with the tepid water from the pitcher, she decided that she was more tired now than when she had gone to bed, four hours ago. She poked her feet into a pair of pink slippers and passed along the corridor to the sitting-room.

"Oh, that you, Miss Putnam?" drawled a voice from the divan. "You awake, too?"

Kate blinked at the speaker, for the July sun flared off the asphalt outside through the flimsy window curtains. "Yes, I'm afraid so," said she. "It's frightfully hot, Miss Quinn, isn't it?"

"Jerusalem, yes! And that awful noise all day long from the subway, just when we're trying to sleep."

"We couldn't ask them to stop blasting and pounding in the daytime for the sake of a dozen night nurses."

"Well, I haven't hardly slept a bit this week, and that's honest truth."

Miss Quinn was under-sized, and had a bony, but, in profile, a rather pretty face under a mop of red hair. She was in her night-gown, and she gathered the folds into a club, with which she whacked the divan viciously. Kate sat on the edge of the cheap centre-table, fingering the tattered magazines and dangling one slipper on her toe. The parlor was not shabbily furnished, but it missed altogether the livable appearance of home. It looked like a dentist's waiting-room. In a Morris chair by the window a tall, full-figured girl lay back limply. She wore the light blue nurse's uniform; her cap had flopped rakishly over her forehead, and she had loosened her waist and apron. Her name was Easterbrook, she was reputed the best nurse in the hospital, and for this Kate envied her beyond measure.

"I'm near dead, that's what I am," went on Miss Quinn aggressively, "and I'm going to quit this business, you see if I ain't. What's the use, anyhow? I wish you'd tell me. We only go wrinkled before we're thirty, and what's the use?"

Kate's swinging foot became motionless and she stared at the red-haired girl absently. Miss Easterbrook opened her eyes. They were a dusky brown, in keeping with the dusky skin of her square, clean-cut face.

"Oh, dear!" she complained. "Why don't you keep quiet, Geniveve, and go to bed?"

"Pshaw, you're a pretty one to talk, Julia! You haven't even undressed since you came off duty."

Miss Easterbrook yawned with sleepy good-nature and rubbed her elbows.

"Are you still on Dr. May's pet case?" asked Kate. "The neck operation?"

"Yes," said Miss Easterbrook. "Bandages changed every hour, and I had to hold her all night. See how my hands shake. Whew!" She leaned forward and contemplated the hazy glare through the window. "Another scorcher. Are you with Dr. Kennedy's pneumonia?"

Kate nodded.

"Pneumonia's jumpy and quick. Is he going to——"

"I don't know," broke in Kate eagerly. "The doctor doesn't know yet. I hope not. The crisis is due to-day."

"Oh, he'll get over it," remarked Geniveve, with an affected scorn. "Your patient will get over it, Miss Putnam, and travel away somewhere where it's cool and

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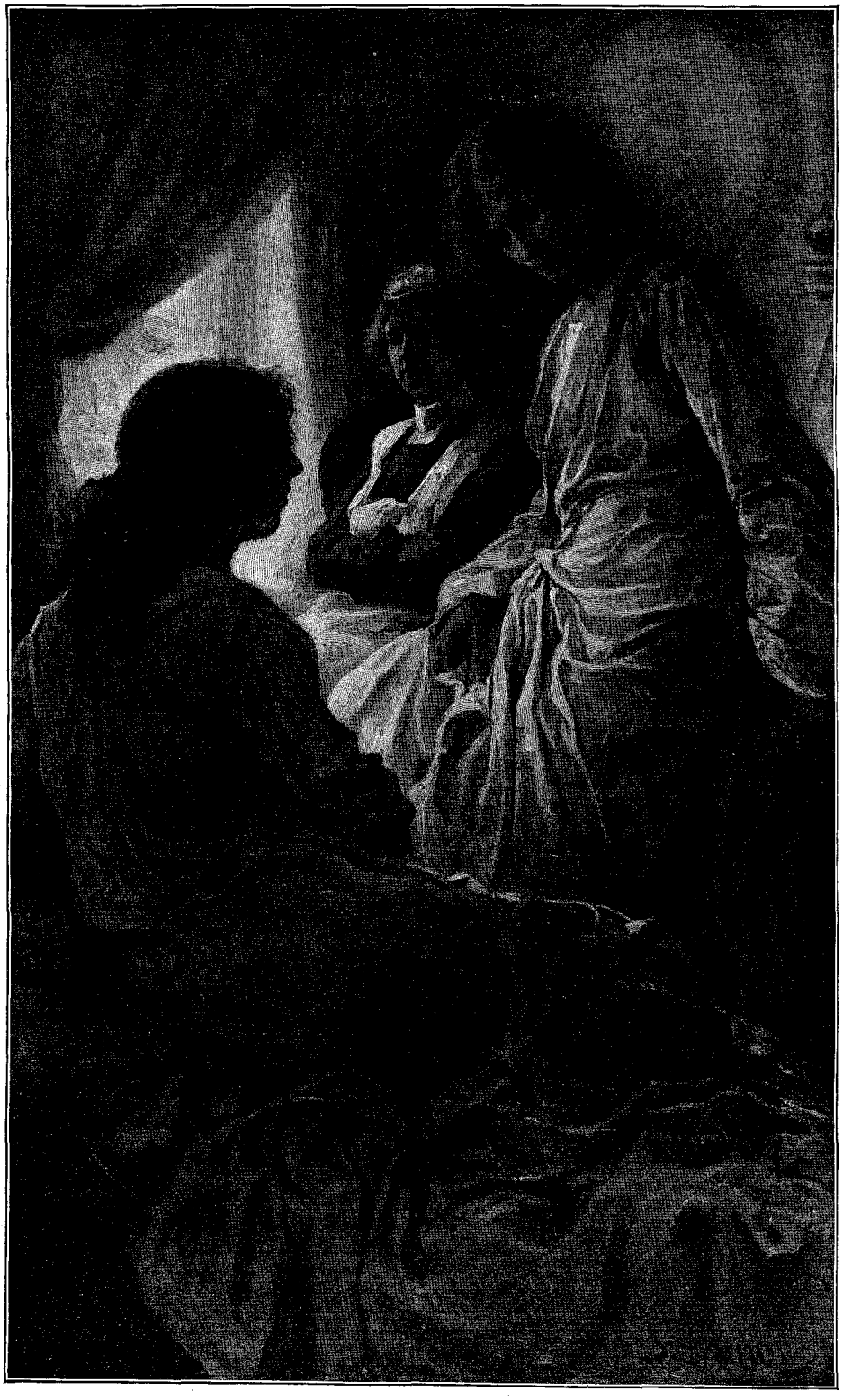

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"Then, if you haven't caved in, you'll be set on another case."—Page 414.

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sleepy and where there's no sick people, and he'll send you a pair of cuff pins, and that will be all for *him*. Then, if you haven't caved in, you'll be set on another case. That's life for you—'The sanctified sweetness of a life devoted to those who suffer.' Hey? Didn't you get that from a smirking speech-maker when you graduated from the training-school?"

"Don't talk like a silly fool, Jenny Quinn," recommended Miss Easterbrook severely.

The red-haired girl gave a shrill giggle, stood up, and stretched her angular arms. "Well, I feel like a silly fool to be on this job," she laughed. "I'm going to take by-by medicine and turn in;" and she shuffled out of the room.

As Kate dropped on the divan her mouth was tightened by a vague distress which was read by the glance of the nurse at the window.

"Jenny hasn't really lost her grip," said Miss Easterbrook. "Maybe she's slangy and common, but she's steady as steel with her patients."

"I can't bear to think of that," said Kate, under her breath.

"Of what?"

"Of losing one's grip. It's so simple to do—so shamefully easy. Why—" She paused. "I wish I could feel rested," was her inconsequential conclusion.

"Get Dr. Kennedy to speak to the superintendent for you."

"Oh, I'm not ill. It's something else. I don't know. I never was like this before."

Miss Easterbrook's lips seemed to form a question, but she checked it. "It's only the heat, Miss Putnam," she substituted. "Or—you won't mind if——"

"Of course not."

"I've often thought you take too much interest in your patients. That's where a flippant and rather vulgar girl like Geniveve Quinn has the best of you. Personal interest, I mean—the kind that wears you out. There was that old lady with the—you remember, Dr. Wallace's case. When you had her, I found you crying three or four different times in the linen closet."

"It was so sad," Kate murmured. "The poor woman was all alone, and——"

"I know. But we people can't afford to think too hard about such things. Our business is to work and watch. You can't work and watch and carry a continuous strain on your heart besides. If you try to—my gracious! you'll break down in six months instead of six years, as most of us do."

Miss Easterbrook unpinned her cap and tossed up her bronze hair with her large, gracefully muscular hands. The hair was streaked slightly with threads of gray. She had the characteristic nurse's face, where one could see, strangely mated, a lovely feminine tenderness and an unyielding, masculine, hold-fast resolution.

"That is familiar enough," said Kate, almost fiercely. "We ought to be mechanical. We are forbidden to have hearts, just as we are forbidden to have homes. Hearts are unwholesome for us."

The other smiled. "Not as bad as that, I hope. The personal, sympathetic element in nursing is a tremendous help, Miss Putnam, professionally. But if you let your heart interfere with your brain and your hands, and with your self-balance——"

"Oh, I see," sighed Kate. "I don't believe I'm in any danger on that score. Thank you, all the same."

The door opened to admit a slender young woman, gowned and hatted in modish street costume. She walked to the mirror over the mantel, adjusting her veil.

"Good-morning, Miss Wingate," said Julia Easterbrook. "Your day off?"

"Yes. I've just had an operation with Dr. Van Deusen." Miss Wingate's voice faltered, and when she turned, Kate perceived with dismay that she had been crying.

Miss Easterbrook raised her eyebrows significantly. "Old Van has a tongue like a whip, bless him!" she said.

"But he had no right to talk as he did, and before everybody," panted Miss Wingate, fighting a persistent sob. "The ether spray caught—only for a second—I couldn't budge it. So he blackguarded me—he—oh!"

With her handkerchief she dabbed frantically at her cheeks underneath her veil.

"Some doctors, on occasions, aren't men," observed Miss Easterbrook sententiously. "They're machines, and so are we. You were a part of the spray thing this morning, and when Van swore he was swearing at the machine."

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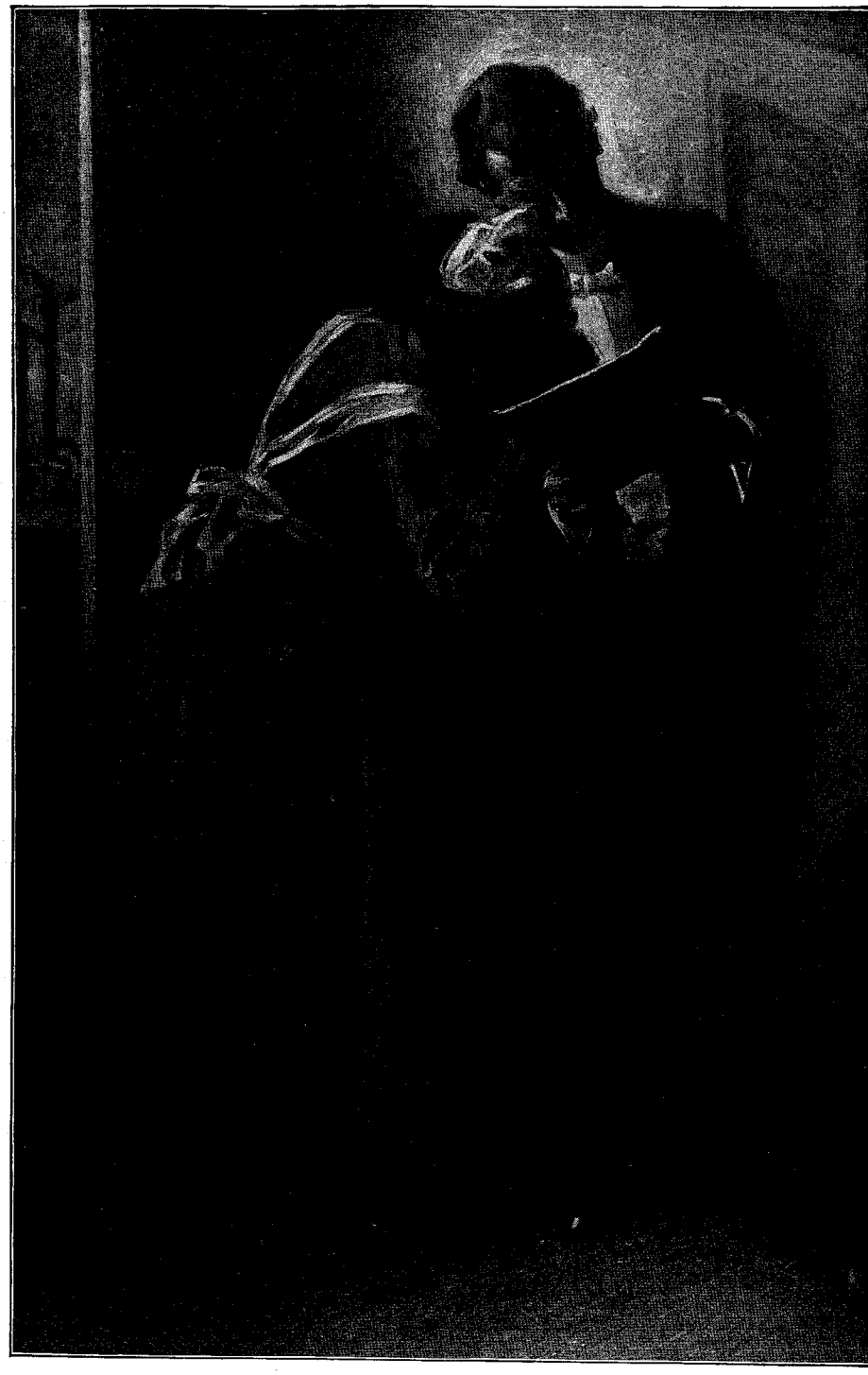

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

Kate showed him the chart and Kennedy scowled sharply.—Page 418.

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"Well, he must apologize or——"

"Oh, he'll apologize, and swear at you to-morrow, if he thinks you need it. But the next time you handle a spray for him it won't go wrong, that's all."

Miss Wingate shook her head obstinately. "I can't endure it any more," she declared, and went out.

A private victoria stood at the curb. The two nurses in the parlor watched Miss Wingate seat herself in the carriage and roll off over the blistered pavement.

"Poor thing!" commented Miss Easterbrook. "I'm sorry for the lady nurses, as we call them. What can you expect? They haven't been brought up among people who work for a living. They haven't got it in 'em."

"I wonder why Miss Wingate wants to be a nurse."

"Every girl dreams she wants to be a nurse at some time or other. Most of the well-to-do women who try it haven't the balance of education, I fancy. It's a woman's nature to feel she's bound to sacrifice herself for something. Some rich girls haven't been given much to think about, and this sacrifice idea swamps them. But they can't keep at it long, that's one comfort. After all, it's the earning of bread and butter that makes people stick. With me it was a toss-up whether to be a nurse or a milliner. I've worked hard here, and I guess I've succeeded as well as anyone can." Miss Easterbrook squared her superb shoulders and drew a deep breath. "And I'm going to quit to-morrow."

"What! You?" gasped Kate. "You? Not you, of all persons!" Her surprise turned quickly to a queer, lonesome sense of helplessness.

"Yes, I," said Miss Easterbrook doggedly, and stooped over, as if embarrassed, to unbutton her felt-soled shoes. "I'm planning to leave the hospital when my case is finished. I have a situation as a private nurse to travel with an invalid. It will be easy—and lucrative."

"But your profession—your ambitions——"

Miss Easterbrook's mirthless laugh grated, and she did not directly reply. Kate understood.

"I've noticed before to-day, Miss Putnam, that you're feeling ground down at the hospital," proceeded the older nurse. "Look here. I know of a place similar to mine that I can get for you if you want."

"It isn't nursing," said Kate, half to herself. "It's vegetating."

"I suppose so," agreed Miss Easterbrook irritably. "But what's the use?"

Kate's fingers trembled and she clasped them tight in her lap.

"What's the use of it here, Miss Putnam? Easy private nursing may be like a retreat from active duty, but—you come and talk with me in the morning."

"It's not the grind I'm afraid of." Kate's vehemence suggested oddly a culprit defending himself in the dock. "I'm not afraid of work. But where's the end? Where's the credit? Who cares for you when the grind is over? You must be a machine—a coarsened, forgotten machine without a heart." She finished with a little wail.

Miss Easterbrook inspected her keenly. "Nerves, my dear," said she. "Take some of Geniveve's sulphonal before you lie down. And talk with me in the morning."

Kate had a dread of such refuges, so she did not try the sulphonal. All the afternoon her tired brain echoed the episodes of the morning. The unapplauded slavery of her profession became a nightmare. Certain of Geniveve Quinn's phrases hung miserably in her mind. Had she, Kate Putnam, lost her grip? Miss Easterbrook had lost hers. "If there is to be a retreat," thought Kate, "I'll have the example of the best soldier in the ranks."

She dressed in time for tea, and promptly at seven o'clock she presented herself at the hospital and at her patient's room, relieving Miss Bernstein, the day nurse.

II

On the ceiling over the sick man's pillow two wavering cracks made the outline of a fish. During the forenoon the man had observed the fish idly, amused with himself for discovering the resemblance. Latterly his amusement had sobered to an angry suspicion. The fish became potential, horrible. The man's eyes never left it. He feared to close them. Unwatched, this crafty monster might accomplish villainous deeds as he lay there helpless with

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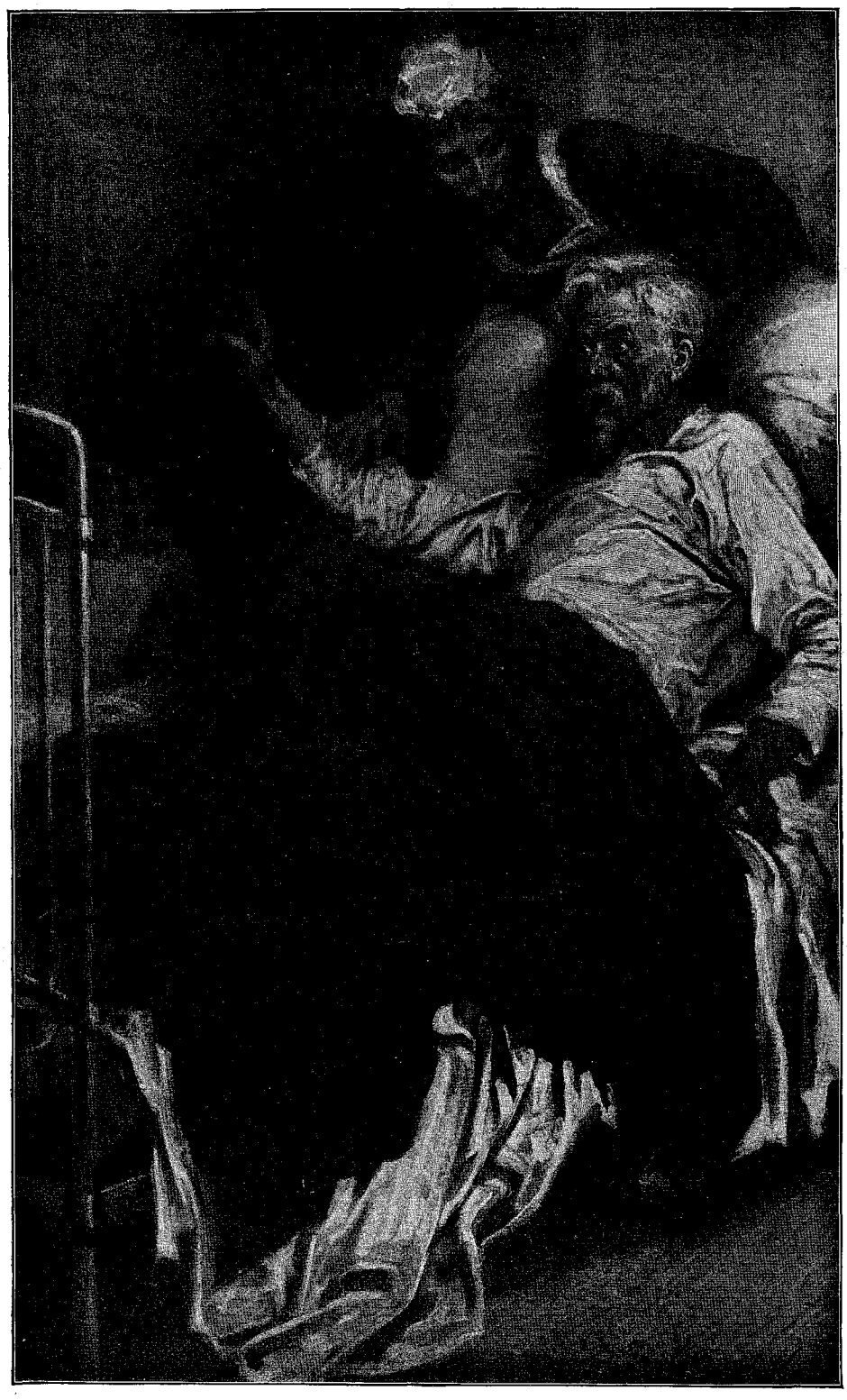

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"Three cheers for Ours, from the colonel to the drums!"—Page 420.

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long spikes driven through his lungs. The man's mental attitude toward the fish was that of fierce hatred. He stared at the cracks savagely and silently.

Miss Putnam drew the clinical chart under the dim rays of the night-lamp and read the physician's latest memorandum. Clamped to the chart was the patient's pedigree:

"*Name:* Capt. Winfield Scott Knox, U. S. A. (retired). *Occupation:* Civil engineer. *Age:* 69. *Address:* Army and Navy Club. *Married:* Widower. *Nearest relative to notify:* Sheridan Knox (son), 1st Lieutenant, B Troop, 14th United States Cavalry, Luzon, P. I. *Arrived at hospital:* July 10. *To be treated for:* Pneumonia. *Doctor:* Kennedy. *Nurses:* Day—Bernstein; Night—Putnam."

Kate made a rigorous inventory of the bottles and appliances on the table. She trimmed the wick under the little kettle in which the creosote was ready for fuming. She studied an oxygen tank. Finally she leaned back in the chair behind the head screen of the bed, relaxing every muscle. The pose made her vaguely resemble a pugilist resting against the ropes in his corner of the ring. The crisis of the pneumonia was to come.

The night was very sultry. Kate's black hair nestled damply on her temples. Her skin was that of a woman who works out of the sunlight, but its mild pallor was belied by her well-set chin, her heavy wrists, and her strongly-knit figure. Her eyes were a cold and stubborn gray.

A mumble arose from the pillow. Kate slipped to the bedside, gliding evenly, accurate as a bit of mechanism in a groove.

"Who ever saw Arizona fishes in an alkali pool?" croaked the Captain. "Eh? Did you?"

"Yes. Everything is all right, Mr. Knox. You are having a good sleep." The nurse's quiet voice was not that with which a mother patronizingly soothes a child, but rather the hushed, easy voice of a gentleman paying compliments to his neighbor at dinner.

Knox lay flat, so that the exaggerated saliency of his jaw made the old-fashioned white imperial jut upward. The Captain was big, gaunt, and raw-boned. Kate moistened his lips with lemon juice and listerine. Then she laid a clinical thermometer in his armpit, picked up her watch, and noted his pulse and respiration. All of her movements were unhurried and continuous, made without break or hesitation.

The Captain twitched his shaggy head. "I reckon they'll rush us from the butte," he snarled. "When they do, you hoist me up and give me a carbine."

"Very well."

"Say 'sir,' you rookie."

"Very well, sir," said Kate.

The door swung, and Dr. Kennedy beckoned her into the corridor. Having paid a flying visit to an ushers' dinner, the doctor was in evening clothes, and he crunched the fragrance out of his violets as he whispered to Miss Putnam. He was young, smooth shaven, stockily built. Kate showed him the chart, and Kennedy scowled sharply and gravely.

"This means business. Any delirium?"

"He has been wandering slightly."

"Yes. I have to go to the Presbyterian for a little while, but I shall spend the night here. We'll begin work about four, probably, Miss Putnam. It will be nice sailing."

Kennedy yawned, and tiptoed downstairs, where he and another night-bound doctor resumed a heated discussion about the last Yale-Harvard race. The floor nurse came paddling along the corridor with a tray on which steamed a generous cup of black coffee.

"No, I think not," Kate said.

"There's lovely cold chicken for supper, Miss Putnam. And milk punch making for the doctors at midnight. Maybe some of that—you look peaked, and they say you and Dr. Kennedy are in for it."

"No, thank you, Miss Hodge. I'd rather wait until—until we can tell;" and the door closed behind her.

In his heaving struggle for breath, the sick man had pulled down the sheet and his breast was bared, so that Kate saw plainly the three triangular scars which he carried there. He had another mark, a long, blue welt running over his shoulder, which Kate had found when she first bathed his back with alcohol. She replaced the sheet, scanned the old Indian fighter critically, and took her post on a low chair beside the bed. His breathing was even shorter than when she left him.

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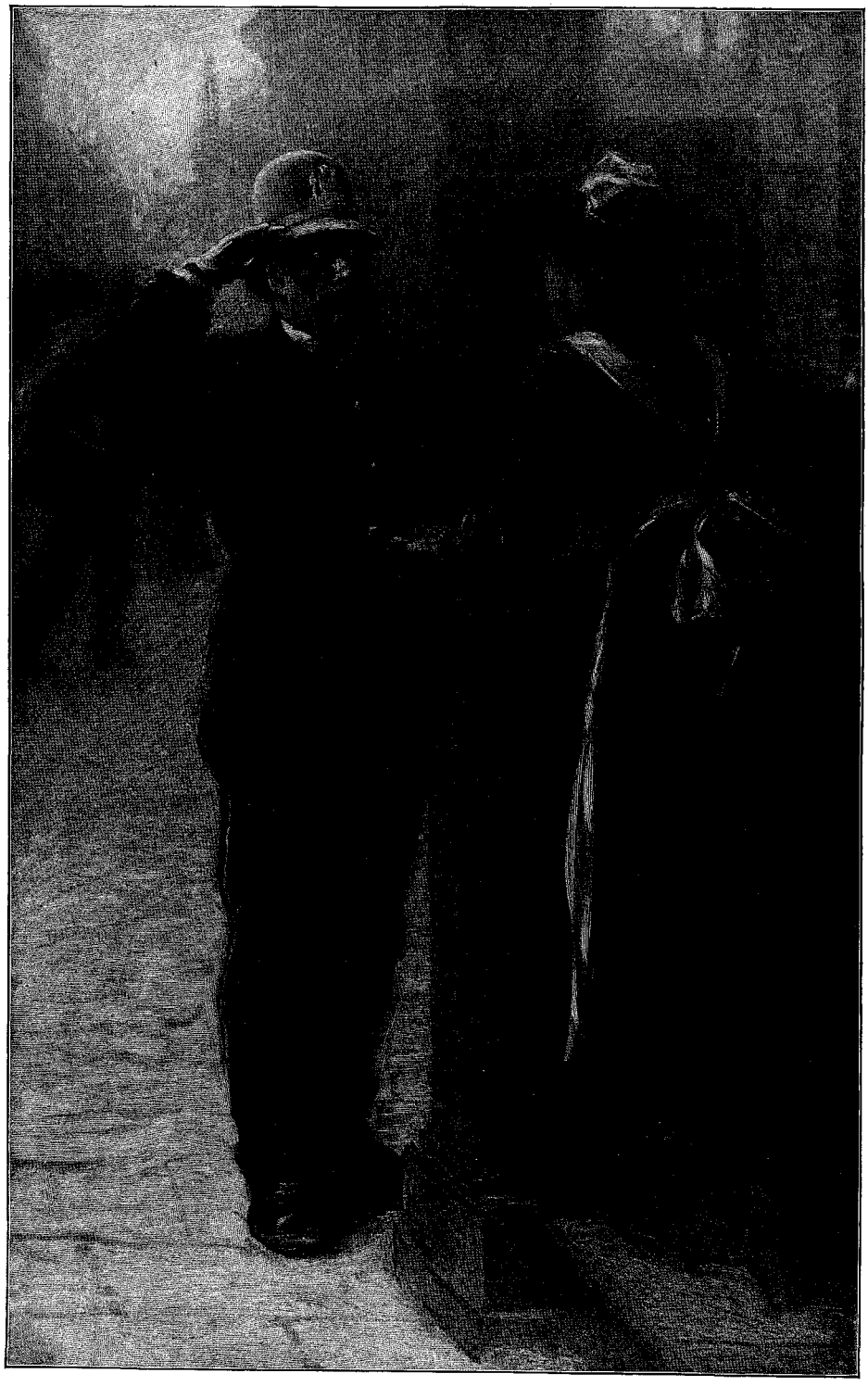

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"I will report to-morrow, ma'am, as ordered."—Page 422.

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For nearly an hour, it seemed, she sat there, tense and watchful. When she took his pulse and temperature again, he asked for water. Before Kate gave it to him she went out of the room and made a hasty inquiry. Dr. Kennedy—where was Dr. Kennedy? The doctor was needed. Dr. Kennedy had not returned.

"When he comes in," said Kate through the speaking-tube, "please let him be told to come upstairs immediately."

Hardly were her fingers again on the door knob when the Captain's voice clanged out like a cracked bugle:

"Give me a carbine, and stand by. Sergeant! Sergeant Corcoran! Steady the troop!"

III

"STEADY the troop! I've got my last wound, sergeant. Don't let the men see. Hold me up!"

"Yes, sir," said Kate.

"They're Apaches, aren't they? Steady all for the rush. *Hold—me—up!*"

The Captain writhed in her arms, gasping furiously for life.

"Lie down, sir," she begged.

"Hoist me so the men can see me, damn you!"

"All right, sir."

"Steady, men. We can lick 'em endwise. Hooker, your hat's like a sieve. Moose up that rock, you fool, and belly down."

"Yes, sir," responded Kate dutifully.

"Draw in your platoon, Mr. Delancey, if you please, and—whisper."

The nurse put her ear to his lips.

"They outnumber us ten to one," groaned the Captain. "Not much of a chance, eh, Delancey? Good-by, dear old man!" and then his hoarse voice swelled to an inspiring shout. "Now, men, we've got 'em licked sure! Give 'em hell for Custer! Steady! We'll pull out yet. Remember the regiment, and shoot low—low—low!"

He choked and fell back, exhausted, lifeless. Kate pressed the bell button and picked out a hypodermic. She twice read the label on a vial, filled the syringe, and read the label a third time. Finally she pinched up the skin of the Captain's shoulder and injected the caffeine deliberately.

"Stand by, Corcoran," muttered Knox, as she leaned over him. "Here's the place to die, sergeant, on the firing line with the non-coms, all soldiers together." The powerful stimulant loosened his tongue. "Promotion? Name in the papers? Those aren't the things that count. Twenty-five years out of the Point, and I quit a captain. But mind this. I've lived with good men who do good work—like you. Listen to me, sergeant. You thank God you're sweating on the firing line instead of loafing in a boiled shirt. Hold me up. Don't let me fall till I'm dead, you hairy Irishman!"

"Never fear, sir," said Kate. "We'll pull out."

Her fingers had never left his pulse, and now again the hypodermic stung his shoulder. Kate's face was hardened incredibly by the grim, desperate, indomitable look of combat which had settled there. She had become the very spirit of fight made visible, incarnate.

"What?" cried the Captain. "Have we stopped 'em? Have we driven 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"It's the non-coms that did it." In spite of her, Knox raised his head from the pillow. "Three cheers for the old regiment!" he yelled. "Three cheers for Ours, from the colonel to the drums! Hip—hip—" He broke off, listening wistfully. "I can't hear the men, sergeant."

"The men are cheering, sir."

"I hear 'em. That's music. Now I'll go out, sergeant. The Lord bless you, Corcoran! Always be a good soldier, Corcoran, and——"

Kennedy strode in. He flung his coat on the floor and rolled his sleeves up over his sturdy arms, while his single quick glance seemed at once to comprehend the Captain, Kate, and the chart which she handed him in silence. His countenance copied Kate's strangely, stamped by the same alert, invincible spirit of battle.

"Caffeine—brandy," he said. "Very well done. Now, the saline solution, please. Steady, Miss Putnam. This is the last tug. We can win yet; we must win."

It was as if they stood in the physical presence of a gigantic foe, savage and murderous.

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IV

"Ouf! That was close work."

Dr. Kennedy extended his bare arms in the flush of early sunshine which yellowed the bedroom. He and Kate looked at each other and smiled proudly. They were both conscious of that infinite mutual trust and pride which comes to those who have won a shoulder-to-shoulder fight against the mightiest of enemies. They were very tired, and their faces were gray and pulled. The birds were piping in the yard behind the hospital. Knox slept; his heart had outlasted the disease.

Miss Bernstein, fresh and serene, came to take the day watch, and the doctor accompanied Kate down the corridor. He was cross-examining her about an abnormal fluctuation of Knox's pulse during the defervescence. At the stair landing he halted.

"Look here, Miss Putnam, if it hadn't been for you—" said he shyly, "I congratulate you. The superintendent shall know how well you—" he held out his hand clumsily.

"Oh, never mind that; I'm satisfied just to have helped," replied Kate. "All the congratulations belong to you—to your treatment. You were splendid."

"But a really capable nurse," stammered Kennedy, in bashful earnestness, "is worth all the treatment in the world in a case like that. By the way, I've a ticklish amputation coming Thursday. I'd like to speak to have you assigned."

Kate nodded eagerly, for she was gratified far beyond the power of acknowledgment in words, and Kennedy fled, tossing on his coat. Two smiling day nurses in the hall clapped their hands together noiselessly as Kate hurried by. The doormaid stopped her.

"There's somebody out there waiting to see Mr. Knox's nurse, Miss Putnam," said the servant. "He wouldn't come in. He's a policeman."

"Name o' Dan'l J. Hooker, ma'am," announced a resonant voice from beyond the threshold.

Kate saw a short, wiry, middle-aged police officer, who held rigidly in his white gloved hand something covered with a gaudy handkerchief. When he spoke it was apparent that he was reciting a speech that had been thoughtfully rehearsed.

"What is it, Mr. Hooker?" Kate inquired.

"I come 'count o' Cap'n Knox, ma'am," he said. "Heared he lay up in horsepital here, and respeckfully begs to ask surgeon's leave for to see my cap'n."

"I am afraid you cannot see him," Kate replied gently. "He's been very sick."

Hooker became stern. "Cap'n Knox mightn't mind seein' me, ma'am. I was in his command, see, for three 'listments in the Western country—corp'ral, ma'am, F troop, Sixt' cav'lry. I'd sorter like to be let to give good-by to my cap'n."

"Oh, but he's getting well. He's out of danger."

The policeman looked, if possible, more stern than before. His throat worked once or twice, and, with a sheepish desire to divert Kate's attention, he removed the handkerchief from his bundle and revealed a tight and hideous little bunch of red and purple flowers.

"Th' old woman was bound I should pack these along," explained Hooker, "though the cap'n, he don't give a—don't hanker for 'em. But she says he ain't got no kin this side the map, she says, and——"

"They are very pretty. Captain Knox will be delighted that Mrs. Hooker thought of sending them." Kate gave the flowers to the care of the maid-servant. "And now—corporal—will you walk with me to my boarding-house? The fact is, I'm worn out."

"Sure I will," assented Hooker.

The air was cool, breezy, and refreshing. Kate's physical weariness contributed oddly to the elation and buoyancy of her spirits; as if floating in a cloud of thankfulness, she walked without being aware that she touched the pavement. Hooker marched a trifle behind her elbow.

"I wish you would tell me something," suggested she. "Captain Knox served twenty years, I believe. And he was only —a captain!"

Hooker reflectively stroked his stub of a grizzled moustache, frankly anxious to be agreeable. "Well, ma'am," he began, "that was the way with the army in them days—more gray-headed comp'ny orficers than not, ma'am. Underpaid and undermanned, and nobody east of the Mississippi seemed to care about us then. But that didn't bother the cap'n none. No, sir. 'Al-

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ways do your duty,' was the cap'n's word. 'Always be a soldier wherever you're put,' and many a tarrier in th' old troop remembers it. We seen raspin' service, F troop did."

Kate laughed contentedly. "Captain Knox took me for a soldier last night. For Sergeant Corcoran. Did you know him?"

"Black Tim Corcoran? Oh, by gosh!" Hooker covered his mouth with his broad palm. "The best fighting sergeant in the reg'ment, ma'am, and, begging humble pardon, the ugliest, with a face on him like a lump of coal. The cap'n must a-been sure enough bad."

They passed a group of laborers, husky, ponderous fellows in overalls and jumpers. One of them slipped off his cap and made room for Kate along the curb. She smiled her thanks, and another workman chuckled.

"Lynch has a mash on the copper's girl," he proclaimed, with a good-humored grin which was instantly withered by his comrade's dangerous contempt.

"Me brother laid in Billyvue wanst," said Lynch. "Divil a wan o' them nursing women do I pass since wid me head covered." He pulled the ragged cap over his brows. "Cronin, me gay bucko, I'll smash the lippy mug of you if you say more."

Kate did not hear the retort, but it could not have increased the satisfaction which already filled her exultant soul to overflowing as she ran up the steps of the apartment house.

"Good-by, corporal," she cried gayly. "Don't forget to come to-morrow."

Hooker eyed her, deliberating solemnly. She feared that he was going to take off his helmet and bow, which would have seemed quite incongruous; but the veteran trooper knew better. It was something to see Hooker brace his shoulders, click his heels, swing his hand to his vizor, and salute, slapping his taut thigh with a resounding blow which did credit to his old-time drill.

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," he growled. "I will report to-morrow, ma'am, as ordered."

In the sitting-room Julia Easterbrook was stretched on the divan, mopping her forehead with pungent cologne.

"Another hard night?" asked Kate.

"My patient had a bad relapse. I'm going back to her after breakfast."

"Good gracious! you'll kill yourself," exclaimed Miss Putnam, aghast.

Julia Easterbrook brandished the cologne bottle in her clenched fist vindictively. "I let a bandage slip," she moaned. "It was pure negligence. If Jenny Quinn hadn't rushed in to help—well, I'm going back to make up for it, or know the reason why."

"I'm so sorry you had such hard luck," faltered Kate, genuinely shocked.

"It wasn't luck, it was incompetence." The older nurse sat up slowly. "Everybody says you pulled your pneumonia through in glorious style."

"The crisis is passed, at any rate, thank you." Kate moved toward the door; then she hesitated. "Miss Easterbrook," she went on, "about that situation you spoke of yesterday——"

"What? What situation?"

"The private nursing, you know."

"Private—oh, yes. Well, I can't leave the hospital just yet, Miss Putnam. I don't see how I can leave at all now, remembering last night." She shuddered painfully. "But you——"

"Oh, I've changed my mind, too. I shan't desert hospital work. What's the use?" said Kate, triumphant.

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PANAMA

By James Jeffrey Roche

HERE the oceans twain have waited
All the ages to be mated,—
Waited long and waited vainly,
Though the script was written plainly:
"This, the portal of the sea,
Opes for him who holds the key;
Here the empire of the earth
Waits in patience for its birth."

But the Spanish monarch, dimly
Seeing little, answered grimly:
"North and South the land is Spain's;
As God gave it, it remains.
He who seeks to break the tie,
By mine honor, he shall die!"*

So the centuries rolled on,
And the gift of great Colon,
Like a spendthrift's heritage,
Dwindled slowly, age by age,
Till the flag of red and gold
Fell from hands unnerved and old,
And the granite-pillared gate
Waited still the key of fate.

Who shall hold that magic key
But the child of destiny,
In whose veins has mingled long
All the best blood of the strong?
He who takes his place by grace
Of no single tribe or race,
But by many a rich bequest
From the bravest and the best.
Sentinel of duty, here
Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the old world keep its ways;
Naught to him its blame or praise;
Naught its greed, or hate, or fear;
For all swords be sheathéd here.

Yea, the gateway shall be free
Unto all, from sea to sea;
And no fratricidal slaughter
Shall defile its sacred water;
But—the hand that oped the gate shall forever hold the key!

* Philip II decreed the penalty of death for anyone who should propose cutting a canal through the Isthmus.

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MRS. GEORGE BANCROFT'S LETTERS FROM ENGLAND IN 1846-49

THIRD PAPER

To Mr. and Mrs. I. P. D.

LONDON, June 20, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: On the 19th, Saturday, we breakfasted with Lady Byron and my friend, Miss Murray, at Mr. Rogers's. He and Lady Byron had not met for many, many years, and their renewal of old friendship was very interesting to witness. Mr. Rogers told me that he first introduced her to Lord Byron. After breakfast he had been repeating some lines of poetry which he thought fine, when he suddenly exclaimed: "But there is a bit of American *prose*, which, I think, has more poetry in it than almost any modern verse." He then repeated, I should think, more than a page from Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," describing the falling overboard of one of the crew, and the effect it produced, not only at the moment, but for some time afterward. I wondered at his memory, which enabled him to recite so beautifully a long prose passage, so much more difficult than verse. Several of those present with whom the book was a favorite, were so glad to hear from me that it was as *true* as interesting, for they had regarded it as partly a work of imagination. Lady Byron had told Mr. Rogers when she came in that Lady Lovelace, her daughter (Ada) wished also to pay him a visit, and would come after breakfast to join us for half an hour. She also had not seen Rogers, I *believe*, ever. Lady Lovelace joined us soon after breakfast, and as we were speaking of the enchantment of Stafford House on Wednesday evening, Mr. Rogers proposed to go over it and see its fine pictures by daylight. He immediately went himself by a short back passage through the park to ask permission and returned with all the eagerness and gallantry of a young man to say that he had obtained it. We had thus an opportunity of seeing in the most leisurely way, and in the most delightful society the fine pictures and noble apartments of Stafford House again.

. . . On Tuesday Mr. Hallam took us to the British Museum, and being a director, he could enter on a private day, when we were not annoyed by a crowd, and, moreover, we had the advantage of the best interpreters and guides. We did not even enter the library, which requires a day by itself, but confined ourselves to the Antiquity rooms. . . . As I entered the room devoted to the Elgin marbles, the works of the "divine Phidias," I stepped with awe, as if entering a temple, and the Secretary, who was by my side, observing it, told me that the Grand Duke Constantine, when he came a few days before, made, as he entered, a most profound and reverential bow. This was one of my most delightful mornings, and I left the Antiquities with a stronger desire to see them again than before I had seen them at all.

Sunday, June 27th.

. . . I went on Wednesday to dine at Lord Monteagle's, to meet Father Matthew, and the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Whately) also dined there. Father Matthew spoke with great interest of America and of American liberality, and is very anxious to go to our country. He saw Mr. Forbes at Cork and spoke of him with great regard. . . . On [Saturday] Mr. Bancroft went to the Palace to see the King of the Belgians, with the rest of the Diplomatic Corps. After his return we went to Westminster Hall to see the prize pictures, as Lord Lansdowne had sent us tickets for the private view. The Commission of Fine Arts have offered prizes for the best historical pictures that may serve to adorn the new Houses of Parliament, and the pictures of this collection were all painted with that view. One of those which have received a prize is John Robinson bestowing his farewell blessing upon the Pilgrims at Leyden, which is very pleasing. It is to me like a friend in a strange country, and I lingered over it the longest.

July 2d.

Wednesday [evening] we went to Lady Duff Gordon's, . . . where was a most agreeable party, and among others,

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Andersen, the Danish poet-author of the "Improvisatore." . . . He has a most striking poetical physiognomy, but as he talked only German or bad French, I left him to Mr. Bancroft in the conversation way. . . . The next morning before nine o'clock we were told that Mr. Rogers, the poet, was downstairs. I could not imagine what had brought him out so early, but found that Moore, the poet, had come to town and would stay but a day, and we must go that very morning and breakfast with him at ten o'clock. We went and found a delightful circle. I sat between Moore and Rogers, who was in his very best humor. Moore is but a wreck, but a most interesting one. . . .

To Mr. and Mrs. I. P. D.

NUNEHAM PARK, July 27, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: . . . I must go back to the day when my last letters were despatched, as my life since has been full of interest. On Monday evening, the 19th, we went to the French play, to see Rachel in "Phèdre." . . . She far surpassed my imagination in the expression of all the powerful passions. . . . On Tuesday Mr. Bancroft went down to hear Lord John make a speech to his constituents in the city, while I went to see Miss Burdett-Coutts lay the corner-stone of the church which "the Bishop of London has permitted her to build," to use her own expression in her note to me. In the evening we dined there with many of the clergy, and Lord Brougham, Lord Dundonald, etc. I went down with the Dean of Westminster, who was very agreeable and instructive. He and Dr. Whately have the simplicity of children, with an immense deal of knowledge, which they impart in the most pleasant way. . . . Saturday, the 24th, we were to leave town for our first country excursion. . . . We were invited by Dr. Hawtrey, the Head Master of Eton, to be present at the ceremonies accompanying the annual election of such boys on the Foundation as are selected to go up to King's College, Cambridge, where they are also placed on a Foundation. From reading Dr. Arnold's life you will have learned that the head master of one of these very great schools is no unimportant personage. Dr. Hawtrey has an income of six or seven thousand pounds. He is unmarried, but has two single sisters who live with him, and his establishment in one of the old college houses is full of elegance and comfort. We took an open travelling carriage with imperials, and drove down to Eton with our own horses, arriving about one o'clock. At two, precisely, the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, was to arrive, and to be received under the old gateway of the cloister by the Captain of the school with a Latin speech. . . . After dinner there is a regatta among the boys, which is one of the characteristic and pleasing old customs. . . . All the fashionables of London who have sons at Eton come down to witness their happiness, and the river bank is full of gayety. . . . The evening finished with the most beautiful fireworks I ever saw, which lighted up the Castle behind, and were reflected in the Thames below, while the glancing oars of the young boatmen, and the music of their band with a merry chime of bells from St. George's Chapel, above, all combined to give gayety and interest to the scene. The next morning (Sunday), after an agreeable breakfast in the long, low-walled breakfast-room, which opens upon the flower garden, we went to Windsor to worship in St. George's Chapel. . . . The Queen's stall is rather larger than the others, and one is left vacant for the Prince of Wales. . . .

LONDON, July 29th.

And now with a new sheet I must begin my account of Nuneham. . . . The Archbishop of York is the second son of Lord Vernon, but his uncle, Earl Harcourt, dying without children, left him all his estate, upon which he took the name of Harcourt. We arrived about four o'clock. . . . The dinner was at half-past seven, and when I went down I found the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Caroline Leveson-Gower, Lord Kildare, and several of the sons and daughters of the Archbishop. The dinner and evening passed off very agreeably. The Duchess is a most high-bred person, and thoroughly courteous. As we were going in or out of a room instead of preceding me, which was her right, she always made me take her arm, which was a delicate way of getting over her precedence. . . . At half-past nine the next morning we met in the drawing-room, when the Archbishop led the way down to prayers. This was a beautiful scene, for he is now ninety, and

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to hear him read the prayers with a firm, clear voice, while his family and dependents knelt about him was a pleasure never to be forgotten. . . . At five I was to drive round the park with the Archbishop himself in his open carriage. This drive was most charming. He explained everything, told me when such trees would be felled, and when certain tracts of underwood would be fit for cutting, how old the different-sized deer were—in short, the whole economy of an English park. Every pretty point of view, too, he made me see, and was as active and wide-awake as if he were thirty, rather than ninety. . . . The next morning, after prayers and breakfast, I took my leave.

To A. H.

BISHOP'S PALACE, NORWICH, August 1st.

MY DEAR A. . . . How I wish I could transport you to the spot where I am writing, but if I could summon it before your actual vision you would take it for a dream or a romance, so different is everything within the walls which enclose the precincts of an English Cathedral from anything we can conceive on our side of the water. . . . Some of the learned people and noblemen have formed an Archæological Society for the study and preservation [of] the interesting architectural antiquities of the kingdom, and [it] is upon the occasion of the annual meeting of this society for a week at Norwich that the Bishop has invited us to stay a few days at the palace and join them in their agreeable antiquarian excursions. We arrived on Friday at five o'clock after a long, dull journey of five hours on the railway. . . . Staying in the house are our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Milman, Lord Northampton and his son, Lord Alwyne Compton, and the Bishop's family, consisting of Mrs. Stanley, and of two Miss Stanleys, agreeable and highly cultivated girls, and Mr. Arthur Stanley, the writer of Dr. Arnold's Biography. . . . After dinner company soon arrived. Among them were Mrs. Opie, who resides here. She is a pleasing, lively, old lady, in full Quaker dress. The most curious feature of the evening was a visit which the company paid to the cellar and kitchen, which were lighted up for the occasion. They were built by the old Norman bishops of the twelfth century, and had vaulted stone roofs as beautifully carved and ribbed as a church. . . . The next day, Saturday, the antiquarians made a long excursion to hunt up some ruins, while the Milmans, Mr. Stanley, and ourselves, went to visit the place of Lady Suffield, about twelve miles distant, and which is the most perfect specimen of the Elizabethan style. Lady Suffield herself is as Elizabethan as her establishment; she is of one [of] the oldest high Tory families and so opposed to innovations of all sorts that though her letters, which used to arrive at two, before the opening of the railway two years ago, now arrive at seven in the morning, they are never allowed to be brought till the old hour. . . . This morning Mr. Bancroft and the rest are gone on an excursion to Yarmouth to see some ruins, while I remain here to witness the chairing of two new members of Parliament, who have just been elected, of whom Lord Douro, son of the Duke of Wellington, is one. . . .

To I. P. D.

AUDLEY END, October 14, 1847.

DEAR UNCLE: We are staying for a few days at Lord Braybrooke's place, one of the most magnificent in England; but before I say a word about it I must tell you of A.'s safe arrival and how happy I have been made by having him with me again. . . . On Saturday the 9th we had the honor of dining with the *Lord Mayor* to meet the Duke of Cambridge, a *fête* so unlike anything else and accompanied by so many old and peculiar customs that I must describe it to you at full length. The Mansion House is in the heart of the *City*, and is very magnificent and spacious, the Egyptian Hall, as the dining-room is called, being one of the noblest apartments I have seen. The guests were about 250 in number and were received by the Lady Mayoress *sitting*. When dinner was announced, the Lord Mayor went out first, preceded by the sword-bearer and mace-bearer and all the insignia of office. Then came the Duke of Cambridge and the Lady Mayoress, then Mr. Bancroft and I together, which is the custom at these great civic feasts. We marched through the long gallery by the music of the band to the Egyptian Hall, where two raised seats like thrones were provided for the Lord Mayor and

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Mayoress at the head of the hall. On the right hand of the Lord Mayor sat the Duke of Cambridge in a *common chair*, for royalty yields entirely to the Mayor, on his own ground. On the right of the Duke of Cambridge sat the Mayoress-elect (for the present dignitaries go out of office on the 1st of November). On the left hand of the present Lady Mayoress sat the Lord Mayor-*elect*, then I came with my husband on my left hand in very conjugal style.

There were three tables the whole length of the hall, and that at which we were placed went across at the head. When we are placed, the herald stands behind the Lord Mayor and cries: "My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, pray silence, for grace." Then the chaplain in his gown, goes behind the Lord Mayor and says grace. After the second course two large gold cups, nearly two feet high, are placed before the Mayor and Mayoress. The herald then cries with a loud voice: "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the American Minister, the Lord Chief Baron," etc., etc. (enumerating about a dozen of the most distinguished guests), "and ladies and gentlemen all, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress do bid you most heartily welcome and invite you to drink in a loving cup." Whereupon the Mayor and Mayoress rise and each turn to their next neighbor, who take off the cover while they drink. After my right-hand neighbor, the Lord Mayor-elect, had put on the cover, he turns to me and says, "Please take off the cover," which I do and hold it while he drinks; then I replace the cover and turn round to Mr. Bancroft, who rises and performs the same office for me while I drink; then he turns to his next neighbor, who takes off the cover for him. I have not felt so solemn since I stood up to be married as when Mr. Bancroft and I were standing up alone together, the rest of the company looking on, I with this great heavy gold cup in my hand, so heavy that I could scarcely lift it to my mouth with both hands, and he with the cover before me, with rather a mischievous expression in his face. Then came two immense gold platters filled with rose water, which were also passed round. These gold vessels were only used by the persons at the head table; the other guests were served with silver cups. When the dessert and the wine is placed on the table, the herald says, "My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, please to charge your glasses." After we duly charge our glasses the herald cries: "Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, pray silence for the Lord Mayor." He then rises and proposes the first toast, which is, of course, always "The Queen." After a time came the "American Minister," who was obliged to rise up at my elbow and respond. We got home just after twelve. . . .

And now let me try to give you some faint idea of Audley End, which is by far the most magnificent house I have seen yet. It was built by the Earl of Suffolk, son of that Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded in Elizabeth's reign for high treason, upon the site of an abbey, the lands of which had been granted by the crown to that powerful family. One of the Earls of Suffolk dying without sons, the *Earldom* passed into another branch and the *Barony* and *estate* of Howard de Walden came into the female line. In course of time, a Lord Howard de Walden dying without a son, his title also passed into another family, but his estate went to his nephew, Lord Braybrooke, the father of the present Lord. . . . Lady Braybrooke is the daughter of the Marquis of Cornwallis, and granddaughter of our American Lord Cornwallis.

The house is of the Elizabethan period and is one of the best preserved specimens of that style, but of its vast extent and magnificence I can give you no idea. We arrived about five o'clock, and were ushered through an immense hall of carved oak hung with banners up a fine staircase to the grand saloon, where we were received by the host and hostess. Now of this grand saloon I must try to give you a conception. It was, I should think, from seventy-five to one hundred feet in length. . . . The ceiling overhead was very rich with hanging corbels, like stalactites, and the entire walls were panelled, with a full-length family portrait in each panel, which was arched at the top, so that the whole wall was composed of these round-topped pictures with rich gilding between. Notwithstanding its vast size, the sofas and tables were so disposed all over the apartment as to give it the most friendly, warm, and social aspect. . . . Lady Braybrooke herself ushered me to my apartments, which were the state rooms. First came Mr. B.'s dressing-room,

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where was a blazing fire. . . . Then came the bedroom, with the state bed of blue and gold, covered with embroidery, and with the arms and coronet of Howard de Walden. The walls were hung with crimson and white damask, and the sofas and chairs also, and it was surrounded by pictures, among others a full length of Queen Charlotte, just opposite the foot of the bed, always saluted me every morning when I awoke, with her fan, her hoop, and her deep ruffles. My dressing-room, which was on the opposite side from Mr. Bancroft's, was a perfect gem. It was painted by the famous Rebecco, who came over from Italy to ornament so many of the great English houses at one time. The whole ceiling and walls were covered with beautiful designs and with gilding, and a beautiful recess for a couch was supported by fluted gilded columns; the architraves and mouldings of the doors and windows were gilt, and the panels of the door were filled with Rebecco's beautiful designs. The chairs were of light blue embroidered with thick, heavy gold, and all this bearing the stamp of antiquity was a thousand times more interesting than mere modern splendor. In the centre of the room was a toilet of white muslin (universal here), and on it a gilt dressing-glass, which gave a pretty effect to the whole. . . . I sat at dinner between Lord Braybrooke and Sir John Boileau, and found them both very agreeable. The dining-room is as magnificent as the other apartments. The ceiling is in the Elizabethan style, covered with figures, and the walls white and gold panelling hung with full-length family portraits not set into the wall like the saloon, but in frames. In the evening the young people had a round game of cards and the elder ones seemed to prefer talking to a game at whist. The ladies brought down their embroidery or netting. At eleven a tray with wine and water is brought in and a quantity of bed candlesticks, and everybody retires when they like. . . . The next morning the guests assembled at half-past nine in the great gallery which leads to the chapel to go in together to prayers. The chapel is really a beautiful little piece of architecture, with a vaulted roof and windows of painted glass. . . . On one side is the original cast of the large monument to Lord Cornwallis (our lord) which is in Westminster Abbey. After breakfast we passed a couple of hours in going all over the house, which is in perfect keeping in every part . . . We returned to the library, a room as splendid as the saloon, only instead of pictured panels it was surrounded by books in beautiful gilt bindings. In the immense bay window was a large Louis Quatorze table, round which the ladies all placed themselves at their embroidery, though I preferred looking over curious illuminated missals, etc., etc. . . .

The next day was the meeting of the County Agricultural Society. . . . At the hour appointed we all repaired to the ground where the prizes were to be given out. . . . Lord Braybrooke made first a most paternal and interesting address, which showed me in the most favorable view the relation between the noble and the lower class in England, a relation which must depend much on the personal character of the lord of the manor. . . . First came prizes to ploughmen, then the plough boys, then the shepherds, then to such peasants as had reared many children without aid, then to women who had been many years in the same farmer's service, etc., etc. A clock was awarded to a poor man and his wife who had reared six children and buried seven without aid from the parish. The rapture with which Mr. and Mrs. Flitton and the whole six children gazed on this clock, an immense treasure for a peasant's cottage, was both comic and affecting. . . . The next morning we made our adieus to our kind host and hostess, and set off for London, accompanied by Sir John Tyrrell, Major Beresford, and young Mr. Boileau. . . .

To W. D. B.

LONDON, November 4, 1847.

DEAR W.: . . . Mr. Bancroft and I dined on Friday, the 22d, with Mr. and Mrs. Hawes, under-Secretary of State, to meet Mr. Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, who is a great lion in London just now. He is an English gentleman of large fortune who has done much to Christianize Borneo, and to open its trade to the English. I sat between him and Mr. Ward, formerly Minister to Mexico before Mr. Pakenham. He wrote a very nice book on Mexico, and is an agreeable and intelligent person. . . . On Wednesday A. and I went together to the National Gallery, and just as we were

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Mrs. Dawson Damer.

From the miniature by Isabey.
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setting out Mr. Butler of New York came in and I invited him to join us. . . . While we were seated before a charming Claude who should come in but Mr. R.W. Emerson, and we had quite a joyful greeting. Just then came in Mr. Rogers with two ladies, one on each arm. He renewed his request that I would bring my son to breakfast with him, and appointed Friday morning, and then added if these gentlemen who are with you are your friends and countrymen, perhaps they will accompany you. They very gladly acceded, and I was thankful Mr. Emerson had chanced to be with me at that moment as it procured him a high pleasure. . . .

Yesterday your father and I dined with Sir George Grey. . . . About four o'clock came on such a fog as I have not seen in London, and the newspapers of this morning speak of it as greater than has been known for many years. Sir George Grey lives in Eton Place, which is parallel and just behind Eton Square. In going that little distance, though there is a brilliant gas light at every door, the coachman was completely bewildered, and lost himself entirely. We could only walk the horses, the footman exploring ahead. When the guests by degrees arrived, there was the same rejoicing as if we had met on Mont St. Bernard after a contest with an Alpine

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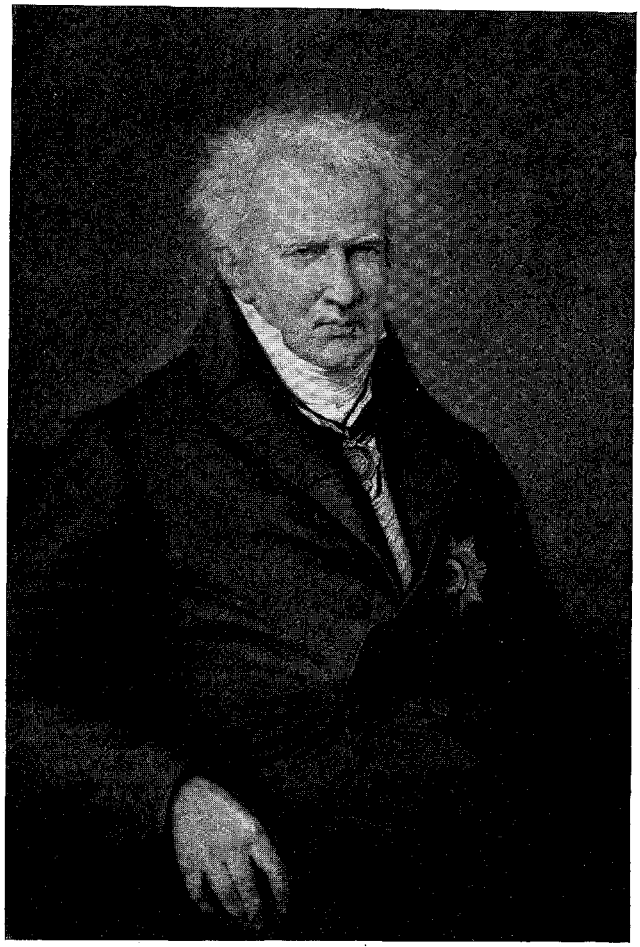

Alexander Humboldt.
From the engraving after E. G. Richards.

snow-storm. . . . Lady Grey told me she was dining with the Queen once in one of these tremendous fogs, and that many of the guests did not arrive till dinner was half through, which was horrible at a royal dinner; but the elements care little for royalty. . . .

November 14th.

. . . On Saturday we dined at the Duc de Broglie's. He married the daughter of Madam de Staël, but she is not now living. . . . I was very agreeably placed with Mr. Macaulay on one side of me, so that I found it more pleasant than diplomatic dinners usually. At the English table we meet people who know each other well, and have a common culture and tastes and habits of familiarity, and a fund of pleasant stories, but of course, at foreign tables, they neither know each other or the English so well as to give the same easy flow to conversation. I am afraid we are the greatest diners-out in London, but we are brought into contact a great deal with the literary and Parliamentary people, which our colleagues know little about, as also with the clergy and the judges. I should not be willing to make it the habit of my life, but it is time not misspent during the years of our abode here. . . . The good old Archbishop of York is dead, and I am glad I paid my visit to him when I did. Mr. Rogers has paid me a long visit to-day and gave me all the particulars of his death. It was a subject I should not have introduced, for of that knot of intimate friends,

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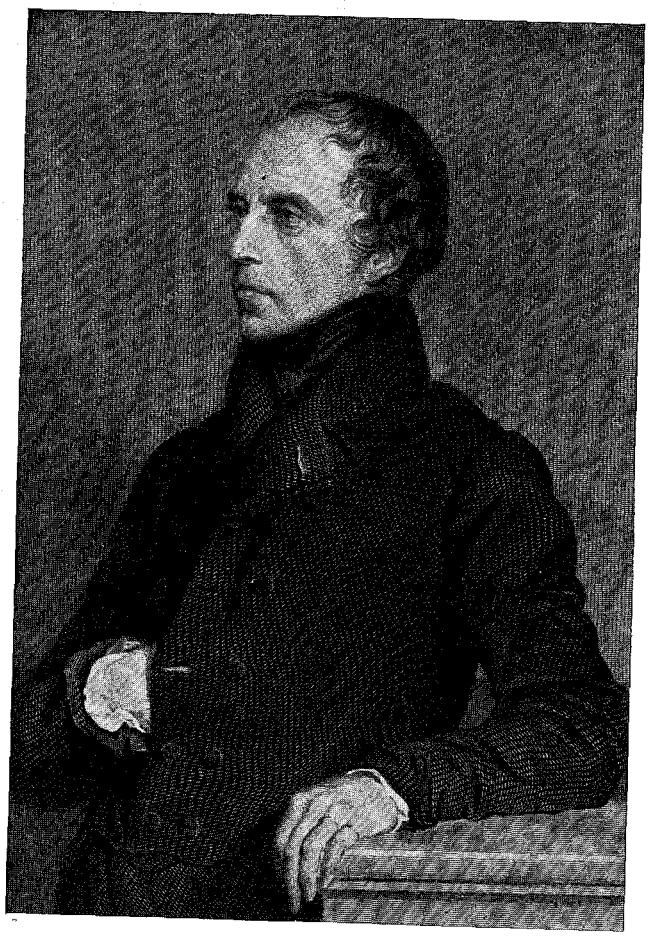

Guizot.
After Paul De Laroche.

Mr. Grenville, the Archbishop, and himself, he is now all that remains. . . .

November 28th.

. . . On Monday evening I went without Mr. Bancroft to a little party at Mrs. Lyell's, where I was introduced to Mrs. Somerville. She has resided for the last nine years abroad, chiefly at Venice, but has now come to London and taken a house very near us. . . . Her daughter told me that nothing could exceed the ease and simplicity with which her literary occupations were carried on. She is just publishing a book upon Natural Geography without regard to political boundaries. She writes principally before she rises in the morning on a little piece of board, with her inkstand on a table by her side. After she leaves her room she is as much at leisure as other people, but if an idea strikes her she takes her little board into a corner or window and writes quietly for a short time and returns to join the circle. . . . Dr. Somerville told me that his wife did not discover her genius for mathematics till she was about sixteen. Her brother, who has no talent for it, was receiving a mathematical lesson from a master while she was hemming and stitching in the room. In this way she first heard the problems of Euclid stated and was ravished. When the lesson was over, she carried off the book to her room and devoured it. For a long time she pursued her studies secretly, as she had scaled heights of science which were not considered feminine by those about her. . . .

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Mrs. Fitzherbert.

From the pastel by J. Russell.

December 2d.

I put down my pen yesterday when the carriage came to the door for my drive. It was a day bright, beaming, and exhilarating as one of our own winter days. I was so busy enjoying the unusual beams of the unclouded sun that I did not perceive for some time that I had left my muff, and was obliged to drive home again to get it. While I was waiting in the carriage for the footman to get it, two of the most agreeable old-lady faces in the world presented themselves at the window. They were the Miss Berrys. They had driven up behind me and got out to have a little talk on the sidewalk. I took them into Mr. Bancroft's room and was thankful that my muff had sent me back to receive a visit which at their age is rarely paid. . . . I found them full of delight at Mr. Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak, with whose nobleness of soul they would have great sympathy. He is just now the lion of London, and like all other lions is run after by most people because he is one, and by the few because he deserves to be one. Now, lest you should know nothing about him, let me tell you that at his own expense he fitted out a vessel, and established himself at Borneo, where he soon acquired so great [an] ascendancy over the native Rajah, that he insisted on resigning to him the government of his province of Sarawak. Here, with only three European companions, by moral and intellectual force alone, he suc-

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Princess de Lieven.
After Sir Thomas Lawrence.

ceeded in suppressing piracy and civil war among the natives and opened a trade with the interior of Borneo which promises great advantages to England. . . . Everybody here has the *Influenza*—a right-down influenza, that sends people to their beds. Those who have triumphed at their exemption in the evening, wake up in the morning full of aches in every limb, and scoff no longer. . . . Dinner parties are sometimes quite broken up by the excuses that come pouring in at the last moment. Lady John Russell had seven last week at a small dinner of twelve; 1,200 policemen at one time were taken off duty, so that the thieves might have had their own way, but they were probably as badly off themselves. . . .

To Mr. and Mrs. I. P. D.

LONDON, December 16, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: . . . On Saturday Mr. Hallam wrote us that Sir Robert Peel had promised to breakfast with him on Monday morning and he thought we should like to meet him in that quiet way. So we presented ourselves at ten o'clock, and were joined by Sir Robert, Lord Mahon, Macaulay, and Milman, who with Hallam himself, formed a circle that could not be exceeded in the wide world. I was the only lady, except Miss Hallam; but I am especially favored in the breakfast line. I would cross the Atlantic only for the pleasure I had that morning in hearing such men talk for two or three hours in

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Mrs. Bancroft.

Probably taken at Brady's National Gallery, New York, some time after her return from England.

From a picture owned by Elizabeth B. Bliss.

an entirely easy, unceremonious breakfast way. Sir Robert was full of stories, and showed himself as much the scholar as the statesman. Macaulay was overflowing as usual, and Lord Mahon and Milman are full of learning and accomplishments. The classical scholarship of these men is very perfect and sometimes one catches a glimpse of awfully deep abysses of learning. But then it is *only* a glimpse, for their learning has no cumbrous and dull pedantry about it. They are all men of society and men of the world, who keep up with it everywhere. There is many a pleasant story and many a good joke, and everything discussed but politics, which, as Sir Robert and Macaulay belong to opposite dynasties, might be dangerous ground. . . . After dinner we went a little before ten to Lady Charlotte Lindsay's. She came last week to say that she was to have a little dinner on Monday and wished us to come in afterwards. This is universal here, and is the easiest and most agreeable form of society. She had Lord Brougham and Colonel and Mrs. Dawson-Damer, etc., to dine. . . . Mrs. Damer wished us to come the next evening to her in the same way, just to get our cup of tea. These nice little teas are what you need in Boston. There is no supper, no expense, nothing but society. Mrs. Damer is the granddaughter of the beautiful Lady Waldegrave, the niece of Horace Walpole, who

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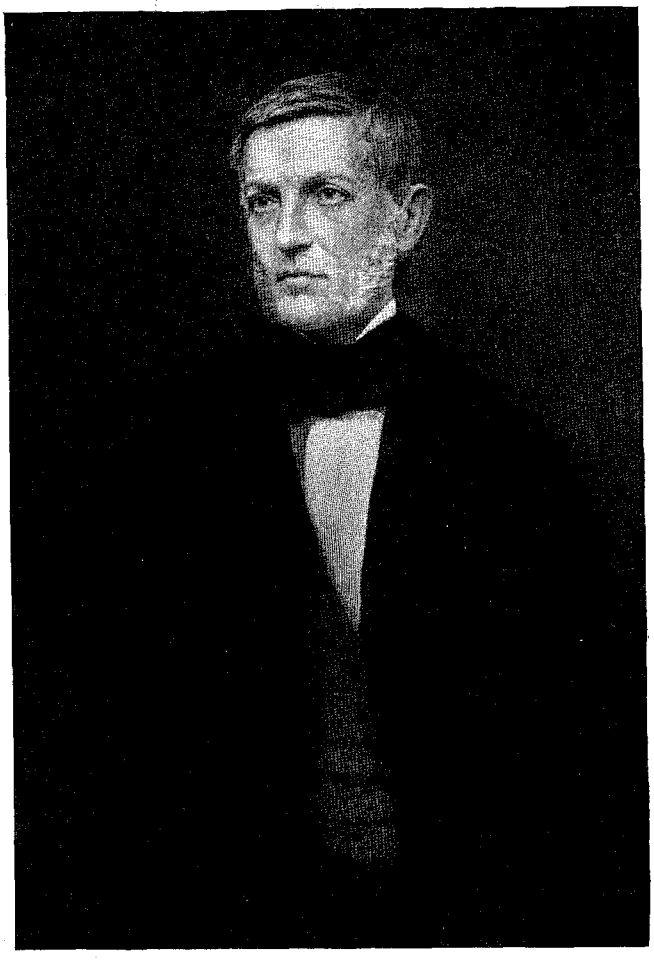

Mr. Bancroft.

From a portrait probably taken at Brady's National Gallery, New York, some time after his return from England.
From a picture owned by Elizabeth B. Bliss.

married the Duke of Gloucester. She was left an orphan at a year old and was confided by her mother to the care of Mrs. Fitzherbert. . . . She lived with her until her marriage and was a great pet of George IV, and tells a great many interesting stories of him and Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was five years older than he. . . .

To W. D. B.

LONDON, December 30, 1847.

DEAR W.: . . . Your father left me on the 18th to go to Paris. This is the best of all seasons for him to be there, for the Ministers are all out of town at Christmas, and in Paris everything is at its height. . . . My friends are very kind to me—those who remain in town. . . . One day I dined at Sir Francis Simpkinson's and found a pleasant party. Lady Simpkinson is a sister of Lady Franklin, whom I was very glad to meet, as she has been in America and knows many Americans, Mrs. Kirkland for one. . . . Then I have passed one evening for the first time at Mr. Tagent's, the Unitarian clergyman, where I met many of the literary people who are out of the great world, and yet very desirable to see. There, too, I met the Misses Cushman, Charlotte and Susan, who attend his church. I was very much pleased with both of them. I have never seen them play, but they will send me a list of their parts at their next engagement and I

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Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).
From the drawing by Cousins.
By permission of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker.

shall certainly go to hear them. They are of Old Colony descent (from Elder Cushman), and have very much of the New England character, culture, and good sense. On Monday I dined at Sir Edward Codrington's, the hero of Navarino, with the Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry, and a party of admirals and navy officers. On Tuesday I dined at Lady Braye's, where were Mr. Rogers, Dr. Holland, Sir Augustus and Lady Albinia Foster, formerly British Minister to the United States. He could describe *our Court*, as he called it, in the time of Madison and Monroe. . . .

January 1, 1848.

This evening, in addition to my usual morning letter from your father, I have another; a new postal arrangement beginning to-day with the New Year. He gives me a most interesting conversation he has just been having with Baron von Humboldt, who is now in Paris. He says he poured out a delicious stream of remarks, anecdotes, narratives, opinions. He feels great interest in our Mexican affairs, as he has been much there, and is a Mexican by adoption. . . .

His letter, dated the 31st December, says: "Madam Adelaide died at three this morning." This death astonished me, for he saw her only a few evenings since at the Palace. She was a woman of strong intellect and character, and her brother, the King, was very much attached to her as a

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Miss Berry, at eighty-six.
From a crayon drawing by J. R. Swinton (1850).
From a picture in the possession of Elizabeth B. Bliss.

counsellor and friend. . . . There were more than 100 Americans to be presented on New Year's Day at Paris, and, as Madam Adelaide's death took place without a day's warning, you can imagine the embroidered coats and finery which were laid on the shelf. . . .

Saturday, January 7th.

Yesterday, my dear son, I had a delightful dinner at the dear Miss Berrys. They drove to the door on Thursday and left a little note to say, "Can you forgive a poor sick soul for not coming to you before, when you were all alone," and begging me to come the next day at seven, to dine. There was Lady Charlotte and Lady Stuart de Rothesay, who was many years ambassadress at Paris, and very agreeable. Then there was Dr. Holland and Mr. Stanley, the under-Secretary of State, etc. In the evening came quite an additional party, and I passed it most pleasantly. . . . Your father writes on Friday, he dined at Thiers with Mignet, Cousin, Pontois, and Lord Normanby. He says such a dinner is "unique in a man's life." "Mignet is delightful: frank, open, gay, full of intelligence, and of that grace which makes society charming." . . . Your father to-day gives me some account of Thiers. He is now fifty: he rises at five o'clock every morning, toils till twelve, breakfasts, makes researches, and then goes to the Chambers. In the evening he always receives his friends

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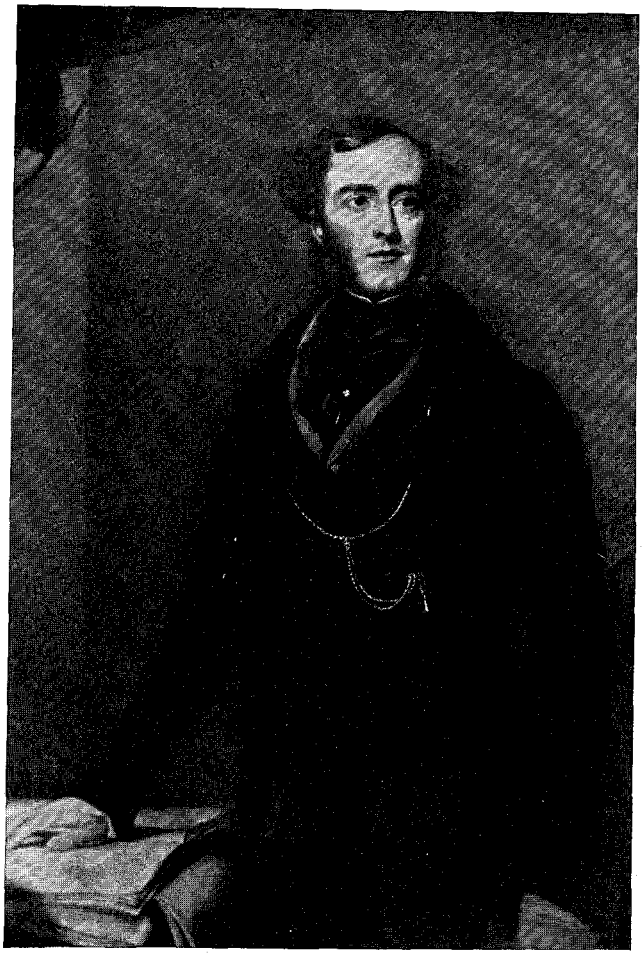

Lord George Bentinck.
From the picture by Lane.
By permission of the Duke of Portland.

except Wednesdays and Thursdays, when he attends his wife to the opera and to the Académie. . . .

To Mr. and Mrs. I. P. D.

LONDON, January 28, 1848.

MY DEAR UNCLE AND AUNT: . . . Last Monday I received [this] note from George Sumner, which I thought might interest you: . . . "My dear Mrs. Bancroft: I hasten to congratulate you upon an event most honorable to Mr. Bancroft and to our country. The highest honor which can be bestowed in France upon a foreigner has just been conferred on him. He was chosen this afternoon a Corresponding Member of the Institute. Five names were presented for the vacant chair of History. Every vote but one was in favor of Mr. Bancroft (that one for Mr. Grote of London, author of the 'History of Greece'). A gratifying fact in regard to this election is that it comes without the knowledge of Mr. Bancroft, and without any of those preliminary visits on his part, and those appeals to academicians whose votes are desired, that are so common with candidates for vacancies at the Institute. The honor acquires double value for being unsought, and I have heard with no small satisfaction several Members of the Academy contrast the modest reserve of Mr. Bancroft with the restless manœuvres to which they have been accustomed. Prescott, you know, is already

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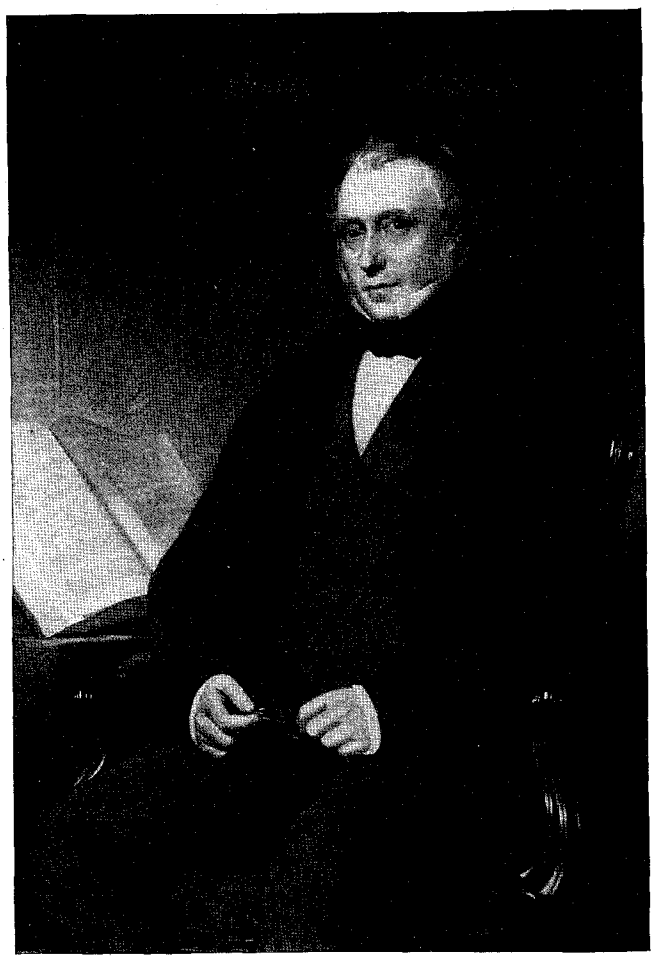

Lord Macaulay.
From an engraving made about 1848.

a member, and I think Americans may be satisfied with two out of seven of a class of History which is selected from the world."

To T. D.

LONDON, February 24, 1848.

MY DEAR BROTHER: . . . Great excitement exists in London to-day at the reception of the news from France. Guizot is overthrown, and Count Molé is made Prime Minister. The National Guards have sided with the people, and would not fire upon them, and that secret of the weakness of the army being revealed, I do not see why the Liberal party cannot obtain all they want in the end. Louis Philippe has sacrificed the happiness of France for the advancement of his own family, but nations in the nineteenth [century] have learned that they were not made to be the slaves of a dynasty. Mr. Bancroft dines with the French Minister to-day, not with a party, but quite *en famille*, and he will learn there what the hopes and fears of the Government are. . . .

February 25th.

The news this morning is only from Amiens, which has risen in support of France. The railways are torn up all round Paris to prevent the passage of troops, and the roads and barriers are all in possession of the people. All France will follow the lead of Paris, and what will be the result Heaven only knows.

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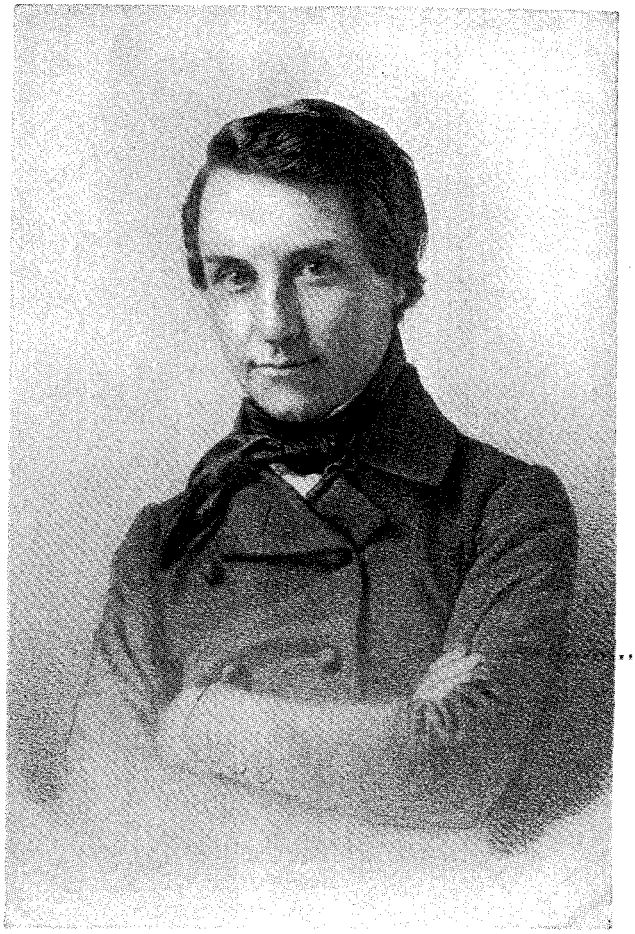

Louis Blanc.
From a lithograph by E. Desmaisons, about 1848.

To I. P. D.

LONDON, February 26, 1848.

MY DEAR UNCLE: . . . On Thursday Mr. Bancroft dined with Count Jarnac, the Minister in the Duc de Broglie's absence, and he little dreamed of the blow awaiting him. The fortifications and the army seemed to make the King quite secure. On Friday Mr. Bancroft went to dine with Kenyon, and I drove there with him for a little air. On my return Cates, the butler, saluted me with the wondrous news of the deposition and flight of the royal family, which Mr. Brodhead had rushed up from his club to impart to us. I was engaged to a little party at Mr. Hallam's, where I found everybody in great excitement. . . .

Sunday Noon.

To-day we were to have dined with Baron de Rothschild, but this morning I got a note from the beautiful baroness, saying that her sister-in-law and her mother with three children, had just arrived from Paris at her house in the greatest distress, without a change of clothes, and in deep anxiety about the Baron, who had stayed behind. . . .

Our colleagues all look bewildered and perplexed beyond measure. . . . The English aristocracy have no love for Louis Philippe, but much less for a republic, so near at hand, and everybody seemed perplexed and uneasy.

Tuesday.

On Sunday the Duc de Nemours arrived

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at the French Embassy, and Monday the poor Duchess de Montpensier, the innocent cause of all the trouble. No one knows where the Duchess de Nemours and her younger children are, and the King and Queen are entirely missing. At one moment it is reputed that he is drowned, and then, again, at Brussels. . . .

Wednesday.

. . . To-day the French Embassy have received despatches announcing the new government, and Count Jarnac has immediately resigned. This made it impossible for the Duc de Nemours and the Duchess de Montpensier to remain at the Embassy, and they fell by inheritance to Mr. Van de Weyer, whose Queen is Louis Philippe's daughter. The Queen has taken Louis Philippe's daughter, Princess Clementine, who married Prince Auguste de Saxe-Coburg to the Palace, but for State policy's sake she can do nothing about the others. Mr. Van de Weyer offered Mr. Bates's place of East Sheen, which was most gratefully accepted. . . .

Friday.

This morning came Thackeray, who is the soul of *Punch*, and showed me a piece he had written for the next number. . . .

Saturday.

The King has arrived. What a crossing of the Channel, pea-jacket, woolen comforter, and all! The flight is a perfect comedy, and if *Punch* had tried to invent anything more ludicrous, it would have failed. Panic, despotism, and cowardice. . . . .

These things are much more exciting here than across the water. We are so near the scene of action and everybody has a more personal interest here in all these matters. The whole week has been like a long play, and now, on Saturday night, I want nothing but repose. What a dream it must be to the chief actors! The Queen, who is always good and noble, was averse to such ignominious flight; she preferred staying and taking what came, and if Madam Adelaide had lived, they would never have made such a [word undecipherable] figure. Her pride and courage would have inspired them. With her seemed to fly Louis Philippe's star, as Napoleon's with Josephine. . . . Mr. Emerson has just come to London and we give him a dinner on Tuesday, the 14th. Several persons wish much to see him, and Monckton Milnes reviewed him in *Blackwood*. . . .

To W. D. B.

London, March 11, 1848.

Dear W.: . . . Yesterday we dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Among the guests were M. and Madam Van de Weyer, and Mrs. Austin, the translatrèss, who has been driven over here from Paris, where she has resided for several years. She is a vehement friend of Guizot's, though a bitter accuser of Louis Philippe, but how can they be separated? She interests herself strongly now in all his arrangements, and is assisting his daughters to form their humble establishment. He and his daughters together have about eight hundred pounds a year, and that in London is poverty. They have taken a small house in Brompton Square, a little out of town, and one of those suburban, unfashionable regions where the most accommodations can be had at the least price. What a change for those who have witnessed their almost regal receptions in Paris! The young ladies bear very sweetly all their reverses. . . . Guizot, himself, I hear, is as *fier* as ever, and almost gay. Princess de Lieven is here at the "Clarendon," and their friendship is as great as ever.

March 15th.

Yesterday we had an agreeable dinner at our own house. Macaulay, Milman, Lord Morpeth and Monckton Milnes were all most charming, and we ladies listened with eager ears. Conversation was never more interesting than just now, in this great crisis of the world's affairs. Mr. Emerson was here and seemed to enjoy [it] much. . . .

Friday, March 17th.

Things look rather darker in France, but we ought not to expect a republic to be established without some difficulties. . . . You cannot judge of the state of France, however, through the medium of the English newspapers, for, of course, English sympathies are all entirely against it. They never like France, and a republic of any kind still less. A peaceful and prosperous republic in the heart of Europe would be more deprecated than a state of anarchy. The discussion of French matters reveals to me every moment the deep repugnance of the English to republican institutions.

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It lets in a world of light upon opinions and feelings, which, otherwise, would not have been discovered by me. . . .

Sunday, March 19th.

Yesterday we breakfasted at Mrs. Milman's. I was the only lady, but there were Macaulay, Hallam, Lord Morpeth, and, above all, Charles Austin, whom I had not seen before, as he never dines out, but who is the most striking talker in England. He has made a fortune by the law in the last few years, which gives him an income of £8,000. He has the great railroad cases which come before the House of Lords. . . . On Tuesday came a flying report of a revolution in Berlin, but no one believed it. We concluded it rather a speculation of the newsmen, who are hawking revolutions after every mail in second and third editions. We were going that evening to a *soirée* at Bunsen's, whom we found cheerful as ever and fearing no evil. On Monday the news of the revolution in Austria produced a greater sensation even than France, for it was the very pivot of conservatism. . . . On Thursday I received the letter from A. at eight A. M., which I enclosed to you. It gives an account of the revolution in Berlin. . . .

To T. D.

March 31.

The old world is undergoing a complete reorganization, and is unfolding a rapid series of events more astonishing than anything in history. Where it will stop, and what will be its results, nobody can tell. Royalty has certainly not added to its respectability by its conduct in its time of trial. Since the last steamer went, Italy has shaken off the Austrian yoke, Denmark has lost her German provinces, Poland has risen, or is about to rise, which will bring Russia thundering down upon Liberal Europe. . . . Our whole Diplomatic Corps are certainly "in a fix," and we are really the only members of it who have any reason to be quite at ease. Two or three have been called home to be Ministers of Foreign Affairs, as they have learned something of constitutional liberty in England. England is, as yet, all quiet, and I hope will keep so, but the Chartists are at work and Ireland is full of inflammable matter. But England does love her institutions, and is justly proud of their comparative freedom, and long may she enjoy them. . . . On Sunday Mr. Emerson dined with us with Lady Morgan and Mrs. Jameson — the authoress. On Monday I took him to a little party at Lady Morgan's. His works are a good deal known here. I have great pleasure in seeing so old a friend so far from home. . . . I think we shall have very few of our countrymen out this spring, as travelling in Europe is so uncertain, with everything in commotion. Those who are passing the winter in Italy are quite shut in at present, and if war begins, no one knows where it will spread.

To W. D.

London, April 7, 1848.

. . . On Wednesday we had an agreeable dinner at Mrs. Milner Gibson's. Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan (brother of Mrs. Norton), etc., were among the guests. After dinner I had a very long talk with Disraeli. He is, you know, of the ultra Tory party here, and looks at the Continental movements from the darkest point of view. He cannot admit as a possibility the renovation of European society upon more liberal principles, and considers it as the complete dissolution of European civilization which will, like Asia, soon present but the ashes of a burnt-out flame. This is most Atheistic, godless, and un-Christian doctrine, and he cannot himself believe it. The art of printing and the rapid dissemination of thought changes all these things in our days. . . .

To I. P. D.

April 10.

This is the day of the "Great Chartist Meeting," which has terrified all London to the last degree, I think most needlessly. The city and town is at this moment stiller than I have ever known it, for not a carriage dares be out. Nothing is to be seen but a "special constable" (every gentleman in London is sworn in to that office), occasionally some on foot, some on horseback, scouring the streets. I took a drive early this morning with Mr. Bancroft, and nothing could be less like the eve of a revolution. This evening, when the petition is to be presented, may bring some disturbance, not from the Chartists themselves, but from the disorderly persons who may avail themselves of the occasion. The Queen left town on Saturday for the Isle of Wight,

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as she had so lately been confined it was feared her health might suffer from any agitation. . . . I passed a long train of artillery on Saturday evening coming into town, which was the most in earnest looking thing I have seen. . . . To-day we were to have dined at Mrs. Mansfield's, but her dinner was postponed from the great alarm about the Chartists. There is not the slightest danger of a revolution in England. The upper middle-class, which on the Continent is entirely with the people, the professional and mercantile class, is here entirely conservative, and without that class no great changes can ever be made. The Duc de Montebello said of France, that he "knew there were lava streams below, but he did not know the crust was so thin." Here, on the contrary, the crust is very thick. And yet I can see in the most conservative circles that a feeling is gaining ground that some concessions must be made. An enlargement of the suffrage one hears now often discussed as, perhaps, an approaching necessity.

Friday, April 14.

The day of the Chartists passed off with most ridiculous quiet, and the government is stronger than ever. . . . If the Alien Bill passes, our American friends must mind their p's and q's, for if they praise the "model republic" too loudly, they may be packed off at any time, particularly if they have "long beards," for it seems to be an axiom here that beards, mustaches, and barricades are cousin-german at least. . . . Mr. Bancroft goes to Paris on Monday, the 17th, to pass the Easter holidays. He will go on with his manuscripts, and at the same time witness the elections and the meeting of the Convention. . . .

To W. D. B.

London, April 19, 1848.

Dear W.: . . . To-day I have driven down to Richmond to lunch with Mrs. Drummond, who is passing the Easter holidays there. On coming home I found a letter from Mr. Bancroft, from which I will make some extracts, as he has the best sources of knowledge in Paris. "Then I went to Mignet, who, you know, is politically the friend of Thiers. He pointed out to me the condition of France, and drew for me a picture of what it was and of the change. I begin to see the difference between France and us. Here they are accustomed to *be* governed. *We* are accustomed to *govern*. *Here* power may be seized and exercised, if exercised in a satisfactory manner; with us the foundation of power, its constitutionality and the legality of its acts are canvassed and analyzed. Here an unpopularity is made away with by a revolution, and you know how *we* deal with it. Thus, power, if in favor, may dare anything, and if out of favor is little likely to be forgiven." . . . "Our fathers had to unite the thirteen States; here they have unity enough and run no risk but from the excess of it. My hopes are not less than they were, but all that France needs may not come at once. We were fourteen years in changing our confederation into a union, perhaps France cannot be expected to jump at once into perfect legislation or perfect forms. Crude ideas are afloat, but as to Communism, it is already exploded, or will be brushed away from legislative power as soon as the National Assembly meets, though the question of ameliorating the condition of the laboring class is more and more engaging the public mind." . . . "I spent an hour with Cousin, the Minister of a morning. He gave me sketches of many of the leading men of these times, and I made him detail to me the scene of Louis Philippe's abdication, which took place in a manner quite different from what I had heard in London." . . . "Cousin, by the way, says that the Duc de Nemours throughout, behaved exceedingly well. Thence to the Club de la Nouvelle Republique. Did not think much of the speaking which I heard. From the club I went to Thiers, where I found Cousin and Mignet and one or two more. Some change since I met him. A leader of opposition, then a prime minister, and now left aground by the shifting tide." . . . "Everybody has given up Louis Philippe, everybody considers the nonsense of Louis Blanc as drawing to its close. The delegates from Paris will full half be *universally* acceptable. Three-fourths of the provincial delegates will be *moderate* republicans. The people are not in a passion. They go quietly enough about their business of constructing new institutions. Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Flocon tried to lead the way to ill, but Lamartine, whose heroism passes belief and activity passes human power, won the vic-

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tory over them, found himself on Sunday, and again yesterday, sustained by all Paris, and has not only conquered but *conciliated* them, and everybody is now firmly of opinion that the Republic will be establtablished quietly." . . . "But while there are no difficulties from the disorderly but what can easily be overcome, the want of republican and political experience, combined with vanity and self-reliance and idealism, may throw impediments in the way of what the wisest wish, *viz.*, two elected chambers and a president." . . .

To W. D. B.

LONDON, May 5, 1848.

MY DEAR W.: . . . Last evening, Thursday, we went to see Jenny Lind, on the first appearance this year. She was received with enthusiasm, and the Queen still more so. It was the first time the Queen had been at the opera since the birth of her child, and since the republican spirit was abroad, and loyalty burst out in full force. Now loyalty is very novel, and pleasant to witness, to us who have never known it. . . .

LONDON, May 31, 1848.

. . . Now for my journal, which has gone lamely on since the 24th of February. The Queen's Ball was to take place the evening on which I closed my last letter. My dress was a white crêpe over white satin, with flounces of Honiton lace looped up with pink tuberoses. A wreath of tuberoses and bouquet for the corsage. We had tickets sent us to go through the garden and set down at a private door, which saves waiting in the long line of carriages for your turn. The Diplomatic Corps arrange themselves in a line near the door at which the Queen enters the suite of rooms, which was at ten precisely. She passes through, curtseying and bowing very gracefully, until she reaches the throne in the next room, where she and the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar and her daughters, who are here on a visit, etc., sit down, while Prince Albert, the Prince of Prussia and other sprigs of royalty stand near. The dancing soon began in front of the canopy, but the Queen herself did not dance on account of her mourning for Prince Albert's grandmother. There was another band and dancing in other rooms at the same time. After seeing several dances here the Queen and her suite move by the flourish of trumpets to another room, the guests forming a lane as she passes, bowing and smiling. Afterward she made a similar progress to supper, her household officers moving backwards before her, and her ladies and royal relatives and friends following. At half-past one Her Majesty retired and the guests departed, such as did not have to wait two hours for their carriages. On Saturday we went at two to the *fête* of flowers at Chiswick, and at half-past seven dined at Lord Monteagle's to meet Monsieur and Mademoiselle Guizot. He has the finest head in the world, but his person is short and insignificant. . . . On Wednesday we dined at Lady Chantrey's to meet a charming party. . . . Afterward we went to a magnificent ball at the Duke of Devonshire's, with all the great world. . . . On Friday we went to Faraday's lecture at the Royal Institution. . . . We went in with the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and I sat by her during the lecture. On Saturday was the Queen's Birthday Drawing-Room. . . . Mr. Bancroft dined at Lord Palmerston's with all the diplomats, and I went in the evening with a small party of ladies. On coming home we drove round to see the brilliant birthday illuminations. The first piece of intelligence I heard at Lady Palmerston's was the death of the Princess Sophia, an event which is a happy release for her, for she was blind and a great sufferer. It has overturned all court festivities, of course, for the present, and puts us all in deep mourning, which is not very convenient, just now, in the brilliant season, and when we had all our dress arrangements made. The Queen was to have had a concert to-night, a drawing-room next Friday, and a ball on the 16th, which are all deferred. . . . I forgot to say that I got a note from Miss Coutts on Sunday, asking me to go with her the next day to see the Chinese junk, so at three the next day we repaired to her house. Her sisters (Miss Burdetts) and Mr. Rogers were all the party. At the junk for the first time I saw Metternich and the Princess, his wife. . . .

To W. D. B.

LONDON, June 29, 1848.

MY DEAR W.: . . . When I last left off I was going to dine at Miss Coutts's to

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meet the Duchess of Cambridge. The party was brilliant, including the Duke of Wellington, Lord and Lady Douro, Lady Jersey and the beautiful Lady Clementina Villiers, her daughter, etc. When royal people [arrive] everybody rises and remains standing while they stand, and if they approach you or look at you, you must perform the lowest of "curtsies." The courtesy made to royalty is very like the one I was taught to make when a little girl at Miss Tuft's school in Plymouth. One sinks down instead of stepping back in dancing-school fashion. After dinner the Duchess was pleased to stand until the gentlemen rejoined us; of course, we must all stand. . . . The next day we dined at the Lord Mayor's to meet the Ministers. This was a most interesting affair. We had all the peculiar ceremonies which I described to you last autumn, but in addition the party was most distinguished, and we had speeches from Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord John, Lord Auckland, Sir George Grey, etc. . . .

To W. D. B.

London, July 21, 1848.

I was truly grieved that the last steamer should go to Boston without a line from me, but I was in Yorkshire and you must forgive me. . . . I left off with the 26th of June. . . . The next evening was the Queen's Concert, which was most charming. I sat very near the Duke of Wellington, who often spoke to me between the songs. . . . The next day we went with Miss Coutts to her bank, lunched there, and went all over the building. Then we went to the Tower and the Tunnel together, she never having seen either. So ignorant are the West End people of city lions. . . . And now comes my pleasant Yorkshire excursion. We left London, at half-past nine and arrived at York at half-past three, at distance of 180 miles. This was Saturday, July 8. At York we found Mr. Hudson ready to receive us and conduct us to a special train which took us eighteen miles on the way to Newby Park, and there we found carriages to take us four miles to our destination. We met at dinner and found our party to consist of the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lonsdale, Lord George Bentinck, Lord Ingestre, Lord John Beresford, Lady Webster, whose husband, now dead, was the son of Lady Holland, two or three agreeable talkers to fill in, and ourselves. . . . [Tuesday.] The next day Lady Webster, Mr. Bancroft, and myself, went to Castle Howard, as Lord Morpeth had written to his mother that we were to be there and would lunch with her. Castle Howard is twenty-five miles the other side of York, which is itself twenty-five miles from Newby. But what is fifty miles when one is under the wing of the Railway King and can have a special engine at one's disposal. On arriving at the Castle Howard station we found Lord Carlisle's carriage with four horses and most venerable coachman waiting to receive us. We enter the Park almost immediately, but it is about four miles to the Castle, through many gates, which we had mounted footmen to open for us. Lady Carlisle received us in the most delightful manner. . . . I was delighted to see Lord Morpeth's home and his mother, who seldom now goes to London. She was the daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and took me into her own dressing-room to show me her picture. . . . On Wednesday we went into York to witness the reception of Prince Albert, to see the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the Flower Show, to lunch with the Lord Mayor, and above all, to attend prayers in the Minster and hear a noble anthem. The Cathedral was crowded with strangers and a great many from London. . . . The next day was the day of the great dinner, and I send you the *Post* containing Mr. Bancroft's speech. It was warmly admired by all who heard it. At ten at night we ladies set out for York to go [to] the Lord Mayor's Ball, where the gentlemen were to meet us from the dinner. Everybody flocked round to congratulate me upon your father's speech. Even Prince Albert, when I was led up to make my curtsey, offered me his hand, which is a great courtesy in royalty, and spoke of the great beauty and eloquence of Mr. B.'s speech. The Prince soon went away: the Lord Mayor took me down to supper and I sat between him and the Duke of Richmond at the high table which went across the head of the hall. Guildhall is a beautiful old room with a fine old traceried window, and the scene, with five tables going the length of the hall and the upper one across the head, was very gay and bril-

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liant. There were a few toasts, and your father again made a little speech, short and pleasant. We did not get home till half-past three in the morning. . . . On Friday morning [July 14th] many of the guests, the Duke of Richmond, etc., took their departure and Mr. Hudson had to escort Prince Albert to town, but returned the same evening. . . . The next day we all went to pay a visit to an estate of Mr. Hudson's [name of estate undecipherable] for which he paid five hundred thousand pounds to the Duke of Devonshire. . . . It is nobly situated in the Yorkshire wolds, a fine range of hills, and overlooking the valley of the Humber, which was interesting to me, as it was the river which our Pilgrim fathers sailed down and lay in the Wash at its mouth, awaiting their passage to Holland. They came, our Plymouth fathers, mostly from Lincolnshire and the region which lay below us. I thought of them, and the scene of their sufferings was more ennobled in my eyes, from their remembrance than from the noble mansions and rich estates which feast the eye. . . . On Monday morning at half-past seven we left Newby for York on our way home. It so happened that the judges were to open the court that very morning, on which occasion they always breakfast with the Lord Mayor in their scarlet robes and wigs, the Lord Mayor and alderman are also in their furred scarlet robes and the Lady Mayoress presents the judges with enormous bouquets of the richest flowers. We were invited to this breakfast, and I found it very entertaining. I was next the High Sheriff, who was very desirous that we should stay a few hours and go to the castle and see the Court opened and listen to a case or two. The High Sheriff of a county is a great character and has a carriage and liveries as grand as the Queen's. After breakfast we bade adieu to our York friends, and set off with our big bouquets (for the distribution was extended to us) for home.

To Mr. I. P. D.

London, December 14, 1848.

Dear Uncle: . . . On Friday we dined at Mr. Tufnell's, who married last spring the daughter of Lord Rosebery, Lady Anne Primrose, a very "nice person," to use the favorite English term of praise. . . . Sir John Hobhouse was of the party . . . and he told us so much of Byron, who was his intimate friend, as you will remember from his Life, that we stayed much longer than usual at dinner. . . . On Tuesday we were invited to dine with Miss Coutts, but were engaged to Mr. Gurney, an immensely rich Quaker banker, brother of Mrs. Fry. His daughter is married to Ernest Bunsen, the second son of our friend. We were delighted with the whole family scene, which was quite unlike anything we have seen in England. They live at Upton Park, a pretty country-seat about eight miles from us, and are surrounded by their children and grandchildren. Their costume and language are strictly Quaker, which was most becoming to Mrs. Gurney's sweet, placid face. . . . Louis Napoleon's election seems fixed, and is to me one of the most astounding things of the age. When we passed several days with him at Mr. Bates's, I would not have given two straws for his chance of a future career. To-night Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is to be performed, and Jenny Lind sings. We had not been able to get tickets, which have been sold for five guineas apiece the last few days. To my great joy Miss Coutts has this moment written me that she has two for our use, and asks us to take an early dinner at five with her and accompany her. . . .

To I. P. D.

London, June 8, 1849.

I thank you, my dear Uncle, for your pleasant letter, which contained as usual much that was interesting to me. And so Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are to be our successors. . . . Happy as we have been here, I have a great satisfaction that we are setting rather than rising; that we have done our work, instead of having it to do. Like all our pleasures, those here are earned by fatigue and effort, and I would not willingly live the last three years over again, or three years like them, though they have contained high and lasting gratifications. We have constantly the strongest expressions of regret at our approaching departure, and in many cases it is, I know, most genuine. My relations here have been most agreeable, and particularly in that intellectual circle whose high character and culture have made their regard most precious to me. The mani-

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festations of this kindness increase as the time approaches for our going and we are inundated with invitations of all kinds. . . . To-morrow we dine with Lord John Russell down at Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Park. On Monday we breakfast with Macaulay. We met him at dinner this week at Lady Waldegrave's, and he said: "Would you be willing to breakfast with me some morning, if I asked one or two other ladies?" "Willing!" I said, "I should be delighted beyond measure." So he sent us a note for Monday next. I depend upon seeing his bachelor establishment, his library, and mode of life. . . . On Wednesday we go to a ball at the Palace. . . . But it is useless to go on, for every day is filled in this way, and gives you an idea of London in the season. . . .

London, June 22, 1849.

My Dear Uncle: Yesterday I passed one of the most agreeable days I have had in England at Oxford, where I went with a party to see Mr. Bancroft take his degree. . . . Nothing could have gone off better than the whole thing. Mr. Bancroft went up the day before, but Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie and her daughter, with Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, Louisa, and myself went up yesterday morning and returned at night. We lunched at the Vice-Chancellor's (where Mr. B. made a pleasant little informal speech) and were treated with great kindness by everybody. I wish you could have seen Mr. Bancroft walking round all day with his scarlet gown and round velvet cap, such as you see in old Venetian pictures. . . .

The End.

AFTERMATH

By Theodosia Garrison

When I am old and very tired,
A presence near a chimney-place,
With folded hands and quiet face,
Loving no more, no more desired,

God grant one memory to me
Shall, ghost-like, waver through the gloom,
And silent in a silent room
Come near to bear me company.

And those who pass perchance shall smile
With wondering eyes upon me bent.
"How still she sits, in what content,
Who lingers yet a little while."

They shall not guess, those over-wise,
How through the calm content of me
The face of that mad memory
Leans close and smiles within my eyes,

Until I feel in very truth
The girl-heart thrilling in my breast,
What time upon my own are pressed
The passionate, warm lips of Youth.

And they shall pity who but see
Dead ashes where the flames were bold,
A woman sad and very old
Who sits in silence patiently.

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THE CAMP OF THE GOOD FAIRY

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor

MY young brother Bob, long-legged, spindle-shanked, draped casually in a big bath-towel, stood astride a hole in the camp floor, and, bending over, stared.

"Great Cæsar! What do you think that little red sucker's been up to now?" he inquired, in the manner of a man who has great facts to impart.

Knowing Bob's methods I knew he meant the squirrel, and I didn't care if he did. I was just out of the lake, very wet, and beginning to be chilly, and the cub was in my way.

"Do get out of the middle of the room, Bob," I answered, "and get dressed and let me. I'd like some of the fire."

"Yes. In a second," the youngster answered, with a terse dignity that will be a help to him some day, when he is at the head of a large business. Then he bent still farther, and clawing with lean fingers into the widened crack, he brought up a long, green, rubber-headed, able-bodied lead-pencil. "If that isn't exactly what I wanted!" was his triumphant sentence.

It did have the look of an answer to prayer, for Bob and I had been at our wits' end the day before to know how to send out a letter, lacking writing utensils. We had forgotten pen, ink, and pencils with sweeping thoroughness, and, a hundred miles of Canadian hills being on top of us, we could not get any. A guide was finally found in possession of half a crippled lead-pencil, and birch-bark did the rest. But the squirrel had dug up one adequate to the whole trip from under the log floor.

"He's a good spirit," the cub remarked sentimentally. "Every morning he scratches up anything I want. It's just like a fairy story."

It was a fact that Bob's lost cuff-button had gleamed from the edge of the hole the morning before. But there is seldom a silver lining without a cloud, and I answered briefly with a sniff, and Bob laughed. My feelings about the squirrel differed from his. At fifteen the human animal seems able to sleep serenely while an unresting small beast puts in at his ear nine conscientious hours of scampering, gnawing, and scratching; but my years nearly doubled Bob's, and my nerves had been strained a bit too far, and I could not sleep at all. The boy and I were in an old club camp, waiting while our own was building a mile away up the lake. The moss chinking had dried and fallen out in places, the logs were shrunken, the flooring broken, and the result of it all was holes where mice and squirrels might enter freely. Most of them we knew only as vague little brown shadows disappearing under beams and into holes; but one squirrel was so curious, so apparently interested in our doings, that in four days he had come to an acknowledged partnership in the camp life, with my brother and myself. We identified him by a large nick out of his left ear, the mark, probably, of a hard-won escape from some larger animal; and he was so bold a rascal that we had plenty of chances to study him. Two minutes' silence in the camp where Bob and I read or cleaned our guns, almost always brought out the fleet little golden-brown vision, first into the middle of the floor, then under the legs of our chairs, then rigid for a second where our hands could almost touch him; then, with a startling burst into his scolding, mocking song, off and up the side of the camp, and across the roof and away. A sudden movement, a word from us, always frightened him either quite away or into the wonderful frozen stillness of a wild creature, every strong little muscle tense, quick breath arrested, velvet-brown eyes fixed and staring. For all my grudge against him the creature fascinated me—the ease and lightness of his movement, the overjoy of living that seemed to have oceans of energy to draw on, after a small lifetime of continuous swift dashes. I felt myself a huge, hulking animal, heavy

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and awkward, as I watched this tireless, copper-colored bunch of fur and springs.

Almost he persuaded me that I liked him, with his grace and his daring, his solemn mischief and his innocent curiosity, his poise on the verge of confidence in our friendliness—in the daytime! But when night came, and I fell into the sound, first sleep of healthy physical weariness, to be wakened with a jump at a mad scamper of tiny feet across my bed, or the crash of a bottle knocked on the floor by his squirrelship—when this sort of thing happened two or three times a night, I rose up in the morning with blood in my eye.

"Bob," I said, "I'm going to shoot that brute."

"Who?" demanded Bob, wide-eyed, as if I had a habit of killing a man a day.

"That beast of a squirrel."

The welkin rang with Bob's fifteen-year-old shouts of laughter. "I heard you last night—it was great! You woke me up by shying shoes into the stovepipe. Then you gave the order to 'Stop!' Then you groaned when Bunny fell into the water-pail. Then he scrambled out and ran over you, I reckon, and you whispered 'Go away!' in such a dignified way for the middle of the night that I stayed awake to laugh; and just as I was getting to sleep again he knocked over a bottle. Oh!" Bob doubled in a fit. "It's your shaving soap! You always get it!"

It seemed much less funny to me, but it was curiously true—the little wretch appeared to make a distinction between us. His tricks to Bob were always friendly tricks, and only my belongings suffered. I said rather stiffly:

"Well, it may be witty, but it's his last joke on me," and I got down my pistol and began rummaging for cartridges.

Then the cub pleaded earnestly. "Oh no, Walter! You wouldn't be murderous, would you? He's such a little beggar, and so pretty! He trusts us, too—why, he sat on your foot yesterday."

My heart is not of granite-ware, and I stopped looking for cartridges and looked at Bob.

"And he dragged in my necktie when I left it out in the rain—he's a good fairy to the camp. And I think it was awfully funny of him to knock off your soap and nick your razor."

I had forgotten that—I began the cartridge hunt again.

"Now don't," begged Bob, catching my hand. "Think how we would miss him when we clean the guns!"

"But, cub, I can't sleep. We've been in this camp five nights, and I haven't had a good rest yet. I came up here because I had overworked, and I must get sleep. Last night that little devil kept me awake till four o'clock. Either he must leave the camp or I must."

Bob caught at the alternative unexpectedly. "Why can't we do that?" he asked earnestly. "There's the big walled-tent—why can't we have that put up and sleep in it? We could keep our traps here, and stay here day times when we're in camp at all. I think it's jolly to sleep in tents."

I looked at the youngster quite speechless for a moment with indignation.

"Well, you are the coolest!" I sputtered at last. "Do you suppose I'm going to be turned out of camp for the benefit of a contemptible little squirrel? Not much, sir! I'll settle the question in another way," I concluded darkly, and brought up the green covered box of No. 22 cartridges.

"Oh! Walter, *please*," Bob begged pitifully. "I can't bear to have you kill him. He's so cunning and so little, and he means all right; it's just fun to him."

"Yes," I interjected, with deep-felt sarcasm; but the cub went on in a flood:

"Do let me have the tent up! I'll '*cherche*' the guides, and look after it all alone, and you can go off fishing with Beauramé, and not have any bother. I'll do it all right—I promise I will. And it'll be bully in a tent. I'll have a big camp-fire every night, and 'sapin' cut for the cots, and I know you'll like it better than a dirty old camp."

There was something in that, besides which I can never bear to refuse the boy what he really wants. He is a good boy and so ready to give up his way to mine, that it is not fair to disappoint his wishes when they are strong. But I was not very gracious. I said only:

"I'm going to take Beauramé and go over to Rivière à la Poêle for the morning. You can try the tent if you want, but I won't stay in it if I'm uncomfortable." And Bob's gratitude was out of proportion, and he capered out to the boat on his long legs

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like a large frisky spider, squealing with joy and thanksgiving.

On Frying-pan River, under the cloudy sky of a warm day, with the water a bit low, the fishing was a marvel that morning. The stream bubbled with trout, and they flew at my brown hackle, they almost swallowed my Yellow Sally, they rose madly for my hand-fly, a quiet-colored Reuben Wood. Any fly seemed to suit them, and four times I landed two at once, and twice I had three on the leader, Beauramé skilfully saving all of them one lucky time. Most of them were under a half pound, but one or two came up to a pound and a half; and I took fifty, and could have taken five hundred, I believe, but for time and conscience. It was a phenomenal morning's luck, and I came back in the best of spirits, with overworked nerves nearly quieted, and underworked muscles aching comfortably.

The sun came out gloriously from the morning's gray as I threw my paddle on the dock and stretched my cramped knees from the bow of the canoe. There was an old clearing about the club camp where the bushes grew high and thick, and thirty feet from the dilapidated pile of logs I saw the white gleam of our brand-new tent shining above the fresh greens in the sunlight, and I caught through the underbrush the cheerful crackling of a fire. I heard the ring of an axe, the slow crash of a falling tree back in the forest, and Zoetique's soft voice near the tent called with a rising inflection:

"*Comment*, M'sieur Bob?" as the boat ran in to the landing. But M'sieur Bob's moccasined feet were kicking high in air as he raced away trom Zoetique's inquiries and down to the dock to meet me. There was the proper excitement over my catch, the correct questions asked as to the stream and the water and the flies and the rapids. I had my innings first, as fitted the returning voyager, and Bob was genuinely interested as fitted a true sportsman. Yet it was with an air of arriving at the goal that at last he led me down the little trail through the bushes to the new encampment.

The tent smiled at us spotlessly, the canvas cots were invitingly comfortable with their folded blankets, there was a floor of fresh balsam boughs, our necessary belongings were hung neatly on poles swung into crotched standards and placed back of the beds, a glowing fire of birch logs blazed and steamed outside—it was certainly very attractive.

"Now isn't this better than that nasty old camp? Aren't you glad the squirrel turned us out?" demanded Bob joyfully, dancing from one leg to the other. "I've made 'em work like tigers, and I've worked too. Alexandre is off chopping a big pile of wood for a camp-fire to-night, and Zoetique is splitting dry sticks for kindling. We're going to dress and undress by the stove in the old camp, and keep our things there for dryth, but it'll be lots more fun to sleep out here. Isn't it bully? Don't you think it's bully?" and, as always, the cub's delight and excitement went to his legs. He vaulted about like an ecstatic grasshopper.

That night it rained. The five-foot birch logs burned courageously, as birch will burn through a deluge, once started, but it needed some nursing. The careless abandon of its crackling, the pleasant certainty that a log burned through the centre will only help the fire as it breaks and falls, the hot reach of the red-gold bed of coals drawing ever more and more steaming wood into its pulsing circle—all the masterful dash that makes the charm of a fire—these were gone. We put in spruce with a careful hand to be sure of heat, before we laid on fresh birch logs, and the dull silver bark was wet as we lifted them, and about the fire were patches of muddy water.

In the log camp, with a table, a stove, a lamp and books, we were decently comfortable until bedtime came; but the world was a sorry place when, our pajamas covered with mackintoshes, our ankles cold and bare, we blew out the lamp, and shutting the door of the warm camp from the outside, stood on its ramshackle piazza in the black night and pouring storm.

Ten yards away, a faint glow in the jungle told that our fire, though discouraged, still stood wearily by us; but the tent was only a blacker shadow. I had no love for the squirrel at this stage of the game. I felt it a bitter thing to go out-doors to go to bed in a cold rain on the squirrel's account.

Bob, swinging a lantern, pranced lightly before me down the winding way, the length of scarlet pajamas as his rain-coat swung open telling of unquenchable glee still in his speaking legs.

"This is fun! Just like burglars or something!" he announced gayly; and I

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stumbled over a root and fell into a wet bush, and the mud splashed over my sneakers on my skin, and I felt that I deserved a halo for not saying what I thought. But the tent, so far, was dry, and when we got down into our blankets and the last invoice of spruce logs made friends with the red-hot coal-bed and blazed up cheerfully, it was not so bad after all. The firelight played goldenly in wide, wavering masses of light and shadow across the white walls; through the half-open flap there was a long narrowing picture of wet woods and ghostly, ever-dimmer silver birch trunks, fleeing silently in long procession, back, back to the great unknown mountains; the logs sputtered and crackled and fell with delicious unconcern. It was comfortable to lie drowsily and feel that all the human animal needed to be we were—fed, warm, and dry. Let it rain, let it blow; life was simple. With blankets, a tent, a certainty of breakfast to-morrow, what was there to do but go to sleep? And before the thought was finished, the cub and I lay dreamlessly asleep. And as we slept the skies opened, and the rain descended; the drops came thicker, harder, the sturdy birch fire sizzled, steamed, went out in stress of tempest; about us, that one red spark of hope being gone, was sodden forest and raging storm. And we slept quietly.

Till at last, beating against the cobweb that stood between us and misery, the torrent had its way, and the tent leaked. Many a woodsman knows, and will not forget, the first vague breaking-down of unconsciousness, when he feels the insistent, merciless, slow drop at long intervals fall on his face, and turns again drowsily to the strong, pleasant arms of the sleep that holds him.

I reasoned with myself heavily that it was a good world, that this was a wordless horror I was dreaming—this imagined leak in the kind, friendly tent—it was morbid, almost irreligious, to believe such a thing. Burrowing an inch further into the blankets I slept again.

But again it came, that wet, calm, soft splash on my left eyebrow, and this time it waked me enough to be sure of its horrid reality. Still I clung to hope and to slumber. It could not be but that all might yet be well—it would stop in a minute—best not notice it. So, numb with sleep, I moved my head and drew away my blankets, and dropped off; and the next thing I knew a small river was trickling coldly down my neck.

Those who know what it means to light a lantern in a chilly tent at two in the morning, to explore by that cheerless illumination for leaks, and to fight them pitifully, as best one may, with arrangements of rubber blankets and holes hastily dug in the ground—those who have been through this form of spiritual training, know that work in the slums does not approach it as a moral test. To Bob it was no test at all, for he regarded it as "fun." His brand of the "purple light of youth" seems to work like a photographic red-lantern, excluding entirely all rays that show discomfort. I know of only one or two things in the world which the boy does not enjoy in one degree or another, and that the tent should leak appealed to him as a simple adventure of a sportsmanlike sort.

For me, I worried through the night with two or three readjustments of the precarious apparatus against leaking, with more or less sleep of a staccato character, and with a deep and deadly remembrance of the squirrel responsible for my misery, and a plan for the next day. In accordance with it I sent the cub off on an exploring expedition with his guide, saw that the rest of the men were at work for the morning, and, taking a chair and a book outside the open door of the club camp, I waited, in the bright sunshine that was laughing now at the tempest of the night, a loaded revolver at my right hand, for M. l'Écureuil—the squirrel.

I did not have to wait long. There was a light scurrying across the old broken floor and I looked up to see him by his favorite hole in the middle of the room, facing me with pretty confidence, sitting upright and munching with quick, tiny bites at something held in his short little arms to his mouth. His fine bushy tail curved like a plume around him; he was such a picture that I decided not to shoot him quite yet, to wait and watch him play awhile.

"You little beggar," I said aloud, "do you know that your minutes are numbered?" At my voice he dropped his lunch, froze into utter stillness and stared so at space for a second, and then stampeded delicately across the camp straight toward me, over my foot, and out of sight. In a moment heard him scolding me shrilly, thirty feet away, from the end of the dead

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tree that mirrored itself, a steel-tipped blur, in the wind-touched lake below.

That was the last of the spoiled child of the woods for ten minutes, and I had lost myself in my book when I was aware through the forest stillness of a small insistent noise like a needle scratching on a bit of bark. I looked up. There was a rough bench about six feet in front of me, and on it was my friend the enemy, comfortably seated on his hind legs, sitting up like a Christian and lunching again on a large, luscious red raspberry. I almost laughed aloud at the friendly sociability of this creature whom I was waiting to kill. He had such a saucy and casual air of saying "I thought it would be pleasant to bring my lunch and have it with you," that I felt it a breach of hospitality to shoot him down. My hand loosened the revolver, and I took stock of the points of this vivid bit of life: short shining body, alert even in stillness; high-bred Roman line of forehead; velvet-black, big eyes with a cream-colored outline; round muzzle, black pointed, sensitive; short forelegs—or arms, as they seemed; long pinkish claws that held the big berry like tiny, thin brown hands; and, crowning glory of the perfect mechanism—the beautiful feathery tail, copper-tinted, tipped with vanishing silver, sweeping about him like an aureole, an expression of the elusive, uncertain light that plays ever around wild things of the woods.

As I studied him he sat up and ate daintily, shooting out sidewise glances which I knew took me in but which never met mine—I never once made him look at me. He sat so five minutes within reach of my hand if I took only a step; yet I knew that, though I might look my fill, if I made one quick movement he was gone, and the knowledge added to him the charm of the unattainable. If I watched my chance I might possess myself, certainly, of the little body with a bullet-hole through it, but the bit of intense life I might never touch.

And as I looked, and he munched, it seemed as if arguments swarmed from his silence why I should not kill him: First the old one of the doubtful right to take life. A little lower than the angels we may be, yet all the men in the world in all their lives may not put together one squirrel. Then, from far back, down dim ways from the ancient dawn of life there was a faint call of kindred blood. Once an ancestor of M. l'Écureuil and an ancestor of mine had been much of the same sort. My unsung progenitor had developed a trick of using his claws as a thumb and forefinger, had preferred legs to tail as a means of locomotion; two or three habits of the sort had made the difference. Otherwise I might have been the squirrel nibbling at the berry, he the man with a loaded revolver. I seemed to hear Kipling's race-word, "We be of one blood, thou and I," in the echo of the little beast's scolding song. Also the undoubted superiority of his existence to mine bade me hold respectfully my hand. Sometimes, in my best moments, in the still hills, I felt for a breath of time what was the untrammelled joy of life; the secret of freedom was half whispered, the glory of simplicity flashed for a second before my eyes; he knew these things always. I stared upward from earth at masses of emerald birch leaves, splashed between silver trunks below and turquoise skies above; he lived up there, on intimate terms with the tree-tops. The things that were my dream ten months of the year—steep mountains, quiet lakes, rushing rapids, the flash of jumping trout, the woodland walk of moose and caribou—these were his life of every day. How might I dare destroy this living song of the woods?

And meantime the said song, with an infinite suddenness which might well be the despair of a Winchester cartridge, whisked himself off. The swiftness of his going made me jump, and the jump dispelled my soliloquies. I reproved myself for sentimentality, for weakness of will, and full-cocked my revolver carefully with a determination to carry out my plans and not wander into side issues. Next time the animal appeared I would shoot him. It had been impossible to do it when he treated me like a comrade—all but offered me a bite of his raspberry. But he could hardly do anything as winning, as saucily bewitching as that again.

I filled my pipe, lighted a match, and in a moment was pulling away at it, and reading again at "Monte Cristo." I forgot my disarming foe in the forever-enchanting story, and it was perhaps ten minutes later that a light scratching made me raise my eyes cautiously to the bench in front.

I could hardly believe them, and I never

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To explore by that cheerless illumination for leaks.—Page 451.

expect anyone to believe what they saw, but it is quite true. There sat Monsieur, the copper-colored, the resourceful, the fearless, as before, squatted comfortably on his back feet, and in his half-human little hands he held to his mouth, as he faced me, a pipe! Why I did not drop mine from my astonished jaws I do not know, but I stared in as frozen a silence as my visitor himself could have achieved. To all appearances he had come as man to man, to have a smoke with me. One of his sidewise glances assured him I was properly motionless, and I went on to study the situation. I did not dare even to lift my head, but from under my eyebrows I saw that it was an old ruin of a pipe-bowl, with a bit of stem still left, and he had doubtless picked it up in the portage where some guide had thrown it away as useless. The fact, the coincidence, has never ceased to surprise me, but that it happened as I have written it is a simple truth.

And so M. l'Écureuil won his case against me. I watched him nibbling delicately at the old wood for a few minutes, and then, with a movement which sent him scampering, which he little knew was the signing of his pardon, I picked up my Smith & Wesson and unloaded it.

. . . . . .

"*Encore de toutes choses!*" remarked Bob to Godin at the lunch table that day; it was his most frequent speech.

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It sent Godin flying to the open kitchen, roofed with birch-bark, built against the flat side of a bowlder, and it brought him back to the table in quick trips with frying-pans of sizzling trout, of hot potatoes, with fresh flapjacks, with other delicacies of a camp cuisine. And while filling his plate with a liberal hand, M'sieur Bob showered, liberally also, French conversation upon us. It is correct to talk to the butler at table in the woods, and the cub told Godin, the circle of guides at the fire listening earnestly, the story of the squirrel, adding the theory that he was without doubt a fairy.

Godin's laughing blue eyes grew serious. "It is that which arrives at times," he said, and nodded impressively. "There are beasts which bring of good luck, one knows. My grandmother, who was born in France, it is she who has told me. She was very old, my grandmother, and had much experience. There was a red calf in the household of my great-grandfather, her father, which brought great good luck to the family, and many troubles came when by unhappiness the brother of my grandmother killed that calf. And in our village itself such things are well known. It is the beasts that have red skins that are lucky—as, by example, the red fox that came always to the house of Louis Beaupré."

He turned toward the fire where the men sat listening solemnly.

"Blanc, thou rememberest that red fox there, eh? Eugene, thou also?" he demanded in swift patois, and there was a deep chorus of "Ah, *oui!*"

He went on. "It came constantly to the house, which was at the side of the forest, and they gave it much to eat, and it was gentle almost as a dog, and all went well. But so it happened that the brother-in-law of Beaupré came to make a visit, and he was a man ignorant, rough, and he shot the fox with his '*fusil à cartouches*,' and so it happened that the luck changed. Louis Beaupré, he—he cut his foot with his axe the week after, and also the pig died, and also an infant; there was much trouble in that family because of the killing of the fox."

Bob was listening with eyes stretched wide.

Godin, getting his breath, continued, as he brought another "poêlée" of simmering fish from the fire: "Also it is well known that a red-haired child brings luck." Suddenly he began to laugh. Bob and I looked up expectantly, for Godin knows a joke when he meets one.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" the boy asked, laughing too at the contagious soft chuckle.

"It is but a little happening of our village, of the doctor there." Godin was diligently refilling the glasses, making excuses to stay about the table till he could tell his story. A word of encouragement set him off: "He is known to be a good doctor, very capable, yet he drinks much. But so it happened that there was a funeral—it was the wife of one of my cousins, a Godin, who was to be buried, and the doctor was there, but a little drunk—a little *en fête*. And the daughter of the dead woman, a child of twelve years, had hair very red. So it happened that the doctor leaned over to her from across the room, and whispered, but quite loudly, so that all heard him with distinctness, 'You ought not to be here—you are not in mourning—your hair is red.'"

He went off into restrained fits of laughter, and the guides about the camp-fire shook softly, their faces shining with child-like merriment. In a moment Godin was decorous again. "But that makes nothing. However, it may well be that the squirrel of M'sieur is perhaps more than a mere squirrel. Nobody knows—I am glad that M'sieur did not fire. It is not '*chanceux*' to kill a beast so intelligent that is red. He will without doubt bring luck now to our camp."

And as I poured half a pint of maple syrup on a hot, puffy flapjack I little thought how my tiny foe was to justify Godin's prophecy.

The next day after lunch, while the cub was off in a boat with Zoetique to '*cherche*' fire-wood, I sat about camp doing nothing in particular, but meditating more or less on the crimes of a mink which had persistently stolen our fish. His last misdemeanor was the ruin of a four-pound trout which I had taken on the fly, and which I had pictured as the *pièce de résistance* of a meal, boiled with cream sauce as Vézina knew well how to do it. The mink had chewed the fat back entirely off my game. So sly was the thief that I had never seen him, and despaired of a meeting, yet we could not keep the trout from him. I reflected, as I

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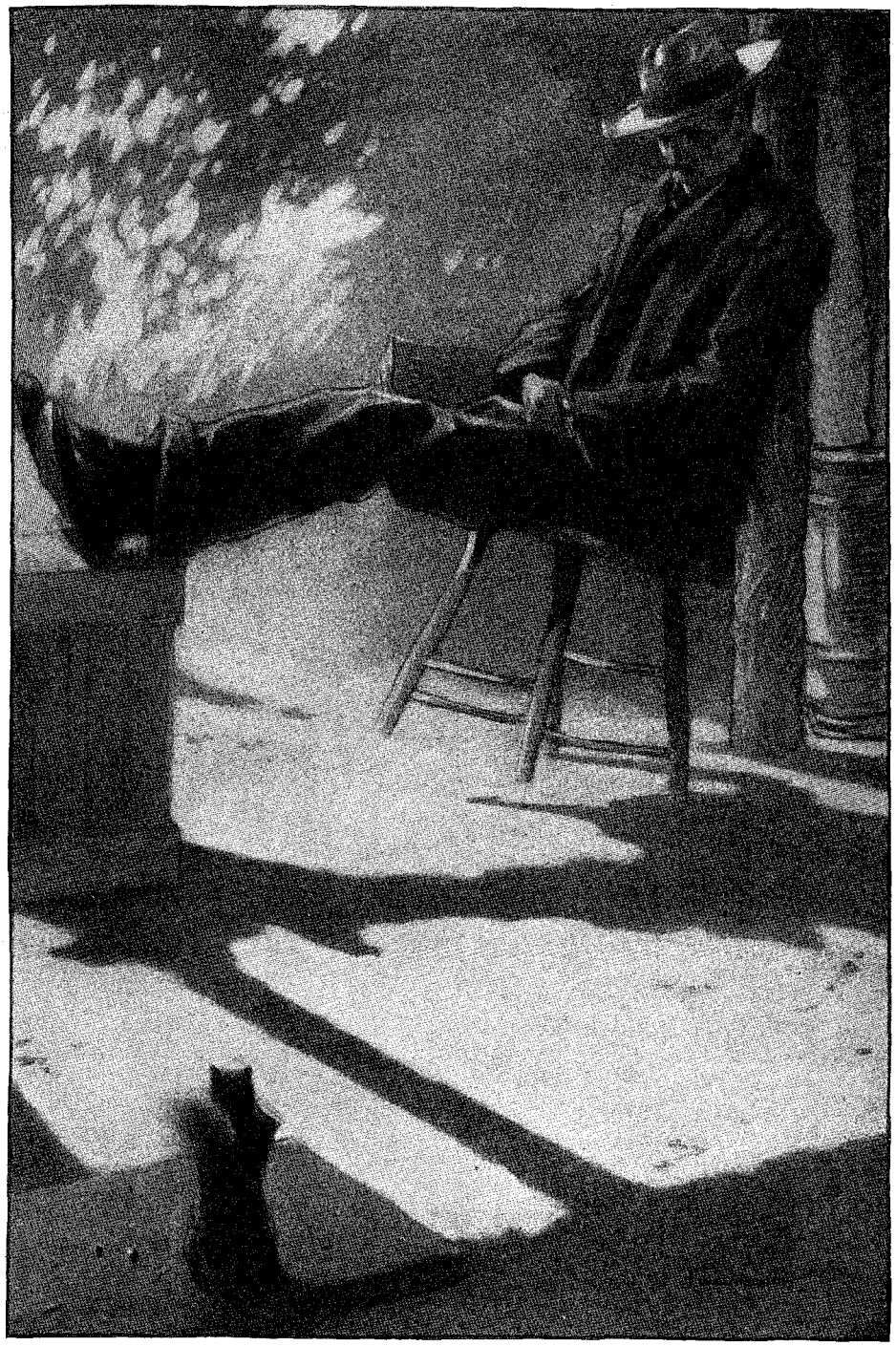

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

To all appearances he had come as man to man, to have a smoke with me.—Page 453.

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waited for Bob to come in, that I might poison him, and the thought flashed across me of the pyrogallic acid among my photographic materials. Instantly I searched in my box and found the bottle, and looked about for something plausible to put it on. A fish, of course, would be the best, but there happened to be no fish about camp, and I had a desire to carry the plan into instant execution. The cub, who seems to have a sweet tooth in every corner of his mouth, could never get enough of that Canadian staple, maple sugar, and brought majestic masses of it from the dining-room to stay himself between meals. A large brown chunk lay on the table now, between two plates to guard it from mice and fairies, and it seemed to me to be what I wanted. A normal mink would surely experiment at least with so alluring a bait. I mixed with water and poured in slowly the deadly pyrogallic, and the sugar drank it greedily.

"Walter," called a fresh young voice from the landing, "the trout are jumping like mad—big ones—sockdologers! Get your rod, quick, and come on."

An invitation to fish never finds me slow in responding. I hurriedly put the cork into the bottle of developer, and threw the covering plate over the bit of poisoned sugar, not troubling myself that I pushed it partly over the edge of the table in my carelessness. Then I rushed outside, took down my rod with careful haste, and was at the dock in half a dozen jumps.

Bob was right about the fishing; it was uncommonly good, and after a fruitful afternoon of it we went directly with our spoils to the dining camp and stood about the fire talking hunting talk to the men, while we waited for the tails just out of the water to curl up in the spider. Supper was long and conscientious, and, when at last we paddled back to our camp, a late August twilight had blurred the wide, still landscape into solemn depths of blacks and grays.

"I forgot to bring my piece of maple sugar," Bob lamented, perched high on the stern, a slim young figure silhouetted against the dull silver water, his paddle plying rhythmically. "I've only about half a pound at the camp and I'll chew that up in a minute," he went on.

I hardly heard, and did not realize till afterward what he said. I was staring at a gap in the darkening hills, and pondering Zoetique's theory that at the head of the stream which ran through it must lie a lake, where no one had ever been and where should be good country for game.

I thought long, geographical thoughts, of directions, of distances, of possible other lakes in those mysterious openings, lying waiting with their secrets untold; with glassy surfaces that had mirrored no faces but dark faces of Indians; where loons called to deep loneliness of mountain silences; where moose and caribou, stately and shy, came down to drink unmolested as they had come for twenty centuries.

The spell of the forest was on me—stronger in the gloom of the twilight than at any other time—so I did not notice that we had run alongside the dock, until Bob, suddenly arising to the length of his pervading legs, sprang lightly to shore, his jump kicking the canoe and me off into outer darkness.

I fished cautiously for the paddle in the unbalanced boat, and brought myself deviously to land, slightly cross at the poorness of the joke from my side of the question. The cub was gone from the *quai*, leaving me to pull up and turn over the canoe alone, and I made ready for him a brief but biting reproof, as I mounted the dozen steps which led to the camp door. I heard him stumbling about inside and complaining.

"What is it?" I asked, irritated afresh at having to delay my remarks.

"I left it right here," the boyish voice went on through the blackness, and I heard him knocking things about on the table. "It was away back and covered over. I can't think what—" another bottle or two went down under his rummaging fingers.

"Bob, what on earth are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Why, my lump of maple sugar. I came in because I was in a hurry for it, this second. I couldn't wait till—" but I had suddenly screamed out, and my voice frightened me:

"Bob! for God's sake! Don't touch it! Don't touch it!" I cried, and through the dark silence I knew that the boy was suddenly as still as death—as still as—I could not finish the thought.

With unsteady fingers I scratched a match and lighted a candle, and a few words had told the reason of my panic. The sugar was gone from the table, but we did not have to look far to understand.

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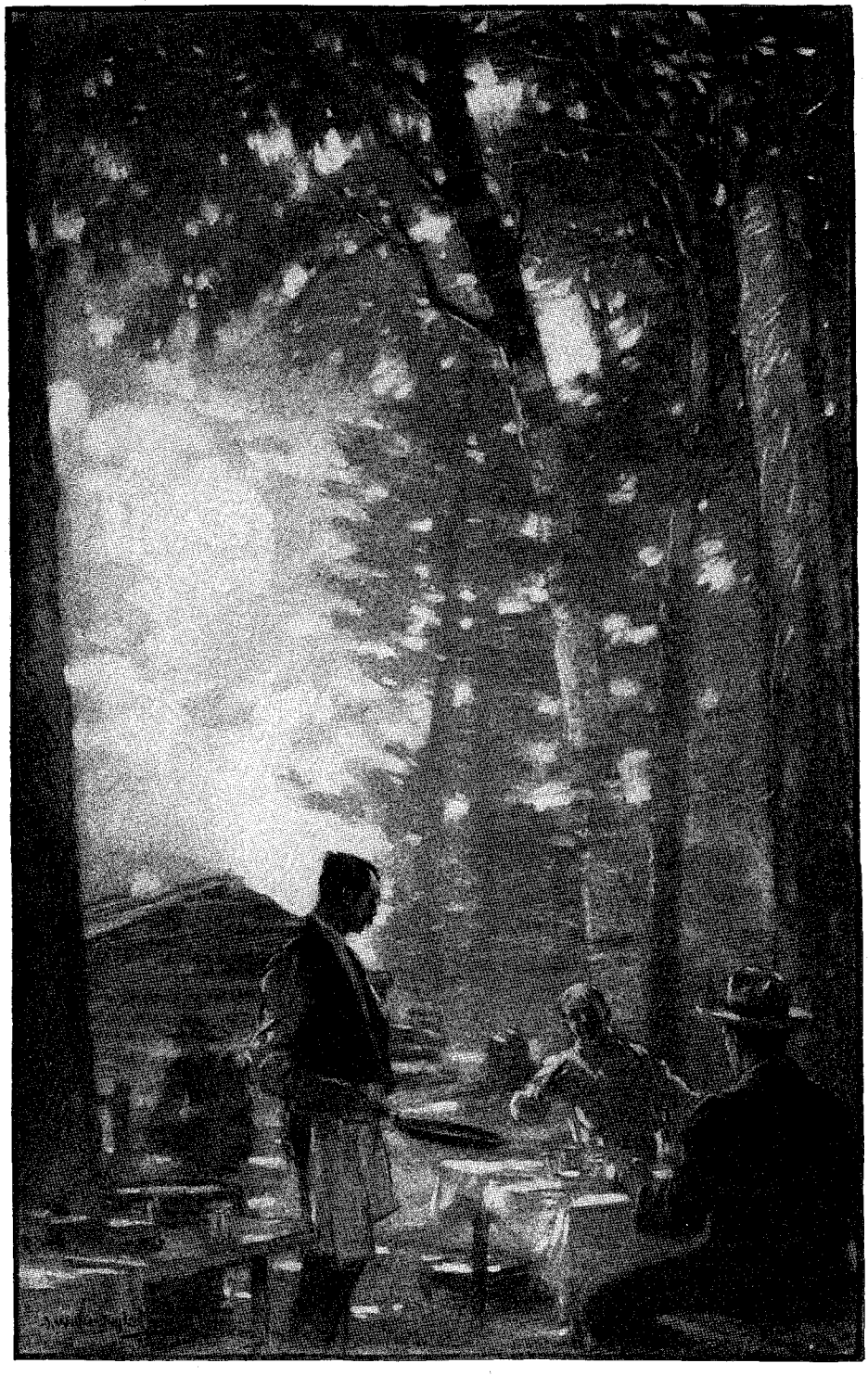

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The cub told Godin . . . the story of the squirrel.—Page 454.

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Caught at last in his mischievous career, lay the poor little villain of the plot, the squirrel.

It was on the floor near both the plates which had been knocked off with it, and by the ruin of his work, caught at last in his mischievous career, lay the poor little villain of the plot, the squirrel.

His pathetic short legs were stretched stiffly; the white fur of his breast, that had moved so fast to his quick breathing, was motionless; the black brilliant eyes stared lustreless; the plume of his tail, gorgeously brown and silver, curled for the last time around him. We who might not touch him alive, with a finger-tip, could handle now the wild thing as we chose. Dust to dust for the beauty of his body, and the breath of his life was gone—where? Before the dignity of death I rebelled at the human judgment that denies to dumb things, which are God's creatures too, a share in our eternity. He had saved the cub's life. Unknowingly, indeed, but very really, he had stood the last test of humanity; he had given his life for his friend. Out of the deep places of the soul where life-long loves are kept, welled up a sudden sense of my brother's dearness which choked me, and as I stood speechless, staring at the lad, he lifted his yellow head, which had bent silently over the still, tiny thing on the floor, and I honored the manly boy no less that his eyes shone with tears for the poor little dead fairy of the camp.

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

IV

OPERATIONS ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER AFTER HULL'S SURRENDER *

BY the 25th of August, nine days after the capitulation of Detroit, Brock was again writing from Fort George, by Niagara. A fortnight before, while he was still on his way to Malden, a suspension of arms, embracing the whole New York frontier, had been concluded with Sir George Prevost by Dearborn, who had been expected to support Hull by an attack on the Niagara line. Hull in his defence claimed that this arrangement, signed August 9th, in which his army was not included, had freed a number of troops to proceed against him, but the comparison of dates shows that every man in the British force at Detroit had gone forward before the armistice was signed. Brock's military judgment and vigor, unaided, had enabled him to abandon one line, and that the most important, concentrate all available men at another point, effect there a decisive success, and return betimes to his natural centre of operations. He owed nothing to outside military diplomacy. On the contrary, he deeply deplored the measure which tied his hands at a moment when the Americans, though restrained from fighting, were not prevented from bringing up reënforcements to the positions confronting him.

Dearborn's action was not approved by the Administration, and the armistice was ended on September 4th, by notification. Meantime, all the men and ordnance that could now be spared from Amherstberg had been brought back by Brock to Fort Erie, which was at the upper end of the Niagara River, in order to strengthen that frontier. Although still far from secure, owing to the much greater local material power of the United States, and the preoccupation of Great Britain with the Peninsular War, which prevented her succoring Canada, Brock's general position was immensely improved since the beginning of hostilities. His successes in the west, besides rallying the Indians by thousands to his support, had so assured that frontier for the time as to enable him to concentrate his efforts on the east; while the existing British naval superiority on both lakes, Erie and Ontario, covered his flanks, and facilitated transportation—communications—from Kingston to Niagara, and thence to Malden, Detroit, Mackinac, and the Great West. To illustrate the sweep of this influence, it may be mentioned here—for there will be no occasion to repeat—that an expedition from Mackinac at a later period captured the isolated United States post at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, on the western border of what is now the State of Wisconsin. Already, at the most critical period, the use of the water had enabled Brock, by simultaneous movements, to send cannon from Fort George by way of Fort Erie to Fort Malden, while at the same time replacing those thus dispatched by others brought from Toronto and Kingston. In short, control of the lakes conferred upon him the recognized advantage of a central position—the Niagara peninsula—having rapid communication by interior lines with the flanks, or extremities; to Malden and Detroit in one direction, to Toronto and Kingston in the other.

It was just here, also, that the first mischance befell him; and it cannot but be a subject of professional pride to a naval officer to trace the prompt and sustained action of his professional ancestors, who reversed conditions, not merely by a single brilliant blow, upon which popular reminiscence fastens, but by efficient initiative and sustained sagacious exertion through a long period of time. On the 3d of September Captain Isaac Chauncey had been ordered from the New York Navy Yard to command on Lakes Erie and Ontario. Upon the latter there was already serving Lieutenant Woolsey, in command of a re-

* Maps illustrative of this article are to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, pages 343 and 346.

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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The capture of the *Detroit* on Lake Erie by Lieutenant Elliott.

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spectable vessel, the brig *Oneida*, of eighteen 24-pounder carronades. On Erie there was as yet no naval organization nor vessel. Chauncey consequently, on September 7th, ordered thither Lieutenant Jesse D. Elliott to select a site for equipping vessels, and to contract for two to be built of three hundred tons each. Elliott, who arrived at Buffalo on the 14th, was still engaged in this preliminary work, and was fitting some purchased schooners behind Squaw Island, three miles below, when on the 8th of October there arrived from Malden, and anchored off Fort Erie, two British armed brigs, the *Detroit*—lately the American *Adams*, surrendered with Hull—and the *Caledonia*, which cooperated so decisively in the fall of Mackinac. The same day he heard of the near approach of a body of ninety seamen, dispatched by Chauncey from New York on September 22d. He sent to hasten them, and they arrived at noon. The afternoon was spent in preparations, weapons having to be obtained from the army, which also supplied a contingent of fifty soldiers.

The seamen having come on foot five hundred miles, needed refreshment; but Elliott would not trifle with his opportunity. At 1 A. M. of the 9th, he shoved off with a hundred men in two boats, and at three was alongside the brigs. From Buffalo to Fort Erie is about two miles; but this distance was materially increased by the strong downward current toward the falls, and by the necessity of pulling far up stream in order to approach the vessels from ahead, which lessened the chance of premature discovery, and materially shortened the interval between being seen and getting alongside. The enemy, taken by surprise, were quickly overpowered, and in ten minutes both prizes were under sail for the American shore. The *Caledonia* was beached at Black Rock, where was Elliott's temporary navy yard, just above Squaw Island; but the wind did not enable the *Detroit*, in which he himself was, to stem the downward drift of the river. After being swept some time, she had to anchor under the fire of batteries at four hundred yards range, to which reply was made till the powder on board was expended. Then, the berth proving too hot, the cable was cut, sail again made, and the brig run ashore on Squaw Island within range of both British and American guns. Here Elliott abandoned her, she having already several large shot through her hull, with rigging and sails cut to pieces, and she was boarded in turn by a body of the enemy. Under the conditions, however, neither side could remain to get her off, and she was finally set on fire by the Americans. Besides the vessel herself, her cargo of ordnance was lost to the British. American seamen afterward recovered from the wreck, by night, four 12-pounders, and a quantity of shot, which were used with effect.

The gallantry of this affair was of a character frequent in the naval annals of that day. Lieutenant Elliott's quick discernment of the opportunity to reverse the naval conditions which constituted so much of the British advantage, and the promptness of his action, are qualities more noticeable than the mere courage displayed. "A strong inducement," he wrote, "was that with these two vessels, and those I have purchased, I should be able to meet the remainder of the British force on the Upper Lakes." The mishap of the *Detroit* partly disappointed these expectations, and the British aggregate remained still superior; but the units lost their perfect freedom of movement, the facility of transportation was greatly diminished, and the American success held in it the germ of future development to the superiority which Perry achieved a year later. None realized the extent of the calamity more keenly than Brock. "This event is particularly unfortunate," he wrote to the Governor-General, "and may reduce us to incalculable distress. The enemy is making every exertion to gain a naval superiority on both lakes; which, if they accomplish, I do not see how we can retain the country. More vessels are fitting for war on the other side of Squaw Island, which I should have attempted to destroy but for your Excellency's repeated instructions to forbear. Now such a force is collected for their protection as will render every operation against them very hazardous." To his subordinate, Procter, at Detroit, he exposed the other side of the calamity. "This will reduce us to great distress. You will have the goodness to state the expedients you possess to enable us to replace, as far as possible, the heavy loss we have sustained in the *Detroit*. A quantity of provisions was ready to be shipped; but, as I am sending you the

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flank companies of the Newfoundland Regiment by the *Lady Prevost*, she cannot take the provisions." Trivial details these may seem; but in war, as in other matters, trivialities sometimes decide great issues, as the touching of a button may blow up a reef. The battle of Lake Erie, as before said, was precipitated by need of food.

Brock did not survive to witness the consequences which he apprehended, and which, had he lived, he possibly might have done something to avert. The increasing strength he had observed gathering about Elliott's collection of purchased vessels corresponded to a gradual accumulation of American force along the Niagara line; the divisions of which above and below the falls were under two commanders, between whom co-operation was doubtful. General Van Rensselaer of the New York militia, who had the lower division, determined upon an effort to seize the heights of Queenston, at the head of navigation from Lake Ontario. The attempt was made on October 13th, before daybreak. Brock, whose headquarters were at Fort George, was quickly on the ground; so quickly, that he narrowly escaped capture by the advance guard of Americans as they reached the summit. Collecting a few men, he endeavored to regain the position before the enemy could establish himself in force, and in the charge was instantly killed at the head of his troops.

In historical value, the death of Brock was the one notable incident of the day, which was otherwise unproductive of results beyond an additional mortification to the United States. The Americans gradually accumulated on the height to the number of some six hundred, and could probably have held their ground, affording an opening for further advance, had they been properly reënforced. It was found impossible to induce the raw, unseasoned men on the other side to cross to their support, and after many fruitless appeals, the American general was compelled to witness the shameful sight of a gallant division driven down the cliffs to the river, and there forced to surrender, because their comrades refused to go betimes to their relief.

Van Rensselaer retired from service, and was succeeded by General Smyth, who now held command of the whole line, thirty miles, from Buffalo to Fort Niagara, opposite Fort George, where the river enters Lake Ontario. A crossing in force, in the upper part of the river, opposite Black Rock, was planned by him for November 28th. In preparation for it an attack was to be made shortly before daylight by two advance parties, proceeding separately. One was to carry the batteries and spike the guns near the point selected for landing; the other, to destroy a bridge five miles below, by which reënforcements might arrive to the enemy.

A detachment of seventy seamen was attached to the first of these, which carried out its instructions, spiking and dismounting the guns. The fighting was unusually severe, eight out of the twelve naval officers concerned being wounded, two mortally, and half of the seamen either killed or wounded. Although the bridge was not destroyed, favorable conditions for the crossing of the main body had been established; but, upon viewing the numbers at his disposal, Smyth called a council of war, and after advising with it, decided not to proceed. This was certainly a case of useless bloodshed. General Porter of the New York militia, who served with distinguished gallantry on the Niagara frontier to the end of the war, was present in this business and criticised Smyth's conduct so severely as to cause a duel between them. "If bravery be a virtue," wrote Porter, "if the gratitude of a country be due to those who gallantly and desperately assert its rights, the government will make ample and honorable provision for the heirs of the brave tars who fell on this occasion, as well as for those that survive." Another abortive movement toward crossing was made a few days later, and with it land operations on the Niagara frontier ended for the year 1812. Smyth was soon afterward dropped from the rolls of the army.

In the eastern part of Dearborn's military division, toward Albany and Champlain, where he commanded in person, less was attempted than at Detroit or Niagara. To accomplish less would be impossible; but as nothing was seriously undertaken, nothing also disastrously failed. The Commander-in-Chief gave sufficient disproof of military capacity by gravely proposing to "operate with effect at the same moment against Niagara, Kingston, and Montreal." Such divergence of effort and

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dissemination of means, scanty at the best, upon points 150 to 200 miles apart, contravened all sound principle; to remedy which no compensating vigor was discoverable in his conduct. In all these quarters, as at Detroit, the enemy were perceptibly stronger in the autumn than when the war began; and the feebleness of American action had dissipated the principal basis upon which expectation of success had rested—the disaffection of the inhabitants of Canada and their readiness to side with the invaders. That this disposition existed to a formidable extent was well known. It constituted a large element in the anxieties of the British generals, especially of Brock; for in his district there were more American settlers than in Lower Canada. On the Niagara frontier, especially, climatic conditions, favorable to farming, had induced a large immigration. But local disloyalty is a poor reed for an assailant to rest upon, and to sustain it in vigorous action commonly requires the presence of a force which will render its assistance needless. Whatever inclination to rebel existed was effectually quelled by the energy of Brock, the weakness of Hull, and the impotence of Dearborn and his subordinates.

In the general situation the one change favorable to the United States was in a quarter the importance of which the Administration had been slow to recognize, and probably even now scarcely appreciated. The anticipated military laurels had vanished like a dream, and the disinclination of the American people to military life in general, and to this war in particular, had shown itself in enlistments for the army, which, the President wrote, "fall short of the most moderate calculation." The attempt to supplement "regulars" by "volunteers," who, unlike the militia, should be under the general government instead of that of the States —a favorite resource always with the Legislature of the United States—was "extremely unproductive;" while the militia in service were not under obligation to leave their State, and might, if they chose, abandon their fellow-countrymen outside its limits to slaughter and capture, as they did at Niagara, without incurring military punishment. The governors of the New England States, being opposed to the war, refused to go a step beyond protecting their own territory from hostilities, which they declared were forced upon them by the Administration rather than by the British. For this attitude there was a semblance of excuse in the utter military inefficiency to which the policy of Jefferson and Madison had reduced the national government. It was powerless to give the several States the protection to which it was pledged by the Constitution. The citizens of New York had to fortify and defend their own harbor. The reproaches of New England on this score were seconded somewhat later by the outcries of Maryland; and if Virginia was silent under suffering, it was not because she lacked cause for complaint. It is to be remembered that in the matter of military and naval unpreparedness the great culprits were Virginians. South of Virginia the nature of the shore line minimized the local harrying, from which the northern part of the community suffered. Nevertheless, there also the coasting trade was nearly destroyed, and even the internal navigation seriously harassed.

Only on the Great Lakes had the case of the United States improved, when winter put an end to most operations on the northern frontier. As in the Civil War a half century later, so in 1812, the power of the water over the issues of the land not only was not comprehended by the average official, but was incomprehensible to him. Armstrong in January, and Hull in March, had insisted upon a condition that should have been obvious; but not till September 3d, when Hull's disaster had driven home Hull's remonstrance, did Captain Chauncey receive orders "to assume command of the naval force on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and to use every exertion to obtain control of them this fall." All preparations had still to be made, and were thrown, most wisely, on the man who was to do the work. He was "to use all the means which he might judge essential to accomplish the wishes of the government." It is only just to give these quotations, which indicate how entirely everything to be done was left to the energy and discretion of the officer in charge, who had to plan and build up, almost from the foundation, the naval force on both lakes. Champlain, apparently by an oversight, was not included in his charge. Near the end of the war he was directed to convene a court-martial on some occurrences there, and then replied that it had never been placed under his command.

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Chauncey, who was just turned forty, entered on his duties with a will. Having been for four years in charge of the Navy Yard at New York, he was intimately acquainted with the resources of the principal depot from which he must draw his equipment. On the 26th of September, after three weeks of busy collecting and shipping, he started for his station by the very occasional steamboat of those days, which required from eighteen to twenty hours for the trip to Albany. On the eve of departure, he wrote the government that he had dispatched "140 ship-carpenters, 700 seamen and marines, more than 100 pieces of cannon, the greater part of large calibre, with muskets, shot, carriages, etc. The carriages have nearly all been made, and the shot cast, in that time. Nay, I may say that nearly every article that has been sent forward has been made." The words convey forcibly the lack of preparation which characterized the general state of the country; and they suggest, also, the difference in energy and efficiency between a man of forty, in continuous practice of his occupation, and generals of sixty, whose knowledge of their business derived over a disuse of more than thirty years, and from experience limited to positions necessarily very subordinate. From the meagreness of steamer traffic, all this equipment of men and material had to go by sail vessel to Albany; and Chauncey wrote that his personal delay in New York was no injury, but a benefit, for as it was he should arrive well before the needed equipment.

On the 6th of October he reached Sackett's Harbor, "in company with his Excellency the Governor of New York, through the worst roads I ever saw, especially near this place, in consequence of which I have ordered the stores intended for this place to Oswego, from which place they will come by water." Elliott had reported from Buffalo that "the roads are good, except for thirteen miles, which is intolerably bad; so bad that ordnance cannot be brought in wagons; it must come when snow is on the ground, and then in sleds." All expectation of contesting Lake Erie was therefore abandoned for that year, and effort concentrated on Ontario. There the misfortune of the American position was that the only harbor on their side of the lake, Sackett's, close to the entrance of the St. Lawrence, was remote from the highways of United States internal traffic. The roads being as described by Chauncey, cut it off from communications by land, except in winter and the height of summer; while the historic water route by the Mohawk River, Lake Oneida, and the outlet of the latter through the Oswego River, debouched upon Ontario at a point utterly insecure against weather or hostilities. It was necessary, therefore, to accept Sackett's Harbor as the only possible navy yard and station, under the disadvantage that the maintenance of it—and through it, of the naval command of Ontario—depended upon this water transport of forty miles of open lake from Oswego River. The danger, when superiority of force lapsed, as at times it did, was lessened by the existence of several creeks or small rivers, within which coasting craft could take refuge and find protection from attack under the muskets of the soldiery. Sackett's Harbor itself, though of small area, was a safe port, and under proper precautions defensible; but in neither point of view was it comparable with the adjoining Canadian harbor of Kingston.

While in New York, Chauncey's preparations had not been limited to what could be done there. By communication with Elliott and Woolsey, he had informed himself well as to conditions, and had initiated the purchase and equipment of lake craft, chiefly schooners of from forty to eighty tons, which were fitted as gunboats to carry one or two heavy guns; the weight of battery being determined partly by their capacity to carry it, and partly by the guns on hand. Elliott's report concerning Lake Erie led to his being diverted, at his own suggestion, to the mouth of the Genesee and to Oswego, to equip four schooners lying there; cannon before destined to Buffalo being likewise turned aside to those points for their armament. When Chauncey arrived at Sackett's, he found there also five schooners, belonging mainly to the St. Lawrence trade, which had been bought under his directions by Woolsey. There was thus already a very fair beginning of a naval force; the only remaining apprehension being that, "from the badness of the roads and the lowness of the water in the Mohawk, the guns and stores will not arrive in time for us to do anything decisive against the enemy this fall." Should

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they arrive soon enough, he hoped to seek the British in their own waters by November. Besides these extemporized expedients, two ships of twenty-four guns were under construction at Sackett's, and two brigs of twenty, with three gunboats, were ordered on Lake Erie—all to be ready for service in the spring, their batteries to be sent on when the snow made it feasible to do so.

After some disappointing detention, the waters of the inlet and outlet of Lake Oneida rose sufficiently to enable guns to reach Oswego, whence they were safely conveyed to Sackett's. On the 2d of November the report of a hostile cruiser in the neighborhood, and fears of her interfering with parts of the armaments still in transit, led Chauncey to go out with the *Oneida*, the only vessel yet ready, to cut off the return of the stranger to Kingston. On this occasion he sighted three of the enemy's squadron, which, though superior in force, took no notice of him. This slackness to improve an evident opportunity may reasonably be ascribed to the fact that as yet the British vessels on the lakes were not in charge of officers of the Royal Navy, but of a force purely provincial and irregular. Returning to Sackett's, Chauncey again sailed, on the evening of November 6th, with the *Oneida* and six armed schooners. On the 8th he fell in with a single British vessel, the *Royal George*, of twenty-one guns, which retreated that night into Kingston. The Americans followed some distance into the harbor on the 9th, and engaged both the ship and the works; but the breeze blowing straight in, and becoming heavy, made it imprudent longer to expose the squadron to the loss of spars, under the fire of shore guns, when retreat had to be effected against the wind. Beating out, a British armed schooner was sighted coming in from the westward; but after some exchange of shots, she also, though closely pressed, escaped by her better local knowledge, and gained the protection of the port. The squadron returned to Sackett's, taking with it two lake vessels as prizes, and having destroyed a third—all three possible resources for the enemy.

Nothing decisive resulted from this outing, but it fairly opened the campaign for the control of the lakes, and served to temper officers and men for the kind of task before them. It gave also some experience as to the strength of the works at Kingston, which exceeded Chauncey's anticipations, and seems afterward to have exerted influence upon his views of the situation; but at present he announced his intention, if supported by a military force, to attack the enemy's vessels at their anchorage. Although several shot had been seen to strike them, Chauncey himself entertained no doubt that all their damages could readily be repaired, and that they would put out again, if only to join their force to that already lying in Toronto. Still, on November 13th, he reported his certainty that he controlled the water, an assurance which he renewed on the 17th; adding that he had taken on board military stores for Niagara River, with which he would sail on the first fair wind, and that he was prepared to effect transportation to any part of the lake, regardless of the enemy, but not of the weather. The last reservation was timely; for sailing two days later, the vessels were driven back, one of the schooners being dismasted. As navigation on Erie opened usually much later than that upon Ontario, there was reasonable certainty that stores could reach the upper lake before they were needed in the spring, and till then the attempt was not renewed. Meantime, however, four of the schooners were kept cruising off Kingtson to prevent intercourse between it and the other ports.

On December 1st, Chauncey wrote that it was no longer safe to navigate the lake, and that he would soon lay up the vessels in port. He ascertained subsequently that the recent action of the squadron had compelled troops for Toronto to march from Kingston by land, and had prevented the transport of needed supplies to Fort George, thus justifying his conviction that he had established control over the water communications. A few days before, he had had the satisfaction of announcing the launch, on November 26th, of the *Madison*, a new ship of the corvette type, of 590 tons, one-third larger than the ocean cruisers *Wasp* and *Hornet* of the same class, and with proportionately heavy armament; she carrying twenty-four 32-pounder carronades, and they sixteen to eighteen of the same weight. "She was built," added Chauncey, "in the short time of forty-five

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days; and nine weeks ago the timber that she is composed of was growing in the forest." It seems scarcely necessary to point the moral, which he naturally did not draw for the edification of his superiors in the Administration, that a like energy displayed on Lake Erie, when war was first declared, would have placed Hull's enterprise on the same level of security that was obtained for his successor by the victory of Perry a year later, and at much less cost.

With the laying up of the fleet on the lakes operations on the northern frontier closed, except in the far West, where General Harrison succeeded to the command after Hull's capitulation. The loss of Detroit had thrown the American front of operations back upon the Maumee; nor would that, perhaps, have been tenable, had conditions in Upper Canada permitted Brock to remain with the most of his force through August and September. As it was, just apprehension for the Niagara line compelled his return thither; and the same considerations that decided the place of the Commander-in-Chief, dictated also that of the mass of his troops. The command at Detroit and Malden was left to Colonel Procter, whose position was defensively secured by naval means; the ship *Queen Charlotte* and brig *Hunter* maintaining local control of the water. He was, however, forbidden to attempt operations distinctively offensive. "It must be explicitly understood," wrote Brock to him, "that you are not to resort to offensive warfare for the purposes of conquest. Your operations are to be confined to measures of defence and security." Among these, however, Brock included, by direct mention, undertakings intended to destroy betimes gatherings of men or of stores threatening to the British positions; but such action was merely to secure the latter, on the principle, already noted, that offence is the best defence. How far these restrictions represent Brock's own wishes, or reflect simply the known views of Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, is difficult to say. Brock's last letter to Procter, written within a week of his death, directed that the enemy should be kept in a state of constant ferment. It seems probable, however, that Procter's force was not such as to warrant movement with a view to permanent occupation beyond Detroit, the more so as the roads were usually very bad; but any effort on the part of the Americans to establish posts on the Maumee, or along the lake, must be promptly checked, if possible, lest these should form bases whence to march in force upon Detroit or Malden, when winter had hardened the face of the ground.

The purpose of the Americans being to recover Detroit, and then to renew Hull's invasion, their immediate aim was to establish their line as far to the front as it could for the moment be successfully maintained. The Maumee was such a line, and the one naturally indicated as the advanced base of supplies upon which any forward movement by land must rest. The obstacle to its tenure, when summer was past and autumn rains had begun, was a great swamp, known locally as the Black Swamp, some forty miles in width, stretching from the Sandusky River on the east to the Indiana line on the west, and therefore covering the direct approach from the south to the Maumee. Through this Hull had forced his way in June, building a road as he went; but by the time troops had assembled in the autumn progress here proved wholly impossible.

On account of the difficulties of transportation, Harrison divided his force into three columns, the supplies of each of which could in a new country be more readily sustained than those of the whole body, if united; in fact, the exigencies of supply in the case of large armies, even in well-settled countries, enforce "dissemination in order to live," as Napoleon expressed it. It is of the essence of such dissemination that the several divisions shall be near enough to support each other if there be danger of attack; but in the case of Harrison, although his dispositions have been severely censured on this score, no such danger existed south of the Maumee to a degree which could not be safely disregarded. The centre column, therefore, was to advance over the road opened by Hull; the right by the east of the Sandusky River to its mouth on Lake Erie, east of the swamp, whence it could move to the Maumee; while the left, and the one most exposed, from its nearness to the Indian country, was to proceed by the Auglaize River, a tributary of the Maumee navigable for boats of light draught, to Fort Defiance, at the junction of the two

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streams. Had this plan been carried out, the army would have held a line from Fort Defiance to the Rapids of the Maumee, a distance of about forty miles, on which fortified depots could be established prior to further operations; and there would have been to it three chains of supply, corresponding to the roads used by the divisions in their march. Fort Defiance, with a work at the Rapids, afterward built and called Fort Meigs, would sustain the line proper; while a subsidiary post, subsequently known as Fort Stephenson, on the lower Sandusky, was essential to the defence of that road as it approached the lake, and thence westward, where it skirted the lake shore, and was in measure open to raids from the water. The western line of supplies, being liable to attack from the neighboring Indians, was further strengthened by works along it adequate to repel savages.

Fort Defiance on the left was occupied by October 22d, and toward the middle of December some fifteen hundred men had assembled on the right, on the Sandusky, Upper and Lower; but the centre column could not get through, and the attempt to push on supplies by that route seems to have been persisted in beyond the limits of reasonable perseverance. Under these conditions, Harrison established his headquarters at Upper Sandusky about December 20th, sending word to General Winchester, commanding at Defiance, to descend the Maumee to the Rapids, and there to prepare sleds for a dash against Malden across the lake, when frozen. This was the substitution, under the constraint of circumstances, of a sudden blow in place of regulated advance; for it abandoned, momentarily at least, the plan of establishing a permanent line. Winchester moved as directed, reaching the Rapids January 10, 1813, and fixing himself in position with thirteen hundred men on the north bank, opposite Hull's road. Early in the month the swamp froze over, and quantities of supplies were hurried forward. The total disposable force now under Harrison's command is given as sixty-three hundred.

Preparations and concentration had progressed thus far, when an impulsive outburst of sympathy evoked a singularly inconsiderate and rash movement on the part of the division on the Maumee, the commander of which seems to have been rather under the influence of his troops than in control of them. Word was brought to the camp that the American settlement of Frenchtown, beyond the River Raisin, thirty miles away toward Detroit, and now within British control, was threatened with burning by Indians. A council of war decided that relief should be attempted, and 660 men started on the morning of January 17th. They dispossessed the enemy and established themselves in the town, though with severe losses. Learning their success, Winchester himself went to the place on the 19th, followed closely by a reenforcement of 250. Considerably more than half his command was now thirty miles away from the position assigned it, without other base of retreat or support than the remnant left at the Rapids. In this situation, a superior force of British and Indians under Procter crossed the lake on the ice and attacked the division thus rashly advanced to Frenchtown, which was compelled to surrender by 8 A. M. of the 22d.

Winchester had sent word to Harrison of his proposed action, but not in such time as to permit it to be countermanded. Receiving the news on the morning of January 19th, Harrison recognized at once the hazardous nature of the step, and immediately ordered forward reënforcements from Upper and Lower Sandusky; proceeding himself to the latter place, and thence to the Rapids, which he reached early on the 20th, ahead of the reënforcements. Winchester having gone to the front, there was nothing to do but await developments until the troops from Sandusky arrived. At noon of the 22d, the day of the surrender, he received intelligence of it, and saw that, through the imprudence of his subordinate, his project of crossing the ice to attack the enemy had been anticipated by Procter, who had practically annihilated one of his principal divisions by beating it in detail.

The loss of so large a part of the force upon which he had counted, and the spread of sickness among the remainder, arrested Harrison's projects of offensive action. The Maumee even was abandoned for a few days, the army falling back to the Portage River, toward the Sandusky. It soon, however, returned to the Rapids, and there

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Fort Meigs was built, which proved in the sequel sufficient to hold the position against Procter's attack. The army of the Northwest from that time remained purely on the defensive until the following September, when Perry's victory, assuring the control of the lake, enabled it to march secure of its communications.

Whatever chance of success may attend such a dash as that against Malden, planned by Harrison in December, or open to Hull in August, the undertaking is essentially outside the ordinary rules of warfare, and to be justified only by the special circumstances of the case, together with the possibility of securing the results obtained. Frenchtown, as a particular enterprise, illustrates in some measure the case of Malden. It was victoriously possessed, but under conditions which made its tenure more than doubtful, and the loss of the expeditionary corps more than probable. Furthermore, if held, it conferred no advantage. The position was less defensible than the Maumee, more exposed because nearer the enemy, more difficult to maintain because the communications were thirty miles longer, and finally, it controlled nothing. The name of advance, or of occupation, applied to it was a mere misnomer, disguising a sham. Malden, on the contrary, if effectually held, would confer a great benefit; for in the hands of an enemy it menaced the communications of Detroit, and if coupled with command of the water, as was the case, it controlled them, as Hull found to his ruin. To gain it, therefore, justified a good deal of risk; yet if seized, unless control of the water were also soon established, it would, as compared with Detroit, simply entail upon the Americans the additional disadvantage that Frenchtown incurred over the Maumee—an increase of exposure, because of longer and more exposed lines of communication. Though Malden was valuable to the British as a local base, with all the benefits of nearness, it was not the only one they possessed on the lakes. The loss of it, therefore, so long as they possessed decided superiority in armed shipping, was merely an inconvenience, not a disability.

In short, in all ordinary warfare, and in most that is extraordinary and seems outside the rules, there is one principle that is sure to enforce itself with startling emphasis, if momentarily lost to sight or forgotten, and that is the need of secured communications. A military body, land or sea, may abandon its communications for a brief period, strictly limited, expecting soon to restore them at the same or some other point, just as a caravan can start across the desert with food and water which will last until another base is reached. There is no surrender of certainty in such a case; but a body of troops thrown into a position where it has no security of receiving supplies, incurs a risk that needs justification, and can receive it only from special circumstances. No position within striking distance of the lake shore was permanently secure unless supported by naval power; because all that is implied by the term "communications"—facility for transporting troops, supplies, and ammunition, rapidity of movement from point to point, central position and interior lines—all depended upon the control of the water, from Mackinac to the rapids of the St. Lawrence.

This truth, announced before the war by Hull and Armstrong, as well as by Harrison somewhat later, and sufficiently obvious to any thoughtful man, was recognized in fact by Harrison and the Government after the Frenchtown disaster. The general was not responsible for the blunder of his subordinate, nor am I able to see that his general plans for a land campaign, considered independent of the water, lacked either insight, judgment, or energy. He unquestionably made very rash calculations, and indulged in wildly sanguine assurances of success; but this was probably inevitable in the atmosphere in which he had to work. The obstacles to be overcome were so enormous, the people and the Government, militarily, so ignorant and incapable, that it was scarcely possible to act efficiently without adopting, or seeming to adopt, the popular spirit and conviction. Facts had now asserted themselves through the unpleasant medium of experience, and it was henceforth tacitly accepted that nothing could be done except to stand on the defensive, until the navy of Lake Erie, as yet unbuilt, could exert its power. Until that day came, even the defensive positions taken were rudely shaken by Procter, a far from efficient officer, but possessed still of the power of the lakes, and acting, though

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over-feebly, in the spirit of Brock's instructions, to attack the enemy's posts and keep things in a ferment.

With the Frenchtown affair hostilities on the Canada frontier ceased until the following April; but the winter months were not therefore passed in inactivity. Chauncey, after laying up his ships at Sackett's Harbor, and representing to the Government the danger to them and to the navy yard, now that frost had extended the solidity of the ground over the waters and would enable the enemy to cross at will, departed to visit his hitherto neglected command on Lake Erie. He had already seen cause to be dissatisfied with Elliott's choice of a navy yard, usually known by the name Black Rock, behind Squaw Island. The hostile shores were here so close together that even musketry could be exchanged; and Elliott, when reporting his decision, said "the river is so narrow that the soldiers are shooting at each other across." There was the further difficulty that, to reach the open lake, the vessels would have to go three miles against a current that ran four knots an hour, and much of the way within point-blank range of the enemy. Nevertheless, after examining all situations on Lake Erie, Elliott had reported that none other would answer the purpose; "those that have shelters have not sufficient water, and those with water cannot be defended from the enemy and the violence of the weather." Here he had collected materials and gathered six tiny vessels; the largest a brig of ninety tons, the others schooners of from forty to eighty. These he began to equip and alter about the middle of October, upon the arrival of carpenters sent from New York by Chauncey; but the British kept up such a fire of shot and shell upon the yard that the carpenters quitted their work and returned to New York, leaving the vessels with their decks and sides torn up.

When Chauncey arrived, toward the end of December, they were still in this condition; and although then hauled into a creek behind Squaw Island, out of range, there were no workmen to complete them. He passed on to Presqu'Isle, now Erie, on the Pennsylvania shore, and found it in every way eligible as a port, except that there were but four or five feet of water on the bar. Vessels of war within could reach the lake only by being lightened of their guns and stores, a condition impracticable in the presence of a hostile squadron; but the local advantages were much superior to those at Black Rock, and while it could be hoped that a lucky opportunity might insure the absence of the enemy's vessels, the enemy's guns on the Niagara shore were fixtures, unless the American army took possession of them. Between these various considerations Chauncey decided to shift the naval base from Black Rock to Erie; and he there assembled the materials for the two brigs, of three hundred tons each, which formed the backbone of Perry's squadron nine months later. For supplies to this point he depended upon Philadelphia and Pittsburg, there being from the latter place water communication by the Alleghany River, and its tributary the French River, to within fifteen miles of Erie, whence the transportation was by good road. Except timber, which grew upon the spot, the materials—iron, cordage, provisions, and guns—came mainly by this route from Pennsylvania; a number of guns, however, being sent from Washington. By these arrangements the resources of New York, relieved of Lake Erie, were concentrated upon Lakes Ontario and Champlain.

Having made these dispositions and provided for the defence of Black Rock by its own resources against sudden attack,—the army, except a local force of three hundred men, having gone into winter quarters ten miles back of the Niagara,—Chauncey returned to Sackett's Harbor on the 19th of January. Here he found preparations for protection even less satisfactory than upon Erie, although the stake was far greater; for it may safely be said that the fall of either Kingston or Sackett's would have decided the fate of Lake Ontario and of Upper Canada, at once and definitively. It had now become evident that, in order to decide superiority on the water, there was to be between these neighboring and hostile stations the race of ship-building, which became and continued the most marked feature of the war on this lake. Chauncey felt the increasing necessity thus entailed for his presence on the scene. He was proportionately relieved by receiving at this time an application from Commander Oliver H. Perry to serve under him on the lakes, and immediately, on January 21st, applied for

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his orders, stating that he could "be employed to great advantage, particularly on Lake Erie, where I shall not be able to go so early as I expected, owing to the increasing force of the enemy on this lake." This marks the official beginning of Perry's entrance upon a career in which he won a distinction that his less fortunate superior failed to achieve. At this time, however, Chauncey hoped to attain such superiority by the opening of spring, and to receive such support from the army, as to capture Kingston by a joint operation, the plan for which he submitted to the Department. That accomplished, he would be able to transfer to Erie the force of men needed to destroy the enemy's fleet there. This expectation was not fulfilled, and Perry remained in practically independent command upon the upper lakes.

The season of 1812 may be said, therefore, to have closed with the American squadron upon Lake Ontario concentrated in Sackett's Harbor, where also two new and relatively powerful ships were building. Upon Lake Erie the force was divided between Black Rock, where Elliott's flotilla lay, and Erie, where the two brigs were laid down, and four other gunboats building. The concentration of these two bodies could only be effected by first taking possession of the British side of the Niagara River. This done, and the Black Rock vessels thus released, there still remained the bar at Erie to pass. The British force on Ontario was likewise divided, between Toronto and Kingston, the vessels afloat being at the latter. Neither place, however, was under such fetters as Black Rock, and concentration might very possibly be accomplished despite the hostile fleet. On Erie their navy was at Amherstburg, where was also building a ship, inferior in force, despite her rig, to either of the brigs ordered by Chauncey at Erie. The difficulties of obtaining supplies, mechanics, and seamen, in that then remote region, also imposed great hindrances upon the general British preparations. There nevertheless remained in their hands, at the opening of the campaign, the great natural advantages over the Americans—first, of the separation of the latter's divisions, enforced by the British holding the bank of the Niagara; and secondly, of the almost insuperable difficulty of crossing the Erie bar unarmed, if the enemy's fleet kept in position near it. That the British failed to sustain these original advantages is the condemnation of their management, and is far more a matter of military criticism than the relative power of the two squadrons in the battle of September 10th. The principal business of each commander was to be superior to the enemy when they met. That the American accomplished this, despite serious obstacles, first by concentrating his force, and second by crossing the bar unimpeded, so that when he encountered his opponent he was in decisively superior force, is as distinctly to his credit as it would have been distinctly to his discredit had the odds been reversed by any fault of his. Perry, by diligent efficiency, overcame his difficulties, concentrated his fleet, gained the lake, and, by commanding it, so cut off his enemy's supplies that he forced him to come out, and fight, and be destroyed. To compare the force of the two fleets may be a matter of curious interest; but for the purpose of making comparisons of desert between the two commanders it is a mere waste of ink, important only to those who conceive the chief end of war to be fighting, and not victory.

The disaster at Frenchtown, with the consequent abandonment of all project of forward movement by the Army of the Northwest, may be regarded as the definite termination of the land campaign of 1812. Before resuming the account of the ocean operations of the same period, it is expedient here to give a summary of European conditions at the same time, for these markedly affected the policy of the British Government toward the United States, even after war had been formally declared.

The British Orders in Council of 1807, modified in scope, though not in principle, in 1809, had been for a long while the grievance chiefly insisted upon by the United States. Against them mainly was directed, by Jefferson and Madison, the system of commercial restrictions which it was believed would compel their repeal. The question of impressment had not been urged by the same Administrations, since the refusal of the British Government to treat concerning it in connection with the *Chesapeake* affair; nor was it alleged as the reason for their later measures, which bore

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toward the paper commercial blockades of Great Britain a character of retaliation in kind that they did not have toward impressment. Objection to this practice, indeed, though not constant nor imperative, had been frequent and consistent under every president; but as, on the one hand, Great Britain held its continuance essential to her naval efficiency, and consequently to her national existence, so, on the part of the United States, resistance to the system had not been so emphatic or unanimous as to carry the conviction that its cessation was indispensable to the maintenance of peace. In any event the British Government was determined not to surrender what it considered a right, and one vital to the nation; a resolution in which it had at its back the great majority of its people. Consequently, when it had abolished the obnoxious Orders, on June 23, 1812, with reservations probably admissible by the United States, it was unwilling to believe that war could still not be avoided; nor that, even if begun in ignorance of the repeal, it could not be stopped without further concession. Till near the end of the year 1812 its measures were governed by this expectation, powerfully reënforced by momentous considerations of European conditions, the effect of which upon the United States requires that they be stated.

In June, 1812, European politics were reaching a crisis, the issue of which could not then be forecast. War had begun between Napoleon and Russia; and on the 24th of June, the Emperor, crossing the Niemen, invaded the dominion of the Czar. Great Britain, already nine years at war with France, had just succeeded in detaching Russia from her enemy, and ranging her on her own side. The accession of Sweden to this alliance conferred complete control of the Baltic, thus releasing a huge British fleet hitherto maintained there, and opening an important and lucrative trade, debarred in great measure to Great Britain for four years past. But on the other hand, Napoleon still, as during all this recent period, controlled the Continent from the Pyrenees to the Vistula, carrying its hosts forward against Russia, and closing its ports to British commerce, to the depressing injury of British finance. A young Canadian, then in England, in close contact with London business life, wrote to his home at this period: "There is a general stagnation of commerce, all entrance to Europe being completely shut up. There was never a time known to compare with the present, nearly all foreign traders becoming bankrupt, or reduced to one-tenth of their former trade. Merchants who once kept ten or fifteen clerks have now but two or three; thousands of half-starved discharged clerks are skulking about the streets. Custom-house duties are reduced upwards of one-half. Of such dread power are Bonaparte's decrees, which have of late been enforced in the strictest manner all over the Continent, that it has almost ruined the commerce of England."

A month before the United States declared war, the same writer depicted the perplexity that was rending the Government in terms which palpably and graphically reflect the contemporary talk of the counting-house and the dinner table: "If the Orders in Council are repealed, the trade of the United States will flourish beyond all former periods. They will then have the whole commerce of the Continent in their hands, and the British, though blockading with powerful armaments the hostile ports of Europe, will behold fleets of American merchantmen enter in safety the harbors of the enemy, and carry on a brisk and lucrative trade, whilst Englishmen, who command the ocean and are sole masters of the deep, must quietly suffer two-thirds of their shipping to be dismantled and lie useless in little rivers or before empty warehouses. Their seamen, to earn a little salt junk and flinty biscuits, must spread themselves like vagabonds over the face of the earth, and enter the service of any nation. If, on the contrary, the Government continue to enforce the Orders, trade will still remain in its present deplorable state; an American war will follow, and poor Canada will bear the brunt."* Cannot one just see the fine old fellows of the period thus shaking their heads over their wine, and hear the words which the lively young provincial takes down almost from their lips? They truly portray, however, precisely the anxious dilemma in which the Government was living, and explain concisely the conflicting considerations which brought on the war with the United States.

While matters were thus in northern

*Ridout, "Ten Years in Upper Canada," pp. 52, 58, 115.

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and central Europe, in the far southwest the Spanish peninsula had for the same four dreary years been the scene of desolating strife, in which from the beginning Great Britain had taken a most active part, supporting the insurgent people with armies and money against the French legions. The weakening effect of this conflict upon the Emperor, and the tremendous additional strain upon his resources now occasioned by the break with Russia, were well understood, and hopes rose high; but heavy in the other scale were his unbroken record of success, and the fact that the War in the Peninsula, the sustenance of which was now doubly imperative in order to maintain the fatal dissemination of his forces between the two extremities of Europe, depended upon intercourse with the United States. The corn of America fed the British and their allies in the Peninsula, and so abundantly, that flour was cheaper in Lisbon than in Liverpool. In 1811, 802 American vessels entered the Tagus to 860 British; and from all the rest of the outside world there came only 75. The Peninsula itself, Spain and Portugal together, sent but 452. The merchants of Baltimore, petitioning against the Non-Intercourse Act, said that $100,000,000 were owing by British merchants to Americans, which could only be repaid by importations from England; and that this debt was chiefly for shipments to Spain and Portugal. The yearly export thither, mainly for the armies, was 700,000 barrels of flour, besides grain in other forms. The maintenance of this supply would be endangered by war.

Upon the continuance of peace depended also the enjoyment of the relatively tranquil conditions which Great Britain, after years of vexation, had at last succeeded in establishing in the western basin of the Atlantic, and especially in the Caribbean Sea. In 1808, the revolt of the Spanish people turned the Spanish West Indies once more to her side; and in 1809 and 1810, the conquest of the last of the French Islands gave her control of the whole region, and deprived French privateers of every base for local operations against British commerce. In 1812, by returns to September 1st, the Royal Navy had at sea 120 ships of the line and 145 frigates, besides 421 other cruisers, 16 of which were larger and the rest smaller than the frigate class—a total of 686. Of these there were on the North American and West India stations only 3 of the line, 15 frigates, and 61 smaller—a total of 79. The huge remainder of over 600 ships of war were detained elsewhere by the exigencies of the contest, the naval range of which extended from the shores of Denmark and Norway, then one kingdom under Napoleon's control, to the Levant; and in the far eastern seas to the Straits of Sunda, and beyond. From Antwerp to Venice, in various ports, Napoleon, at the time the Empire fell, had over a hundred ships of the line and half a hundred frigates. To hold these in check was in itself a heavy task for the British sea power, even though most of the colonial ports which might serve as bases for their external action had been wrested from France. America, hostile, would open to the French Navy a number of harbors which it now needed; and the United States might receive, at the will of the Emperor, a division of ships of a class she lacked entirely, but could both officer and man, if need be. One of Napoleon's great wants was seamen, and it was perfectly understood by all intelligent naval officers, and by appreciative statesmen like John Adams and Gouverneur Morris, that a fleet of ships of the line, based upon American resources, would constitute for Great Britain a far more difficult problem than a considerably larger number in Europe. The probability was contemplated by both the British Commander-in-Chief and the Admiralty, and doubtless accounted, in the main, for the comparatively large number of ships of the line—eleven—assigned on the outbreak of hostilities to a station where there was otherwise no similar force to encounter. To bring the French ships and this coast line together was a combination correct in conception, and not impracticable. It was spoken of at the time—rumored as a design; and had not the attention and the means of the Emperor been otherwise preoccupied, it probably would have been attempted, and not impossibly effected.

To avert such a conjuncture by the restoration of peace was necessarily an object of British policy. More than that, however, was at stake. The Orders in Council had served their turn. In conjunction with Napoleon's Continental System, by the

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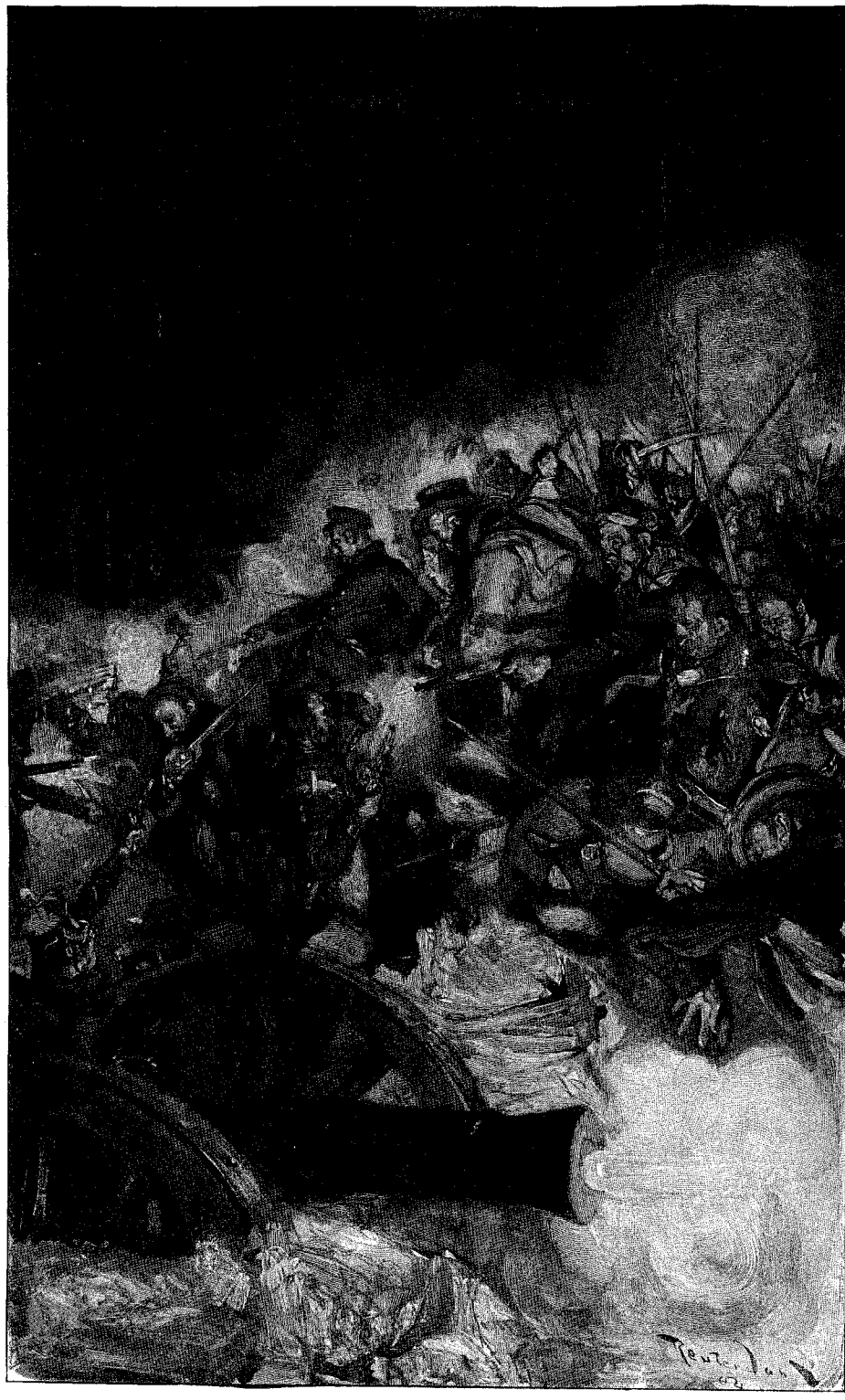

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The land fight at Niagara.

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misery inflicted upon all the countries under his control, they had brought about the desperation of Russia and the resistance of the Czar, who at first had engaged in the Emperor's policy. Russia and France were at war, and it was imperative at once to redouble the pressure in the Peninsula, and to recuperate the financial strength of Great Britain, by opening every possible avenue of supply and of market to British trade, in order to bring the whole power of the nation to bear effectively upon what promised to be a death struggle. The repeal of the Orders, with the consequent admission of American commerce to every hostile port, except such few as might be effectually blockaded in accordance with the accepted principles of International Law, was the price offered for the preservation of peace, and for readmission to the American market, closed to British manufacturers and merchants by the Non-Importation Acts. This extension of British commerce, now loudly demanded by the British people, was an object to be accomplished by the same means that should prevent the American people from constituting themselves virtually the allies of Napoleon by going to war. Should this dreaded alternative, however, come to pass, not only would British trade again miss the market, the loss of which had already caused widespread suffering, but, in common with it, British navigation, British shipping, the chief handmaid of commerce, would be exposed in a remote quarter, most difficult to guard, to the privateering activity of a people whose aptitude for such occupation experience had demonstrated. Of it the War of Independence and the old French wars had given ample proof. Half a century before, in the years 1756–58, there had been fitted out in the single port of New York, for war against the French, 48 privateers, carrying 695 guns and manned by over 5,000 men.

The conditions enumerated constituted the principal important military possibilities of the sea frontier of the United States, regarded as an element in the general international situation when the year 1812 opened. Its importance to France was simply that of an additional weight thrown into the scale against Great Britain. France, being excluded from the sea, could not be aided or injured by the United States directly, but only indirectly, through their common enemy; and the same was substantially true of the Continent at large. But to Great Britain a hostile seaboard in America meant the possibility of all that has been stated; and therefore, slowly and unwillingly, but surely, the apprehension of war with its added burden forced the Government to a concession which years of intermittent commercial restrictions by the United States, and of Opposition denunciation at home, had not been able to obtain. The sudden death of Spencer Perceval, the prime minister identified with the Orders in Council, possibly facilitated the issue, but it had become inevitable by sheer force of circumstances as they developed. It came to pass, by a conjuncture most fortunate for Great Britain, and most unfavorable to the United States, that the moment of war, vainly sought to be avoided by both parties, coincided with the first rude jar and speedy final collapse of Napoleon's empire; leaving the Union, weakened by internal dissension, exposed single handed to the full force of the British power. At the beginning, however, and till toward the end of 1812, it seemed possible that the efforts of the Americans would receive for an indefinite period the support derived from the inevitable preoccupation of their enemy with European affairs; nor did many doubt Napoleon's success against Russia, or that it would be followed by Great Britain's abandoning the European struggle as hopeless.

It was for such maritime and political contingencies that the British Admiralty had to prepare, when the near prospect of war with America threatened to add to the already extensive responsibilities entailed by the long strife with Napoleon. Its measures reflected the double purpose of the Government: to secure peace, if possible, yet not to surrender policies considered imperative to the state. On the 9th of May, 1812, identical instructions were issued to each of the admirals commanding the four transatlantic stations,—Newfoundland, Halifax, Jamaica and Barbados,—warning them of the imminent probability of hostilities, in the event of which, by aggressive action or formal declaration on the part of the United States, they were authorized to resort at once to all customary procedures of war; "to attack, take or sink, burn or

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destroy, all ships or vessels belonging to the United States or to the citizens thereof." At the same time, however, special stress was laid upon the urgent wish of the Government to avoid occasion that might induce a collision. "You are to direct the commanders of His Majesty's ships to exercise, except in the events hereinbefore specified, all possible forbearance toward the United States, and to contribute, as far as may depend upon them, to that good understanding which it is His Royal Highness's* most earnest wish to maintain." The spirit of these orders, together with caution not to be attacked unawares, doubtless accounts for the absence of British ships of war from the neighborhood of the American coast, noted by Rodgers's cruising squadron in this same month. The temper of the controlling element in the Administration, and the disposition of American naval officers since the *Chesapeake* affair, were but too likely to afford causes of misunderstanding in case of a meeting.

* The Prince Regent. George III was incapacitated at this time.

(To be continued.)

SISTERS OF THE LITTLE SORROWS

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

FROM visions of gray to-morrows,
All patient and sore dismayed,
Come ye of the Little Sorrows,
To whom no tears are paid:
The hurt, who may not stagger,
Who dare not nurse their stings—
For wounds are of sword and dagger,
And thorns are little things!

'Tis only your beauty failing,
The youth of your heart grown numb?
Ah, sisters, we sit bewailing
Your daily martyrdom:
And she who treads the city
With feet that mourn the wild,
She shares our aching pity;
And she who bears no child;

And she of the crumbling altars;
And she who must earn her bread
By paths where the spirit falters;
And she whose friend is dead;
And she who'd fain recover
The spendthrift days that were;
And the heart that found no lover—
Kind Lord, they laugh at her!

The wounds that are not of sabres
Shall never be understood,
But pity may ease your labors,
O patient Sisterhood!
For there be hearts no sadder,
Nor truer right to mourn,
Though the wasp is not the adder,
One dies not of the thorn.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I am sure that this woman will tell me her story."—Page 485.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

X

CONSTANCE consented to be taught type-writing and stenography at the expense of Mrs. Randolph Wilson. She decided that to refuse an offer which would enable her presently to become self-supporting would be false pride. She acknowledged as sound, under her present circumstances, Mr. Prentiss's assertion that it was no less the duty of the unfortunate to accept bounty within proper limits than of the prosperous to give. She consented also at his instance to call upon her benefactress.

Any encouragement on the part of Constance would have induced Mr. Prentiss to raise a subscription to pay off the second mortgage on the house incurred by Emil, and thus provide her with a home. But at the first hint of such a thing she shook her head decisively. A very different thought was in her mind. Emil was still alive and liable for the bills which he had incurred for the expenses of the canvass, but she felt that the six hundred dollars which he had withheld from his client as an enforced loan must be paid at once or the good name of her children would be tarnished. His appropriation of this money on the eve of his disappearance was damning in its suggestion; but she had thankfully adopted and was clinging tenaciously to the explanation proffered by one of the easy-going and good-natured co-tenants of the office occupied by her husband, that the money had been borrowed to carry out a speculation, and that Emil had meant to return it. Did not the broker's report of the purchase and sale, found among the papers in Emil's desk, support this? She realized fully that from the mere stand-point of legal responsibility his motive was immaterial. But with her knowledge of his characteristics and of the past she felt that she had the right to insist on the theory that he had been led astray by sanguine anticipations which, as usual, had been disappointed. His conduct had been weak and miserable, and exposed him to obloquy, but it was not the same as deliberate theft. As a mother, she was solicitous to treat the transaction as a loan and to repay it without delay. The world might not discriminate, but for herself and for the children the distinction was essential.

Having been informed how matters stood, and that there was probably still some small value left in the house over and above the two mortgages, she thought she saw an opportunity to discharge this vital obligation. Accordingly, when she found that the clergyman was still considering means for rescuing her home, she disclosed her theory and her purpose.

"My husband borrowed that money, Mr. Prentiss. He expected to be able to return it. I am sure of this. It was just like him. People think it was something worse because of what was in the newspapers. But, guilty as he was, he would not have done that. This being so, I am anxious to have the mortgages foreclosed, or whatever is necessary done, and to have what is left returned to the woman whose money he borrowed. It was six hundred dollars, and there is the interest. You told me you thought there would be over five hundred left, if the mortgagee was disposed to be reasonable."

Although Mr. Prentiss may have had doubts whether Emil Stuart was entitled to the distinction drawn by his wife, he understood and admired her solicitude. "I see," he said. "I am told that the value of real estate in the neighborhood of your house has improved somewhat, and that you ought to get at least five hundred dollars. But in any event the money which your husband borrowed shall be returned. You need give yourself no further concern as to this; I will see that it is done."

Constance shook her head again. "It wouldn't be the same if anyone else were to pay it," she said, directly.

"So it would not. You are right," he

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replied with equal promptness, admitting the accuracy of her perception, which had confounded his too glib generosity. "Unless you paid it, you would feel that you had no right to consider that the money had been borrowed."

"Though I am certain of it."

"Precisely—precisely. I understood what you desired, and it was unintelligent of me to bungle." A confession of lack of intelligence by Mr. Prentiss signified not merely deliberate self-mortification, but was offered as a tribute to the mental quality of his visitor. He had chosen a word which would have been wasted on or misinterpreted by the ordinary applicant for counsel, that he might let her perceive that he was alive to the nicety of her spiritual intuitions. They were at his house—in his comfortable, attractive library—and he understood now that the object of her call had been conscientious eagerness to discharge this debt. There was nothing for him to do but acquiesce in her requirements, and to thank God for this manifestation of grace. This quiet, simple directness, which separated the right from the wrong with unswerving precision, proceeding from the lips and eyes of this pale but interesting woman in faded garb, was fresh and invigorating testimony to the vitality of the human soul exposed to the stress of sordid, workaday realities and unassisted by the choicer blessings of civilization.

Mr. Prentiss pressed her hand with a new warmth as he bade her good-by. "You must come to see me often," he said. "Not for your needs only, but for mine. It helps me to talk with you. And I shall keep my eye on you and see that you get work."

As the upshot of this conversation, Constance surrendered her house to the mortgagee and received six hundred and fifty dollars for her interest in the equity. The small sum remaining after the claim of Emil's client had been satisfied was supplemented presently by the sale of that portion of the furniture unavailable in the tenement into which she moved, so that she had about a hundred dollars saved from the wreck of her former fortunes. The tenement consisted of two sunny rooms in a new apartment house for people of humble means, built by a real estate investor with progressive business instincts from plans suggested by the Home Beautifying Society of Benham, an aggregation of philanthropic spirits, of which Mrs. Wilson was one of the vice-presidents. Here light, the opportunity for cleanliness, and some modern fixtures, including a fire-escape, were obtainable at a moderate rental; and while the small suites were monotonous from their number and uniformity, their occupants could fitly regard them as a paradise compared with the old-fashioned homes for the poor supervised solely by the dull mercy of unenlightened landlords. Though this was a business enterprise, the owner had felt at liberty even to give some artistic touches to the exterior, and altogether it could be said that the investment represented a model hive of modern workingmen's homes from the point of view of Benham's, and hence American philanthropic commercial aspiration. The structure—Lincoln Chambers, it was called—was on the confines of the poorer section of the city where, owing to the spread of trade, the expansion of the homes of the people was forced further to the south. From two of her windows Constance looked out on vacant lands but half redeemed from the grasp of nature, a prospect littered with the unsightly disorder of a neighborhood in the throes of confiscation by a metropolis; but the mongrel character of the vicinity was to her more than atoned for by the fresh air and the wide expanse of horizon. Her home was on the eighth story—there were ten stories in all—and on the roof there was an arrangement of space for drying clothes which seemed to bring her much closer to the impenetrable blue of the sky. As under the influence of this communion she gave rein to introspection and fancy, her thoughts harbored for the moment chiefly thankfulness. The stress of her plight had been relieved. Discriminating kindness had enabled her to get a fresh hold on life without loss of her self-respect. What mattered it that her social lot must be obscure, and that she had become one of the undistinguishable many whose identity was lost in this towering combination of small and uniform tenements? She had still a roof over her children's heads and a legitimate prospect of being able to support them without accepting the bitter bread of charity. Yes, she had become one of the humblest of

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human strugglers, but her abounding interest in these two dear possessions made not only her duty plain but her opportunity inspiring and almost golden. The mortification and anguish of the past she would never be able to forget entirely, but she would make the most of this new chance for world-service and happiness.

It had been necessary to sign some papers in order to convey her interest in the equity of her house, and she went for the purpose to the office of the mortgagee's lawyer. He was a young man, somewhat over thirty, with a noticeably frank face and lucid utterance and kind, intelligent eyes. As he handed her the six hundred and fifty dollars it occurred to her that she would like to employ him to satisfy Emil's obligation. She preferred not to have a personal interview with the creditor lest she be obliged to listen to recriminations against her husband, and she was loth to bother Mr. Prentiss. So she broached the matter, stating briefly that it was a debt which her husband had intended to pay before his departure. She had already discovered when the papers were signed that the attorney was aware that she had been deserted, and neither did she supply nor did he seek enlightenment beyond the bare explanation offered. Nevertheless, it was obvious to Constance, despite his professional reserve, that he was alive to the import of the transaction for which she was employing him, and that it had inspired in him more than a mere business interest. There was a gentle deference in his manner which seemed to suggest that he knew he was charged with a delicate mission and that he would fulfil it scrupulously. She liked the straightforward simplicity of his address, which was both emphasized and illuminated by the intelligent, amiable glint of his eyes which indicated independence and humor, as well as probity. As she rose to go, Constance realized that she had forgotten his name, and was on the point of opening the receipt for the money which he had given her, in order to ascertain it, when he reached out and taking some cards from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk handed them to her.

"I shall write to you the result of my interview, Mrs. Stuart, and send you a written discharge. Here are a few of my business cards. I hope that none of your neighbors will need the assistance of a lawyer, but if they do, that is my profession, and I intend to do the best I can for my clients."

There was a pleasant earnestness in his tone which saved his speech from the effect of mere solicitation. It seemed to Constance as though he had said not merely that he was eager to get on, but that he stood ready to help those who like herself had need to bring their small affairs to a sympathetic and upright counsellor. She had asked him previously what his charge would be for securing a release of the claim against Emil. He had hesitated for a moment and she had been apprehensive lest he might say that it would be nothing. But he had replied that it would be three dollars.

She glanced at the cards and read the name—Gordon Perry, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 144 Baker St. Their interview had been in an inner office—a room of moderate size, near the roof of a modern building, with a fine view, eclipsing that of her own flat, and furnished, besides a couple of chairs, with rows of law books and a few large photographs of legal celebrities. On the way out she passed through the general office, where there were more chairs, several of them occupied by visitors who had been waiting for her interview to come to an end, more shelves of books, and two or three desks, at one of which a woman type-writer was sitting at work. The click of the machine sounded melodiously in Constance's ears, and she turned her glance in that direction, in wistful anticipation of the time when she would have similar employment. On her arrival her gaze had been introspective, but now that her errand was over she felt the inclination to observe external things. As she closed the outer door she saw that the glass panel bore a painted inscription similar to that of the card—Gordon Perry, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law. She reflected that he had been courteous and sympathetic to her, and she felt sure that he was to be trusted, notwithstanding the rude shock which Emil's perfidy had given to her faith in her own powers of discrimination. There are some dispositions which are turned to gall and forever charged with suspicion by a great shock to love and faith as sweet milk turns to vinegar at the clap of a thun-

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der-storm. There are others whose horizon is cleared by the bitterness of the blow, and who, partly from humility, partly from an instinctive revolt against the doctrine of despair, readjust their perspectives and harbor still the god-like belief that they can know good from evil.

Preliminary to beginning her lessons, Constance had still her call to make on Mrs. Wilson. The new fashionable quarter of Benham, beyond the river Nye, was scarcely more than a name to her, though, especially in the early days of her marriage, she had from time to time included this in her Sabbath saunterings with her husband, and she remembered Emil's having pointed out in terms of irony the twin mansions of Mr. Carleton Howard and his sister in process of erection. She had not felt envious, but when Emil, after inveighing against the extravagance of millionaires, had with characteristic inconsistency, as they stood gazing at the walls of these modern palaces, asserted that he intended some day to have a house of this kind, she had wondered what it would be like, and had contrasted for a moment the lives of the dwellers in this locality with her own, with a sudden appreciation of the power of material circumstances and a wistful curiosity to be translated into an experience which should include white-aproned maids, drawing-room draperies, and a private equipage as daily accessories. She had silently wondered, too, pondering without abetting her husband's caustic cue, how this contrast was to be reconciled with what she had been been taught of American notions of social uniformity and the subordination of the unnecessary vanities and splendor of life to spiritual considerations. It was puzzling, and yet the manifestations of these discrepancies were apparently in good repute and becoming more obvious as the city grew in population and importance.

It is the personal equation in this world which forces truths most clearly upon our attention. So it was that Constance on her way to Mrs. Wilson's was fully alive to the fact—not bitterly, but philosophically and equably—that, despite the theory of democratic social institutions which she had imbibed, actual conditions in Benham were repeating the old-world distinctions between the powerful and the lowly, the rich and the impecunious. There was no blinking the knowledge that she was living obscurely in a flat on the lookout for the bare necessaries of existence, while the woman she was going to see was a woman of wealth and importance, to whom she was beholden for the opportunity of a new start. Obviously, the American experiment had not succeeded in doing away with the distinctions between rich and poor, though patriotic school-books had given her to understand that there were none, or rather that such as existed were spiritual and in favor of people of humble means. Constance could be sardonic if she chose, but like most women she had little taste for irony. On the other hand, she had a yearning to see things clearly which her misfortunes had only served to intensify.

As she entered Mrs. Wilson's house a new emotion superseded this consciousness of contrast. She had expected to be somewhat edified by the decorations and upholsteries, and had felt a mild curiosity regarding them. But she was wholly unprepared for the superb and spacious surroundings in which she found herself. She walked bewildered through the august hall behind the solemn, fastidious man-servant, who, when she had disclosed her name and errand, ushered her into the reception-room, which served as an ante-chamber to the vista of elegant connecting drawing-rooms. While she waited for Mrs. Wilson she sat gazing with surprise and admiration at the costly and elaborate furnishings and ornaments. It was not that such things were beyond the experience of her imagination at least, for, though she had never been abroad, she felt familiar, through books, with the appearance of splendid houses. She had seen pictures of them, and was not without definite impressions of grandeur. But she had not expected to behold them realized in the social life of Benham. If the discovery was, spiritually speaking, a slight shock, it was a far greater source of delight. Neat as wax herself, but confined both by poverty and early associations to sober hues, she found in the close presence of these bright, seductive, and artistic effects a sort of revelation of the power of beauty which thrilled her deliciously. Here was the culmination of the movement in æsthetic expression of which, as revealed in shop windows and on women's backs, she had for some time been vaguely aware, but in

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which she had been forbidden by the rigor of her life to participate. The full meaning of this as an ally to human happiness now burst upon her, and gave her a new joy, though it emphasized the lowliness of her own station.

The aspect and greeting of Mrs. Wilson gave the crowning touch to her pleasure by adding the human complement to the situation. She was facing a smiling, gracious personality whose features, bearing, and gown alike were fascinating and distinguished. Constance felt no inclination to be obsequious. Her native birthright of unconscious ease stood her in good stead. At the same time she desired to appear grateful. She had come to thank the lady of the house, and it was obvious that the lady of the house was a superior individual. What a melodious voice she had, and what a pretty dress! How becoming her crinkly, grizzled hair! What an interesting expression, what a sympathetic light in her eyes! Constance noted these points with woman-like avidity during their interchange of greetings. Mrs. Wilson asked her to sit down.

"I have heard all about you from Mr. Prentiss, Mrs. Stuart," she said, evidently intending by this comprehensive remark to obviate for her visitor the necessity of recurring to a painful past. "He tells me that you have shown great courage. He tells me also that you have left your house and moved into Lincoln Chambers—the new dormitory built under the supervision of our Home Beautifying Society."

"Yes; it is very comfortable. We get a glimpse of the country from our windows."

"I know. That is a conspicuous factor in its favor. Light and fresh air, good plumbing, pure milk, a regular, even though small, supply of ice—these are some of the invaluable aids to health and happiness for all of us, and especially for those upon whom the stress of life falls most heavily. You can command all of these where you are. You have two children, I believe?"

"Yes. A boy of seven and a girl of six."

"They will be a great comfort to you."

"I do not know what I should have done without them."

The pride of maternity encouraged by courtesy drew from Constance this simple avowal of the heart. Though she was not unconscious that Mrs. Wilson's friendliness was imbued with patronage, it was sweet to open her heart for a moment to another woman—and to a woman like this.

"And you have planned to pursue typewriting as an occupation?"

"Yes; I begin my lessons to-morrow, owing to you. I came to thank you for your generosity. It was——"

"I understand. I am very glad that there was something I could do for you. I was interested when Mr. Prentiss spoke to me concerning your necessities and your zeal; I am even more interested now that we have met. I am told by those best informed that there is steady employment for accomplished stenographers. It may be that my own private secretary—a woman who, like yourself, had her own way to make—will be able to send for you presently. My daughter is to be married before long, and there will be errands to be run and things to be done down-town and in the house, if you would not object to making yourself generally useful."

"I shall be grateful for any employment which you can give me."

"I shall remember." Mrs. Wilson smiled sweetly. She had felt her way decorously, but was pleased to find an absence of false pride in her visitor, who was obviously a gentle woman, though lacking the advantages of wardrobe and social prestige—as she reflected, a sort of Burne-Jones type of severe æstheticism, with a common-sense individuality of her own, and an agreeable voice. "It will be a little discouraging at first, I dare say, until you acquire facility in your work; but I feel certain that in a short time you will be not only self-supporting but happy. A woman with two young children can really live on very little if she is provident and discerning. It is the man who eats. Have you ever studied the comparative nutritive properties of foods?"

Constance shook her head.

"I will send you a little pamphlet in regard to this. Many Americans eat more meat than they require; more Americans are wasteful, and ignorant of food values. Housewives of moderate means who approach this subject in a serious spirit can learn how to nourish adequately the human body at a far less cost than their unenlightened sisters. Cereals, macaroni, milk,

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bread and butter, cheese—they are all nutritive and easy to prepare. If I may say so, you appear to me just the woman to appreciate these modern scientific truths, and to make the most of them."

It seemed to Constance that she had never heard anyone speak more alluringly. What was said interested her, and she was pleased by the flattering personal allusion at the close, but every other effect was subordinated for her at the moment to the charm of expression, or, indeed, to Mrs. Wilson's whole magnetic personality as shown in looks and words. She had never before come in personal contact with anything just like it, and it fascinated her. An admiration of this sort would have promptly generated envy and dislike in some women, but in Constance it awoke interest and ambition. Although she felt that she had stayed long enough, she was loth to go, so absorbed was she by the consummate graciousness and sympathetic fluency, by the effective gown and elegant personal details of her hostess. She rose at last, and, impelled to make some acknowledgment of her emotions, said, wistfully, yet in no wise abashed:

"What a beautiful house this is! I have never seen anything like it before. It must be a great pleasure to live here."

The frank artlessness of this tribute was grateful to Mrs. Wilson. "Yes, we think it beautiful. We have tried to make it so. Would you like to walk through some of the other rooms?"

Constance was glad to accept this invitation. As they proceeded Mrs. Wilson let the apartments speak for themselves, adding only an occasional phrase of enlightenment. She was pleased with her visitor, and divined that words were not needful to produce the proper impression. Constance walked as in a trance, admiring unreservedly in thought the splendor, elegance, and diversity of the upholsteries and decoration, admiring also the graceful, magnetic woman beside her whose every gesture and intonation seemed attuned to the exquisite surroundings. As they parted Constance said:

"This has been a great pleasure to me." She added, "I had no idea that people here—in this country—had such beautiful homes, such beautiful things."

There was no repugnance in the confession, but a mere statement of fact which suggested satisfaction rather than umbrage at the discovery, although the ethical doubt of the relevancy of these splendors to American ideals was a part of her subconsciousness. Mrs. Wilson's response gave the finishing touch to this passive doubt. That lady had recognized that she was not dealing with dross but a sensitive human soul, and had refrained from didactic utterances. Yet she felt it her duty, or rather her duty and her mission combined, to take advantage of this opportunity to sow the seed of culture in this rich but unploughed soil by a deft and genuine illustration.

"The spirit which has accomplished what you see here can be introduced into any home, Mrs. Stuart, and work marvels in the cause of beauty, health, and decency," she said with incisive sweetness, her head a little on one side. "Because one is poor it is not necessary to have or foster ugly, inartistic, and sordid surroundings. A little thought, a little reverence for æsthetic truth will not enable those of restricted means to live in luxury, but it will serve to keep beauty enshrined in the hearts of the humblest household—beauty and her hand-maidens, cleanliness, hygiene, and that subtle sense of the eternal fitness of things which neither neglects to use nor irreligiously mismates God's glorious colors. We as a people have been loth to recognize the value of artistic merit as an element of the highest civilization. Until recently we have been content to cultivate morality at the expense of æsthetic feeling, and have only just begun to realize that that type of virtue which disdains or is indifferent to beauty is like salt without savor. There is no reason why in its way your home—your apartment—should not be as faithful to the spirit of beauty as mine. Do you understand me? Do I make myself clear?" Her mobile face was vibrant with the ardor of proselytism.

Constance looked at her eagerly. "I think I understand," she said. "But," she added, "I might not have understood unless I had seen this house—unless I had seen and talked with you." She paused an instant, for the vision of her own tenement as a thing of beauty, alluring as was the opportunity, had to run the gauntlet of her common-sense. Then she asked a practi-

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cal question. "If one had aptitude and experience, I can see that much might be accomplished. But how is one with neither to be sure of being right?"

Conscious of these honest, thoughtful eyes—eyes, too, in which she felt that she discerned latent charming possibilities—Mrs. Wilson had an inspiration which satisfied herself fully as she thought of it later.

"There is often the great difficulty—also the obstacle to those who labor in that vineyard. But in your case I am sure that you have only to search your own heart in order to find the spirit of beauty. After all, the artistic sense is fundamentally largely a matter of character."

Constance went on her way with winged feet. She felt uplifted by the interview. Her starved senses had been refreshed, and her imagination imbued with a new outlook on life, which though foreign, if not inimical, to some of her past associations, she already perceived to be vital and stimulating.

XI

THREE months later, on a rare day in early June, Miss Lucille Wilson was made Mrs. Clarence Waldo, in the presence of a fashionable company. Journalistic social tittle-tattle had engendered such lively public interest that the neighborhood of St. Stephen's was beset by a throng of sightseers—chiefly random women—who for two hours previous to the ceremony occupied the adjacent sidewalks and every spot which would command a glimpse of the bride and guests. A force of policemen guarded the church against the incursion of the multitude. Yet perhaps the patient waiters felt rewarded for their pains, inasmuch as the heroine of the occasion, after alighting from her carriage, stood for an instant at the entrance to the canopy before proceeding, as though she were willing to give the world a brief opportunity to behold her loveliness and grandeur. For those with pocket cameras there was time enough for a snap-shot before she was lost to sight.

Within the church were gay silks and nodding bonnet plumes and imposing formalities. Six maids, each wearing as a memento an exquisite locket encrusted with diamonds, and six ushers with scarf-pins of a pearl set in a circle of tiny rubies, escorted the bride to the altar, where the Rev. Mr. Prentiss and two assistant priests were in attendance. When the happy pair had been made man and wife a choir of expensive voices chanted melodiously "O Perfect Love," and the procession streamed down the aisle on its way to the wedding-breakfast. This was served by a New York caterer on little tables with all the gorgeous nicety of which he was capable. Though June is a month when most delicious things are to be had, an effort had evidently been made to procure delicacies which were not in season. The effect of a jam of guests elbowing for their food, as is usual on such occasions, would have lacerated Mrs. Wilson's sensibilities. Her house was large, so she had been able to invite her entire social acquaintance without crowding her rooms, and her instructions had been that there should be numerous deft waiters in order that each guest might come under the benign influence of personal supervision. Accordingly everyone was pleased and in good spirits unless it were the bridegroom, and the doubt in his case was suggested only by the impassiveness of his countenance at a time when it should properly have been the mirror of his heart's joy. Perhaps he had not fully recovered from the farewell dinner given him by his stag friends, as newspaper women are apt to designate a bachelor's intimates, where he had seen fit to express his emotion by drinking champagne to the point when he became musically mellow, a curious and singularly Anglo-Saxon prelude to the holy rite of matrimony. Nevertheless, he was dignified if unemotional; and his frock coat, built for the occasion, his creased trousers, and mouse-colored spats were irreproachable.

When the hour came for the bride and groom to depart there were so many sightseers about the door that the police had to keep the public at bay in order to afford the happy pair a clear passage to the carriage; and also to give the blithe young men and women ample scope for the discharge of the rice and slippers which convention prescribes shall be hurled at those who set forth on their honeymoon in the blaze of social distinction. For a moment

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the fun was furious, and, the contagion spreading to the spectators, a cheer partly of sympathy, partly of derision broke forth as the spirited horses, bewildered by the shower of missiles, bounded away toward the station. Two hatless, exhilarated youths chased the retreating victims down the street, one of whom skilfully threw an old shoe so that it remained on the top of the vehicle. When the young couple entered the special Pullman car reserved for them the newsboys were already offering papers containing full accounts of the wedding ceremony, including a list of the guests and of the presents with their donors, large pictures of the bride and groom, and diverse cuts reproductive of the salient features of what one of the scribes designated as the most imposing nuptials in Benham's social history.

And so they were married. And sorry as she was to lose her daughter, Mrs. Wilson was thankful to have it all over, and to be able to settle down once more and unreservedly to the schemes for social regeneration which had shared with maternal affection the energies of her adult mind. To a certain extent these interests had been rivals, unconsciously and involuntarily so, but it has already been intimated that Lucille was quite a different person than her mother had intended her to be, and lacked the sympathies which might have made Mrs. Wilson's interests virtually one. To give Lucille all which a modern parent could give and to see her happily married had been her paramount thought. This was now accomplished. The child had received every advantage which wealth could supply, and every stimulus which her own intelligence could suggest. Lucille had not chosen the husband she would have picked out for her. Still Lucille loved him, and since fate had so ordained it, and they had become husband and wife, she was determined to be pleased, and she felt in a measure relieved. The main responsibility was at an end, and she could now enjoy her daughter's married state, and was free to give almost undivided thought to her social responsibilities.

Accordingly on the days which followed the wedding Mrs. Wilson shut herself up in her study, and with the aid of her private secretary proceeded to dispose of her accumulated correspondence, and to put her personal affairs to rights. June was the fag end of the social year. Many of those who had been energetic in social enterprises since the autumn were now a little jaded and on the eve of departure for the country, the Lakes, the Atlantic coast or Europe, in search of that respite from the full pressure of modern life which all who can afford it in our large cities now endeavor to procure for themselves. Nevertheless it was the best time to look the field over and to sow the seeds of new undertakings by broaching them to those whose support she desired by a short note of suggestion which could be mulled over during the summer. It was not the season to extract definite promises from allies or to enlist new recruits, but essentially that for exploiting ideas which might bear fruit later when the brains and sensibilities of Benham's best element had been rested and refreshed. Mrs. Wilson had numerous charities, clubs in furtherance of knowledge and classes promoting hygienic or æsthetic development to be pondered. For some of these—the struggling annual charities—methods like a fair or theatricals must be devised in order to raise fresh annual funds. The progressive courses of the past winter, such as the practical talks to young mothers, with live babies as object-lessons, and lectures on the relaxation of the muscles, must be superseded by others no less instructive and alluring. Then again new blood must be introduced into the various coteries which worked for the regeneration and enlightenment of the poor to make good the losses caused by matrimony or fickleness, and new schemes originated for retaining the attention of the meritorious persons to be benefited. In this last connection the idea of a course which should emphasize the importance to every woman of learning something on which she could fall back for self-support, suggested by Mrs. Stuart's plight, now recurred to her as timely. And besides these public interests there were the—perhaps more absorbing because more flattering—numerous personal demands on her sympathies and time made by other women—women largely of her own, but of every walk. Here it seemed to her was her most precious vineyard, for here the opportunity was given for soul to compass soul in an affinity which blessed both the giver

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and the receiver of spiritual benefits. Sometimes the need which sought her was that of the sinful woman, eager to rehabilitate herself. Sometimes that of the friendless, aspiring student seeking recognition or guidance; but oftener than any that of the blossoming maid or wife of her own class whose yearning nature, reaching out to her's as the flower to the sun and breeze, received the mysterious quickening which is the essence of the higher life, and gave to her in return a love which was like sexual passion in its ardor, but savoring only of the spirit. If she were thus able by the unconscious gifts or grace which were in her to relieve the necessities and attune the aspirations of these choice—and it seemed to her that often the neediest were the choicest—natures, was it strange that she should cherish and even cultivate this involuntary power? Mrs. Wilson's theory in regard to this personal influence was that it was the grateful product of her allegiance to, and passion for, beauty so far as she could lay claim to any merit in the matter. She accepted it as a heaven-sent and heaven-kissing gift which was to be rejoiced in and administered as a trust. Since her talent had turned out to be that of a leader to point the way by virtue of sympathetic intelligence—or, to quote her own mental simile, the electric medium which opened to eager, groping souls the realm of spirit—was not the mission the most congenial which could have been offered her, and in the direct line of her tastes and ambitions? Consequently her private correspondence with those who sought counsel and inspiration in return for adoring fealty was a labor of care as well as of love. Just the right words must be written, and the individual personal touch imparted to each message of criticism, revelation, homely advice, or mere greeting. To be true to beauty and to maintain her individuality by the free outpouring of herself from day to day in felicitous speech of tongue and pen was her glowing task. In the pursuance of it she had acquired mannerisms which were now a part of herself. Her phrases of endearment, her chirography, her note-paper, her method of signing herself, had severally a distinction or peculiarity of their own. All this was now a second nature; but at the outset she had been conscious of it, and, though never challenged, she had once written in vindication in one of her heart-to-heart missives that the mysterious forces of the universe through which God talks with man wear not the garb of conforming plainness, but have each its special exquisiteness; witness the moon-bathed summer night, the mountain peak at sunrise, the lightening glare among the forest pines, the lordly ocean in its many moods. She had a memory for birthdays and anniversaries. In the hour of bereavement her unique words of consolation were the first to arrive. She was prodigal of flowers, and her proselytes, knowing her affection for the rose and the lily, were apt to transform her study into a bower on the slightest excuse. She never wrote without flowers within her range of vision.

In the evening of one of these days following her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Wilson was interrupted in her correspondence by the entrance of her maid with the bewildering news that a baby had been left on the doorsteps, and that a woman, presumably its mother, had, in the act of stealing away after ringing the bell, run into the arms of one of the servants, and was now a prisoner below stairs. The maid was agitated. Should they send for a policeman, or what was to be done? The course to adopt had not been clear to those in authority in the kitchen, and the solution had been left to the mistress whose eleemosynary tendencies had to be taken into account.

An infant, a waif of destiny, left on her doorsteps at dead of night! There was only one thing to do, to see the baby, and to talk to the mother, and for this purpose Mrs. Wilson had both brought before her in the ante-room where she had received Constance Stuart. Rumor flies fast, and by this time a burly, belted policeman had arrived on the scene and stood towering in the background behind the quartette of servants, the butler, the second-man, who had apprehended the woman, a housemaid who had taken the custody of the child, and Mrs. Wilson's own maid. Mrs. Wilson surveyed the group for an instant with the air of a photographer in search of a correct setting. Then, with a smile of divination, she said, authoritatively, "Now, Mary, give the child to its mother, and when I need anyone, I will ring. You, too, Mr. Officer, please wait outside. I am sure

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that this woman will tell me her story more freely if we are alone. And, James, bring some tea—the regular tea-service."

As the servants took their departure, Mrs. Wilson looked again at the woman, whom she had already perceived to be young and good looking. She stood holding her baby securely but not tenderly, with a half-defiant, half-bewildered air, as of a cat at bay in strange surroundings. But though her mien expressed a feline dismay, Mrs. Wilson perceived that she was no desperate creature of the slums. Nor was she flauntily dressed like the courtesan of tradition. Her attire—a neat straw sailor hat, a well-fitting dark blue serge skirt and serge jacket over a white shirt, and decent boots indicated some social aptness; and her features, especially her clever and sensitive, though somewhat hard, mouth gave the challenge of intelligence. It was a smart face, one which suggested quick-wittedness and the habit of self-reliance, if not self-satisfaction, to the detriment of sentiment and delicacy. She appeared to Mrs. Wilson to be about twenty-three, and slightly shorter than Mrs. Stuart, with a sturdier, less flexible figure. Her hair was light brown, and her complexion fair, but she had roving dark eyes which gave a touch of picturesqueness to what might be called the matter-of-fact modernness of her aspect. They were curious eyes, almost Italian in their hue and calibre, yet in repose coldly scrutinizing and impassive. Mrs. Wilson appreciated with a sense of relief that here was no case of sodden ignorance and degradation; for though in such instances the remedy was more obvious, she preferred to be brought in contact with natures which drew upon her intellectual faculties. She believed herself modern in her sympathies, and in her capacity as a philanthropic worker was partial to the problems with which modern conditions and modern thought confront struggling human nature.

"Won't you sit down? And perhaps you would like to lay your baby on the sofa while we talk and I make you some tea."

The girl, who was prepared probably for a sterner method, yielded, after a quiver of uncertainty, to the fascination of this gracious appeal; pausing for a brief instant to examine the tiny face peering from the folds of the knit shawl in which the child was wrapped, but with a gaze scientific rather than maternal, as though she were seeking to trace a likeness or some law of heredity. Then she sat down and raised her eyes to meet her entertainer's with a glance bordering on irony, and which seemed to ask, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Mrs. Wilson noticed that her hands, which lay in her lap, lightly crossed, with the palms down, were long and efficient-looking, and that she wore no wedding-ring.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" Mrs. Wilson resumed, with disarming gentleness.

"A girl." With a contraction of her mouth which began in a bitter smile and ended against her will in a gulp, she added, "I didn't intend to have it. I didn't want to have it. I suppose you've guessed I'm not a married woman "

"Yes, I guessed that. I see, too, that you are in trouble, and my sole object in detaining you here to-night is to give you all the aid in my power. I'm not seeking to judge or to lecture you, but to help you."

The girl regarded her with a matter-of-fact stare, then said, bluntly, "I'd have been all right now if your servant hadn't nabbed me."

"You mean if you had succeeded in abandoning your child?"

"Yes. I was earning my living before, and I could go on. I guess I could have got back my old place."

"But——. Do you mind telling me why you wished to abandon your baby?"

"That's why. I've just told you. To make a fresh start."

"I see. And it was chance, I suppose, that you left it on my door-steps rather than elsewhere?"

"You're Mrs. Randolph Wilson, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I had read about you in the newspapers, and all about the wedding, and that you were tremendously rich. When my child was born I hoped she'd die; but, as she didn't, I made up my mind that the best thing I could do was to let you look after her. But the luck was against me a second time. I was caught again." She laughed as though her only concern was to let fate perceive that she had some sense of humor.

Mrs. Wilson frowned involuntarily. Yet,

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though her taste was offended her curiosity was whetted.

"But wasn't your—wasn't he man enough to look after you and provide for the child?"

"I didn't tell him. He doesn't know. It wasn't his fault. That is"—she paused for a moment, but her expression suggested solicitude lest the naked truth should be disconcerting rather than shame—"I took the chance. Neither of us intended to be married. He travels mostly, and is here only two or three times a year. What would he do with a baby anyway?"

The entrance of the butler with the tea things was opportune. It gave Mrs. Wilson time to think. Her experience of women of this class had been considerable. If not invariably penitent, they had always shown shame or humble-mindedness. Here was a new specimen, degenerate and appalling, but interesting to the imagination.

While the servant set the glittering, dainty silver service on the table at his mistress's side the girl watched her and him with obvious curiosity and a mixture of disdain and fascination. Now and again her roving eyes took in the exquisite surroundings, then reverted to the face of her would-be benefactress as to a magnet. It seemed to be the triumph of a desire not to appear worse than she really was which made her speak when they were alone, and Mrs. Wilson, still in search of inspiration, was busy with the tea-caddy.

"I wasn't going to let her out of my sight until I knew she was safe." She nervously compressed the back of one of her hands with the long fingers of the other in the apparent effort to justify her course, a consideration to which she was evidently not accustomed. "Wouldn't she have had a better home at the expense of the State than any I could have given her? And there was the chance you might take a fancy to her and adopt her. She's less homely than the average new-born young one. You see I thought everything over, lady. And next to its dying that seemed to me the best chance it had for happiness in a best possible world."

"Ah, but you musn't talk like that. It's hard, I know, egregiously hard. But you mustn't be bitter," said Mrs. Wilson, with mandatory kindness.

The girl smiled in a superior fashion; it was almost a sneer. Her desire to justify herself had been an involuntary expression. Now vanity intervened, vanity and the pride of smouldering opinion. "I'm not bitter; I'm only telling you the plain truth. I'm ignorant, I dare say, compared to you; but I'm not so ignorant as you think. I've thought for myself some; and—and all I say is that this isn't any too good a world for a girl like me anyway, and when a girl like me goes wrong, as you call it, and has a kid, instead of crying her eyes out the sensible thing for her to do is to find someone to look after it for her."

"Which only proves, my child, that such a thing ought never to happen to her."

"No—not if she has luck."

There was a brief pause; then with an impulsive glide Mrs. Wilson swept across the room and transferred a cup of tea to the hands of this wanderer from the fold of grace and ethics. The girl, taken off her guard, tried to rise to receive it, and looked at her with the half-fascinated expression of a bird struggling against the fowler. Sitting down beside her, Mrs. Wilson took one of her hands and said, "Do you not understand, my dear, that society must insist for its own preservation that a woman shouldn't go wrong? The whole safety of the family is based on that. That's the reason the world has to seem a little cruel to those of our sex who sin against purity. Children must know who their fathers are." She had these precepts in their modern guise at the tip of her tongue; she hastened to add, benignly, "But though the world in self-defence turns a cold shoulder on the unchaste woman, for her who seeks forgiveness and a fresh start there are helping hands and loving words which offer forbearance and counsel and friendship."

"But supposing I'm not seeking forgiveness? That's the trouble, lady. If only now I were a shame-faced, contrite sinner down in the dust at the foot of the cross asking permission to lead a new life, how much simpler it would be for both of us!"

Mrs. Wilson gasped. The coolness of the sacrilege disturbed her intellectual poise. The girl might have been speaking of an invitation to dinner instead of the redemption of her soul so casual was her regret. "That is where you belong; that is where you must come in order to find grace and peace," she said, in an intense whisper.

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"I've shocked you."

"Yes, you've shocked me. But that doesn't matter. You don't realize what you're saying. The important thing is to save you from yourself, to cleanse the windows of your soul so that the blessed light of truth may enter."

The girl regarded her curiously, nervously abashed at the impetuous kindness of this proselytism. "That's what I meant by saying I'd thought some. If it's church doctrine you mean, you'd only be disappointed. It may help people like you. But for the working people—well, some of us who use our wits don't think much of it."

Though Mrs. Wilson looked profoundly grieved, the spiritual melancholy emanating from her willowy figure and mobile countenance was charged with resolution as well as pity.

"It isn't merely church doctrine that you lack. You lack the spirit of Christian civilization. Your entire point of view is distorted. You are blind, child, utterly blind to the eternal verities."

The girl's dark eyes grew luminous in response to this indictment, but a deprecating smile trembled on her lip in protest at her own susceptibility.

"What is it you want me to do?" she said at last.

"To begin with, I wish you to support your child as a woman should. You brought it into the world, and you owe to the helpless little thing a mother's love and care. Will you tell me your name?"

"Loretta Davis."

"And what has been your employment?"

"They don't know. I don't want them to know. I gave them as an excuse that I was tired of the place."

"I'm not asking your employer's name. What kind of work was it?"

"I was assistant cashier in a drug store."

"And before that?"

"I answered the bell for a doctor."

"I see. I don't wish to pry into your affairs; but do you belong here? Are your parents living?"

"I don't mind telling. There's not much to tell. My father and mother are dead. I was born about a hundred miles from here and attended the public school. I had my living to make, so I came to Benham about two years ago. I had acquaintances, and was crazy to go into a store. But a girl who came from the same town as I was going to be married, and got me her place to look after the doctor's bell and tidy up. He was a dentist. He lost his health and had to go to Colorado for his lungs, and then I went to the drug store. That's all there is to tell, lady—that is, except one thing, which doesn't count much now."

"You might as well tell me that also."

"Oh, well, I'd been thinking of training to be a nurse when I got into trouble. I'd got used to doctors and medicine, and they told me I had the sort of hands for it." She exhibited her strong, flexible fingers. "If I had got rid of my baby, I was going to apply to a hospital. So you see I've got some ambition, lady. I wanted to be of some use. I'm not altogether bad."

"No, no, I'm sure you're not. I understand perfectly. And the baby shan't stand in the way of your making the most of yourself. I will arrange all that." Mrs. Wilson spoke with fluent enthusiasm. She felt that she had discovered the secret of, if not the excuse for, the girl's callousness. Unwelcome maternity had interrupted the free play of her individuality at the moment when she was formulating a career, and as a modern woman herself, Mrs. Wilson understood the bitterness of the disappointment. It gave her a cue to Loretta's perversion, so that she no longer felt out of touch with her. She refrained from the obvious temptation of pointing out that a nurse's best usefulness would be to guard her tender child, and broached instead the project which swiftly suggested itself the moment she felt that she had fathomed the cause of the culprit's waywardness.

"I know just the home for you; a little tenement in the Lincoln Chambers. The rooms are savory, convenient, and attractive, and on the opposite side of your entry lives an earnest, interesting spirit, a woman whose husband has deserted her, left her with two children to provide for. She will be glad to befriend you, and you will like her. I happen to know that the tenement is vacant, and it is the very place for you.

Loretta had listened with sphinx-like attention. When Mrs. Wilson paused her eyes began to make another tour of her surroundings, and at the close her remark ignored the theme of conversation.

"I never was inside a multi-millionaire's house before. That's what you are, ain't it?"

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The query was queer, but not to be evaded. "I'm a rich woman certainly, which makes it all the easier for me to help you." If this savored of a pauperizing line, which was contrary to Mrs. Wilson's philanthropic principles, she felt that she must not at all hazards let the girl slip through her fingers.

"If I'm willing that you should."

"Of course. But you are, I'm sure you are. You're going to trust me and to put yourself into my hands."

The confidence and charm of this fervor suddenly met with their reward. Loretta had held back from genuine scruples, such as they were. Instinctive independence and a preconceived distrust of fine ladies had kept her muscles stiff and her face set, though she felt thrilled by a strange and delicious music. No one could have guessed that it was only the habit of awkwardness which restrained her from falling on her knees in an ecstasy of self-abasement, not from an access of shame, but as a tribute to the woman whose personality had captivated her against her will.

"You seem to take a heap of interest in me, don't you?" The words by themselves suggested chiefly surprise, but the sign of her surrender showed itself in her eyes. They were lit suddenly with an intensity which overspread her countenance, bathing its matter-of-fact smartness in the soft light of emotion. "I'm willing to do whatever you like," she said.

XII

IF it be said of Gordon Perry, attorney and counsellor-at-law, that he was loth to incur the modern epithet, "crank," it was equally true that he had ideals and cherished them. He believed in living up to his convictions. At the same time his sense of humor made him aware that to dwell unduly on premeditated virtue is the prerogative of a prig, and that it is often wise in a workaday world to yield an inch if one would gain an ell. His form of yielding was apt to be genial, thoughtful consideration of the other man's point of view, a virtual admission that there were two sides to the case, instead of flying in the face of his opponent. The modern American regards this tactful moderation as essential to the despatch of business, and prides himself on its possession. It is the oil of the social industrial machine. Also it is slippery stuff. One is liable to slide yards away from one's point of view unless one plants one's feet firmly. It is so much easier to follow the trend than to resist it. The natural tendency of those not very much in earnest is to woo success by dancing attendance on the powers which are, both movements and men. So convictions become palsied, and their owners mere puppets in the whirl of human activity. For the sake of fortune, fame, or oftenest for the sake of our bread and butter, we subscribe to theories and support standards which we suspect at heart to be unsound, lest we fail to keep step with the class to which we belong.

How to preserve his poise as an independent character and at the same time avoid antagonism with some of his new friends had become interesting to Gordon Perry. He had reached a point where he had only to be quiescent in order to reap presently a rich harvest. His clear-headedness, his quickness, and his common sense had been recognized, and it was in the air that he was a rising man in his profession. People of importance had taken him up. It was known that he had attended to certain matters for Paul Howard, from whom it was only one step to the source of many gigantic undertakings productive of fat fees. To the eye of shrewd observers in Benham he had only to go on as he had been going, and attend strictly to business, in order to emerge from the ranks of his brother lawyers, and become one of the small group which controlled the cream of the legal business of the city. Instead of bringing accident cases he would defend them for powerful corporations. Instead of conducting many small proceedings at an expense of vitality for which his clients could not afford and did not expect to pay adequately, he would be employed by banks and trust companies, would organize and reorganize railroads, be made the executor of large estates and the legal adviser of capitalists in financial schemes from which profits would accrue to him in the tens of thousands. It ought to be comparatively plain sailing. This was obvious to the man in question as well as to his contemporaries.

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He knew that his business was growing, and sundry rumors had reached him that he had been spoken of in inner circles as skilful and level-headed.

To indicate the current which ran counter in Gordon Perry's thoughts to his appreciation of these possibilities it will be necessary to refer briefly to his past and to his mental perspective. He was the son of a widow. Also a soldier's son. His father, a volunteer, had survived the Civil War, and, attracted by the rising destinies of Benham, had made his home there, only to fall victim to a fever within a year of his coming. Gordon was then eleven years old. A policy of life insurance kept the wolf from the door for the afflicted widow so far as a bare subsistence was concerned. She had a small roof over her head, and was able by means of boarders and needle-work to present a decent front to the world while she watched over her sole treasure, her only child. Her ambition was to give him an education, and her ambition in this respect was neither niggardly nor ignorant. He was to have the best—a college training—and to give him this it delighted her to pinch and to slave. When a woman's duty is squarely determined by responsibility for a fatherless son, it is comparatively easy for her to be true to her trust to the extent of complete devotion and unselfishness. But devotion and unselfishness do not include wisdom. Happy for him whose mother is a victim neither to superstition nor to silliness, but sees life with a clear, sane outlook. Mrs. Perry was one of those American women educated in the days of Emersonian spirituality, when society walked in the lightest marching order as regards material comforts and embellishments, who were austere and sometimes narrow in their judgments, but who set before them as the one purpose of life the development of character. She was simple, pious, brisk, and direct; setting great store on acting and speaking to the point, and abhorring compromise or evasions. In her religious faith she believed, as a Unitarian, about what liberal Episcopalians and Presbyterians believe to-day. Doctrine, however, appeared to her of minor importance compared to the pursuit of noble aims and the practice of self-control. She wished her son to care for the highest things, those of the spirit and the intellect, because she regarded them with sincerity as the passports to human progress; and, though her æsthetic aims were dwarfed, and human color and grandeur may have seemed to her to smack of degeneracy, the white light of her aspirations had a convincing beauty of its own.

Under the influence of this training and this point of view, Gordon went to Harvard. There he encountered a new atmosphere. The old gods were not dead, but they seemed moribund, for there were others. The college motto, "Veritas," still spoke the watchword of faith, yet the language of his class-mates led him to perceive that what was the truth was again in controversy. The Civil War was over, but the martial spirit which had sprung into being at the call of duty and love of country was seething in the veins of a new generation eager to rival in activity the heroism of its fathers. It was no longer enough to walk in contemplation beneath the college elms and develop character by introspective struggle. Truth—the whole truth, lay not there. Was not useful, skilful action in the world of affairs the true test of human efficiency? A great continent lay open to ingenuous youth, trained to unearth and master its secrets. How was it to be conquered unless the spirit of energy was nourished by robust frames, unless men were practical and competent as well as soulful?

Gordon listened to this new note with a receptive ear, and recognized its value. Hitherto he had thought little of his body, which, like an excellent machine, had performed its work without calling itself to his attention. Now he took part in college athletics, and realized the exhilaration which proceeds from healthful competitive exercise. Through contact with his mates, and active participation in the affairs of the college world, he experienced also the still more satisfactory glow, best described as the joy of life which, partly physical, partly athletic, had never been a portion of his consciousness. He was drafted for the football team, and by his prowess and his pleasant, manly style acquired popularity in the college societies, that fillip to self-reliance and proper self-appreciation. If, as a consequence, he relaxed somewhat his efforts to lead his class in scholarship, which had been his sole ambition at the start, he did not forget that he was a pensioner on his

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mother's self-sacrifice; and though his rank at graduation was not in the first half-dozen, it was in the first twenty-five, and it could be said of him that he looked fit for the struggle of life, the possessor of a healthy mind in a well-developed body. He was sophisticated, but his soul was untarnished by dissipation, and the edge of his enthusiasm for enterprise and endeavor was not dulled. Then followed three years at the law school, where in common with nearly everyone he worked like a beaver to equip himself for his profession. There all interests—it might be said all emotions—were absorbed in contemplation of technical training. But he was still under the shadow of the Harvard elms, and the great world lay beyond, a land of mysterious promise to his eager vision.

However clear-sighted and philosophical a college graduate, his first actual contact with the great world is apt to be depressing. Society seems so large and so indifferent; he is so insignificant and so helpless—he who six months ago was a hero in the eyes of his companions. Especially is this apt to be the case when one is translated from the dizzy democratic heights of college renown to a humble, humdrum social station. It was no revelation to Gordon Perry to find himself the son of a hard-working, inconspicuous boarding-house keeper, but it sobered him. He was neither ashamed of the fact nor dismayed by it. On the contrary, the sight of his mother's tired face and figure subordinated every ambition to his loving determination to conquer the world for her sake. It seemed, however, a less simple matter to conquer the world now that he was an unknown student in a law office in a large city, with no family influence or powerful friends to abet his endeavors. For the first few years his lot was so obscure that the contrasts of life arrested his attention as they had never done before, though as a subconsciousness, for he never outwardly paused in his efforts to become indispensable to the firm of lawyers in whose office he was. He beheld acquaintances in various employments, whose mental superior he believed himself to be, put in the direct line of preferment through pecuniary or social influence, and had to solace himself with the dotrine—also the American doctrine—that it was every man's privilege to make the most of his own advantages, and his duty to acknowledge the same privilege in others.

Some young men are made cynical by the perception of the workings of free competition; others simply thoughtful. Gordon was among the latter. Life presented itself to him from a new perspective, and if it suddenly appeared both perplexing and distressing, it appeared none the less interesting. His personal dismay, if this passing reaction deserves so harsh a term, was transient, but it was the precursor to graver, disinterested musings. His attention once arrested by the inequalities of life turned further afield and became riveted by concern and by pity. Why in this city, established under free institutions, was it necessary that thousands should be living in poverty, ignorance, and social ineffectiveness if not degradation? It ought not to be. It must not be. How could it be averted? This outburst of his protesting spirit encountered the query of his dispassionate mind—what remedy do you suggest? It was like a douche of cold water. Instinctively he reached out for help. He knew that he was in search of truth this time, but he abhorred an *ignis fatuus*. He began to ask questions and to read. There were various answers on the lips of those whom he consulted, for the question seemed to be in the air. Many, and there were among them some whose broad shoulders, free carriage, and prosperously self-reliant air told of that joy in living and practical, world-conquering serenity typical of the successful man of the present generation, who assured him, often in a whisper, as though it were a confidence, that these inequalities must always exist. Were not men's abilities different, and would they not always be so? Was it just that one man's energy and skill should be curtailed to keep pace with another's incapacity? What would become of human individuality and brilliancy if everyone's earning and owning were to be circumscribed by metes and bounds, and we were all to become commonplace, unimaginative slaves of socialism? It was right, of course, that existing abuses in the way of long hours and insufficient pay should be rectified. That was on the cards. In many cases it had been already consummated. And what had malcontents or critics of the existing industrial system to say to the long list of splendid benefactions—free libraries,

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free hospitals, free parks, and free museums—given to the community by rich men—men who had been abler and more progressive than their fellows? Surely the world would be a dull place without competition.

There were others who declared that the destruction of the poor was their poverty, and that the poor man was at fault. That if he would let liquor alone, have fewer children, and brush his teeth regularly, he would be happy and prosperous. They called Gordon's attention to the many schemes for the uplifting of the industrial masses which were already in operation in Benham, homes for abandoned children, evening classeswhere instruction and diversion were skilfully blended, model tenements, and, most modern of all, college settlements, the voluntary transplanting of individual educated lives into social Saharas.

The books which he read were of two classes. Their writers were either optimistic apologists for the current ills of civilization, deploring and deprecating their existence, and suggesting the gradual elimination of social distress by education and intelligent humanity—"the giving of self unreservedly," as many put it—without serious modification of the structure of society; or they were outspoken enemies of the present industrial status, alleging that poverty and degradation were an inseparable incident of unchecked human competition, and that these evils would never be eradicated until the axe was applied to the fundamental cause. These latter critics had diverse preliminary crucial remedies at heart, such as the capitalization of land, government control of railroads, mines, and other sources of power, or the appropriation to the use of the community of a slice of abnormal profits.

Most of this presentation, whether through men or from books, was not new to Gordon; but it had been hitherto unheeded by him and had the full effect of novelty. He found himself staring at a condition of affairs which he had patriotically if carelessly supposed could not exist in the land of the free and the home of the brave until he suddenly opened his eyes and beheld in full operation in his native city, of which he was becomingly proud, those grave contrasts of station common to older civilizations, which included on the one hand not only the uneducated army of workers in Benham's pork factories, oil-yards, and iron mills, but an impecunious, shiftless lower class, and on the other what was, relatively speaking, a corporal's guard of wealthy, wideawake, luxurious, ambitious masters of the situation, to whom he hoped presently to commend himself as a legal adviser.

But what was the remedy? What was his remedy? In the coolness of second thoughts, after months of ferment, he had to confess that he had none—at least none at the moment. Simultaneously he had reached the further conclusion, which was both a relief and a distress, that whatever could be done must be gradual, so gradual as to be almost imperceptible when measured by the span of a single life. He recalled, with a new appreciation of the truth, the saying that the mills of God grind slowly. From the van-guard hope of a complete change in current conditions, by a series of telling blows of his own conception, he was forced back to a modest stand behind the breast-works. Modest because he began to examine with a new respect the philanthropic and economic apparatus for attack already in position, which he had at first glance been disposed to regard as too cumbersome and dilatory. Here was where his purpose not to be quixotic and visionary came to his support. He realized that it was necessary for him to wait and to study before he could hope to be of service; that he must take his position in the ranks and observe the tactics of others before attempting to assume leadership or to initiate reforms.

One effect of this check to his soaring aspirations at the dictate of his common sense was to give a fresh impetus to his resolve to succeed in his profession. For a brief period the shock of his discoveries had been so stunning that he almost felt as though it were his duty and his mission to devote his life to finding a remedy for the ills of civilization. His mother's necessities stood as a bar to this. But with the ebbing of his vision he found himself no longer beset with doubts as to the legitimacy of his apprenticeship. It seemed to him clearly his duty, not only on his mother's account but his own, to throw himself into his work unreservedly with the intention of hitting the mark. He had his bread

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to earn, his way to make. How would it profit him or anyone that he should forsake his calling and stand musing by the wayside merely because he was distressed by the inequalities of the industrial system? Inequalities which existed all over the world and were as old as human nature. He had no comprehensive cure to suggest, so for the time being his lips were sealed and his hands tied by his own ignorance. And if conscience, borrowing from some of the books which he had read, argued that the prosperous lawyer was the agent of the rich against the poor, the strong against the weak, his answer was that the taunt was not true, and his retort by way of a counter-sally was that in no country in the world did the laboring man receive so high wages as in this. This at least was a step forward, and so he felt justified to follow precedent and to bide his time.

In order to succeed a young lawyer must be ceaselessly vigilant. It is not enough to perform faithfully what he is told. There are many who will do this. The man who gets ahead is he who does more than the letter of his employment demands, who anticipates instructions and disregards time and comfort in order to follow a clue of evidence or elucidate a principle. So he becomes indispensable, and by and by the opportunity presents itself which the shiftless ascribe to luck. Gordon Perry revealed this faculty of indefatigable initiative. The firm in whose office he was a student had a large business, chiefly in the line of commercial law. The transit of the various commodities to which Benham owed her prosperity was necessarily productive of considerable litigation against the railroads as common carriers and between the shippers and consignees of wares and merchandise. Besides, there were constant suits for personal injuries to be prosecuted or defended, involving nice distinctions as to what is negligence, and bringing in their train much practice for the juniors in the investigation of testimony. From the outset Gordon worked with unsparing enthusiasm, seeking to do the work entrusted to him so thoroughly that those who tried the cases would find the situation clearly defined and everything at their fingers' ends. When it was perceived that he was not only diligent but discerning and accurate, they began to rely on him, and by the end of three years the responsibility of trying as well as of preparing the less important proceedings in the lower courts became his. Also, by showing himself solicitous regarding the affairs of the clients of the office, he was able now and again to supply information or tide matters over when the member of the firm inquired for was out; and it was not long before some of them formed the habit of consulting him directly in minor matters. When at the end of five years the senior partner, who had independent means, retired in order to go to Congress, his two associates came to the conclusion that it would be good policy, as well as just, to give Perry, as the most promising young man in the office, a small interest in the business. This promotion naturally gave him a new status with the clients, and most of those who had been in the habit of consulting him offhand, now laid their serious troubles before him. So by the time he was twenty-nine he was well started in his profession, and able to extract a promise from his mother that if he continued to prosper for another year, she would yield to his solicitations to give up her boarders and move into a brighter neighborhood.

Although absorbed in his profession, Gordon's genial charm soon brought him invitations of a social nature. He became a member of a law club of men of his own age, which met once a month to compare impressions and banish dull care over a good dinner. Still eager for exercise he joined a rowing club on the river Nye, and a gymnasium. After he was admitted to the firm he had his name put up for election at one of the social clubs, The University, so called because its members were college graduates. Here he met the educated young men of the city, and though his mother had an old-fashioned prejudice against clubs, as aristocratic resorts where men gambled and drank more than was good for them, Gordon felt that he needed some place where he could play a game of whist or billiards with congenial spirits or look at magazines in a cosey library as an antidote to his sterner pursuits. Mrs. Perry was more than willing to trust her son, so she sighed and set down to the changed temper of the day the spread of Benham's club fever. For, like other progressive cities, Benham was fairly honey-

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combed with clubs. The American social instinct had become almost daft on the subject, and no two or three men or women could come together for any purpose without organizing. From a constitution and by-laws the road was apt to be short to rooms or a clubhouse. The University was one of half a dozen of the purely social clubs of the city, a spacious establishment modelled on European traditions with American plumbing and other modern comforts. Gordon was prompted to join by Paul Howard, who declared that he preferred it for genuine enjoyment to the Eagle Club, the favorite resort of the very rich and fashionable—the Spread Eagle, as the malicious termed it. At The University there was secular instrumental music on Sunday afternoons, a custom copied from Boston, that former hotbed of ascetic Sabbath life, and on Saturday nights a cold supper was provided, about which stood in pleasant groups the active professional and business men of the city and those who followed the arts—musicians, painters, and literary men.

"Exclusive and aristocratic all the samee," said Hall Collins, contemptuously, one day when Gordon vouchsafed to him a glowing account of these Saturday nights. Hall was one of the moving spirits in the only other club of which Gordon was a member, The Citizens' Club, the somewhat ambitious title of an organization conducted by young men interested in civic and industrial reform, not unlike that to which the unhappy Emil Stuart had belonged.

"Which only shows how little you understand what we are after," was the prompt answer. "There isn't a more truly democratic place in the world—only we insist that a man should win his spurs before he is entitled to consideration. A clod, while he is a clod, isn't a gentleman, and it isn't good American doctrine to regard him as one. No logic will make him so. You're talking through your hat, Hall, and you know it."

Hall grinned. It was true he was not more than half in earnest, but he was more than half suspicious of Gordon. He could not make him out, which nettled him, for Hall Collins liked to have men docketed in his mind.

"To Gehenna with your gentlemen!" he retorted. "What use are spurs to a man who has no boots to wear them on?"

"Hear, hear!" interjected two or three bystanders whose attention was caught by the metaphor.

"It strikes me, young man," pursued Collins, who had his chair tipped back, his feet on the table and was smoking a fat cigar which one of the aldermen had given him, appropriated by the wholesale at a city banquet, "that you're trying to ride two horses." He was glad to have an audience to the discussion, for he could not make up his mind that Gordon was sincere in his interest in the Citizens' Club, and he feared some ulterior motive, political or quasi-philanthropic.

"Yes, that's just what I'm doing," answered Gordon. "Half of the lack of sympathy between the educated and the uneducated, between capital and labor, as you like to call it, lies in the imagination. What is there incompatible in being a member of a club like this and wearing patent-leather shoes and the latest thing in collars?"

"It smacks too much of college settlements. It doesn't go to the root of things."

"But it helps just as they help, unless in the ideal democracy you are aiming at there's to be no place for the refinements of life, for soft speech, gentle manners, and the arts. In the millennium are we all to be uncouth and unimaginative?"

"Score one for the man with the patent-leather shoes, only he hasn't got them on," exclaimed one of the listeners.

"You're beginning at the wrong end. You put the cart before the horse; that's the trouble with you. What's the use of decorating a house that's going to be struck by lightning?" With all his prejudice and homely exterior Hall Collins was at heart no demagogue or charlatan. He was dead in earnest himself and he wished others to be. He was conversant with the history of the development of trades-unions over the world. He was a student of humanitarian reforms and gave all the time which he could spare from his occupation as a master-mason to the furtherance of what he considered legislative progress.

"Struck by lightning, and then there's no house, only ruins. That's not what you desire, Hall Collins, you, I, nor anyone here. We're all seeking the same thing, and we're all groping more or less in the dark—putting the cart before the horse, may be. But you haven't any panacea for

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what's wrong more than I have. All we can hope to do is to make a few trifling alterations on the premises—paper a wall or enlarge a flue—before our lease expires. The chief reason I joined this club was that I might stop theorizing and wringing my hands and get down to business. We all recognize there's plenty of practical work waiting for us, so what's the use of distrusting each other's theories or motives? I've no Congressional bee in my bonnet. I'm not trying to climb to political prominence on the shoulders of the horny-handed Citizens' Club."

Hall colored slightly. He had been harboring just that suspicion.

"Good talk." "Come off your perch, Hall. This man Perry's all right," was the response of several listeners. The group was now a dozen.

Hall took his feet from the table, stood up and put out his hand. "It isn't because the boys say so," he said. "I'm taking you on your own word, Perry, and you'll never hear me peep again. You've the right idea; it's no time for speculating, for there's lots of business to be done right here in Benham. And if I had a notion you might be masquerading—well, there have been cases where men in patent leathers and dandy collars showed up strong in working-men's clubs, and the only business they ever did was to lay and pull wires."

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," said Ernest Bent. "Hall was born great, but if Don Perry wants to go to the Legislature why shouldn't the Citizens' Club send him there?"

"That's so," said a second.

"Not until he wins those spurs he spoke of—not if he's the man I take him to be," exclaimed Collins, doughtily.

"Not under any circumstances. I have no wish for office. I don't desire to be a politician." Gordon spoke eagerly. The only thought in his mind was to deprecate the suggestion. It was true that in looking over the field there had seemed to him almost a glut of philanthropists, and he had chosen the Citizens' Club as a more promising opening than charitable work. But his ambition was only to be a private in the ranks.

"And yet," commented Hall, "what should we do without politicians? They are the only persons who put things through, and laws on the statute books are what we need. Look at this cigar." He exhibited the butt end, which was all that was left. "The man who gave it to me helped himself to a box, and the only thing he wouldn't help himself to is a red-hot stove, but I didn't spit in his face and I smoked his cigar, and I dare say he'll vote for some of our batch of bills because I told him a good story. It's disgusting." He threw down the butt and trod it under foot. "The cardinal sin of the sovereign people is their ignorance. Will they never learn not to send dishonest men to represent them?"

"You see that Hall is both an idealist and practical," said Ernest Bent to Gordon. It was through Bent that Gordon had joined the Citizens' Club. He was his next-door neighbor, the son of an apothecary, and had, while following his trade behind the counter, read books on the science of government, and the rights and wrongs of man, with excursions to Darwin and Huxley. As the result of bandying opinions from time to time he had taken Gordon one evening to a meeting of the club, and subsequently invited him to become a member. Gordon did not need persuasion to join. It seemed to him just the opportunity he had been looking for to espouse the cause which he had at heart, by focussing his sympathies on practical measures. He recognized that the Club was not only a debating body, but aimed to be a political force, and that many of its members were expert and not entirely scrupulous politicians. But, on the other hand, in spite of the jaundiced views of some of those who harangued the meetings, Gordon discerned that a half-dozen men were really in control—among them Collins and Bent—and that they were guided by a sincere and reasonably cautious ambition to procure scientific reforms. A little consideration convinced him that he was glad they were seeking to wield political influence. It gave the effect of reality, of battle. Academic discussion was a vital prelude to well-considered action, but, after all, as Hall Collins said, the only thing which really counted was law on the statute books. It suited his manhood to feel that he was about to fight for definite issues.

(To be continued.)

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THE CONVALESCENCE OF GERALD

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE Doctor began in a tone suavely cynical: "Of course, if you *will* keep him done up in cotton wool—" then he met Gerald's sad eyes, looked again at his patiently folded hands, and burst forth hotly: "Madam, take those collars off that boy, and cut his hair, and take off his shoes! Yes, sir! Let him go barefoot, I tell you!"

It was understood in the village that when the Doctor said "Sir" to a woman the case was a serious one.

"Let him play with French children if he wants to. Never mind their morals. Let 'em teach him how to steal apples and grow fat!"

The pale face in the centre of the broad collar quivered with a smile which was repressed with swift politeness behind his thin hand. Mrs. Bailey quailed.

"Steal apples!"

"Get him a horse and a big dog—a puppy with some ginger in him, that will walk on him and wash his face."

"W-walk on him?"

"When you've done these things you can call me in again. I shan't come before."

. . . . . .

The first arrival at the Bailey stables was a nebulous yellow mass, with appendages of head and feet. The ears were still raw along the outer edges where they had been clipped to points, and this was rather premature, for one could not yet tell whether he would be mastiff or Great Dane when he grew up. The ears were clipped on the Great Dane hypothesis.

Johnny Premo, the coachman, said: "Yas, he one big dog. Gon be bigger. Doctor he come up to see if he's big 'nough. Mis' Bailey say she couldn' get no bigger. Doctor say, has he tried knockin' down Gerald? Mis' Bailey say she so 'fraid an' cry. Gerald, he put his arms 'round puppy's neck an' say his name gon be Joriander, outer some book he been readin'. Puppy put his arms roun' Gerald's neck an' wash 'is face an' roll 'im all roun' an' 'en Mis' Bailey cry some more. Gerald laugh. Doctor say, all right. Gerald he sleep with 'im that night. Me, I got wash 'im, all tam, all tam."

After Joriander was established came one day a slim, graceful thing with sweeping tail, the arch of whose pretty neck did not reach the shoulders of the black carriage horses. Her eyes were of maternal softness. She trod with an airy swing, but chose her steps fastidiously, seeming to make certain that no smaller thing than herself was underfoot.

Johnny Premo said: "She one Arab pony. Mr. Bailey, he say she cos' some-

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ting. Doctor come up to see 'ow she do. We put the new saddle on 'em—all silver and yellow leather, an' hist up Gerald an' hol' 'im on, an' 'e tumble off soon's we leggo, an' she stop an' turn roun' an' look sorry, an' we put 'im up again an' 'e fall off again, but 'e laugh all tam, an' don get scared, an' bimeby they go roun' the stable yard without Gerald fallin' off, an' Mis' Bailey cry, and Mr. Bailey say, she worth every penny, an' the Doctor say, Hurrah, we're comin' on! I fin' Gerald out here nex' mornin' six o'clock curryin' her with his own lil brush an' comb. Says 'er name's Dolly."

"That? Oh!—Gerry Bailey. Don't you know the Doctor said they'd lose him if they didn't let him go barefoot and all sorts of things. Still, I don't see why she need make a circus of him."

"Gerry Bailey, *riding!* I thought it was as much as ever he could be taken around in a baby wagon!"

He wore blue denim overalls and a straw hat like a toad-stool. His delicate bare toes squirmed nervously against Dolly's warm ribs, letting the stirrup swing empty. Joriander shambled at one side with a countenance fierce and sullen—unless you were brave enough to draw near and read

"Yas, he one big dog. Gon be bigger."—Page 496.

The town's two important streets cross at its centre, and of these, the greatest is Elm, which extends from the post-office and railroad station in the west to some indefinite eastern point among farms, calm and smooth under its old trees and between its substantial houses.

The people sit about on verandas and lawns and embroider or play croquet, and particularly they watch all that passes in Elm Street.

"What on earth!" said Mrs. Simpson. She was in a red rocking-chair under an arbor vitæ scalloping a bib for her first grandchild. Her daughter, Mrs. Ferry, who was swinging in a hammock and reading a magazine, looked up and said:

the baby innocence of his eyes. Then you understood how his great jaws merely grew that way, and had nothing to do with his soul.

Yet he could be stern on occasion, for when Gerald's hat blew off he flung upon it with such violent punishment that he brought back only a small piece of the brim as proof of justice done, the way executioners used to deposit the heads of a king's enemies at his feet. Then Gerald laughed until he fell into the soft wayside grass, and there Joriander danced upon him with rabid affection until Mrs. Simpson came, saying, "Get down, you nasty dog!" and lifted Gerald to the saddle again.

It is said that on that first journey he

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was put back thus six times by troubled neighbors, and his riding has been compared to that of the White Knight in "Alice," but it was no great distance from Dolly's back to the ground, and they always managed to reach grass before the tumble came.

So when Gerald returned to his own gate, where his trembling mother waited, his cheeks were like wild rose petals, his eyes gleamed, and his closely cropped hair, the hat being gone, was like red gold in the sun.

Each day there were fewer tumbles, and Dolly's walk was more rapid, until, about the first of July, she broke into a careful gallop. The people left their embroidery and croquet and stood along the sidewalk ready to pick up the White Knight, but it was not necessary. Gerry smiled as he passed them. The smile was not so gentle as it had been. Someone called it a grin. After that it was observed that the pink stayed in his cheeks. Then the neighbors stopped being sympathetic. They even spoke of Joriander resentfully as "that great dog," talked of muzzles and called their own dogs into the house when he

Gerry was standing up on her back.—Page 499.

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Sad Dolly kept on, Gerry riding like a little cavalryman.—Page 500.

appeared. He *was* growing, but that was nothing he could help.

. . . . . .

"Will you tell me what *that* is?" gasped Mrs. Simpson. She was putting scallops around the edge of her first grandchild's dress.

"Well, she *has* made a circus of him!" said Mrs. Ferry.

The saddle was gone from Dolly's back. Instead there was a blanket with a wide strap. Dolly was treading as if she said, "Now, hold your breath!" Gerry was standing up on her back. This was near the end of July. The rose color of his cheeks had vanished under tan, and the tan was usually obscured by dirt. His feet were more like bronze than wax. His red-gold hair was bleached to silver and so were his eyebrows and eyelashes. As he passed the people of Elm Street he yelled "Hi!" and did not tumble off.

Mrs. Ferry said she had heard he was playing with French children—had been observed with Dolly and Joriander up at the sand-pit with a large and ragged following, making some kind of fort which the wind of the night always destroyed, so that it was like Penelope's web and had to be built anew each morning, for there is not enough clay in that region to make such edifices hold together properly.

"You never see them *with* him," explained Mrs. Ferry. "You know how those young ones are, they vanish if you come too near, but I've made them out with my opera-glasses. He's a regular little king of beggars. When I was there to tea, he said to his mother, 'Me, I don' lak health food no more.' And she said, 'Gerry, with *whom* have you been playing?' And he said, 'The Doctor said I might.' And she didn't dare answer a word. I have my opinion of the Doctor."

. . . . . .

"What in the world ails that horse!" said Mrs. Simpson. Dolly had grown old and dreary over night. Her head drooped almost to her fetlocks. She stumbled with bent knees awkwardly. Gerald, if anything, was gayer than ever, but that is a man's way. How could he know that she was proud after the manner of women, loved pretty things and had great notions about being fashionable, and that he had that morning broken her heart?

By an intricate arrangement of ropes a toy express cart, such as small boys drag about by the handle, was hitched behind Dolly. It contained a half bushel of stones

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whereon sat the boldest of Gerald's ragged followers, switching her heels and shouting, "G'lang!" It was all Dolly could do not to hit the contrivance as she walked. A kick would have been the easiest thing in the world.

"What a shame!" said Mrs. Simpson.

Yet perhaps this discipline was good for Dolly. She may have been too proud and gay, have looked scornfully, for instance, upon the poor old plugs in Gran'pa Santwire's sand cart, for these, indeed, were the strangest pair in the country, both being broken-backed, but in different ways, for one sagged until his back was like the letter U, but the other was telescoped so that his legs were too near together, and his spine was humped, poor soul!—till he looked very like a camel.

Even these two now turned to stare at Dolly, while aristocratic beasts drawing correct carriages pretended to shy, and the people all laughed. But sad Dolly kept on, Gerry riding like a little cavalryman, tremendously pleased with himself, the ragged imp behind switching Dolly's heels —that could have kicked *so* easily—and shouting, "G'lang!"

Thus the Doctor met them, and as usual stopped to take a reassuring pinch of Gerald's biceps, which now had grown from nothing to the size of a cherry, to look at his clean, pink tongue, and tickle him in the ribs to bring out the dimples. The ragged imp slid promptly from the pile of stones and faded into the color of the road, which was the same as his rags, in swift retreat.

"Are you sure Dolly likes that?" then asked the Doctor, who kept a professional eye on that little person also, having perceived at the first glance that she was a gentlewoman in thin disguise and as human as anybody.

"Why, she understands we're just playing." But Gerry's tone was troubled. "I thought she was just sleepy——" He clambered down, lifted the mare's head, and looked searchingly into her clouded eyes. Then with trembling mouth corners he untied the ropes and left the load standing as it was.

"It was for the fort, but maybe we can manage some other way," he sighed.

Dolly's head came up. She tossed her forelock out of her eyes, and said "Honyhnhnm!" softly through her silken nose. Joriander thrust a warm congratulatory kiss in her face and described rapid circles of joy about the group. Very far down the yellow road, something that might have been a hummock of sand with a straw hat on it, waited watchfully.

"Who is that little boy you play with so much, Gerry?"

"Why that's Napoleon Shampine. He knows *everything*. I was surprised when you told me I was to play with the French children, but I'm glad, because they're ever so much nicer than *us* children. Why you wouldn't believe the things I've learned from Napoleon!"

"Such as what, Gerry?"

"We-ll, I—I'd rather you wouldn't mention it to Mamma, but it's principally about —well—*devils*, you know."

"Oh!"

"There are so many kinds and they do such strange things. I was really a little—alarmed—until he told me how to 'make the horns.'"

Gerry illustrated with grimy thumb and little finger.

"If you only remember to do that you're perfectly safe."

"I see."

"And he has promised to teach me other things——"

"Well, I don't know," said the Doctor anxiously. "I——"

"I'll tell you bimeby," said Gerry. He had mounted and was smiling—perhaps grinning—at the distant speck in the road.

"It's only what you told me to do," he said reassuringly, "and I want you to be s'prized."

Then according to the habits inculcated in his nursery life he leaned forward and put up his dirty little face to be kissed before riding on to join his fidus Achates.

How poor Dolly spurted over that distance! Was it accident or design that made her overturn the wretched express cart in the first leap? The Doctor swore it was design. Elm Street people started up from their embroidery and things and cried out that she was running away, but that was slander. She was only very happy.

. . . . . .

The Doctor was a busy man, who slept soundly, but in apple time he kept a shotgun loaded with pepper beside him, left

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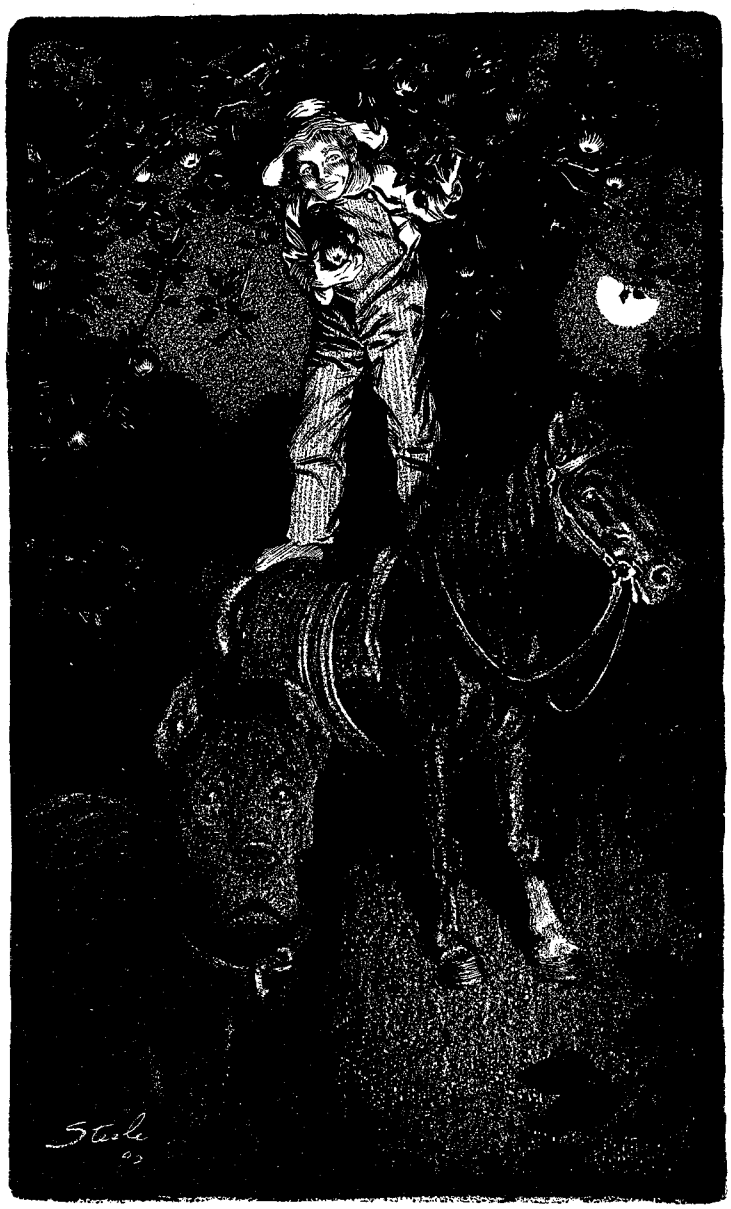

Shot a red beam into his favorite Fameuse tree.—Page 502.

his window open toward the orchard, and turned his Pekin ducks in there, which are as good as geese when it comes to saving Rome.

One night he woke to a shrill peal of elfin laughter, after which the hurried thumping of the ducks' feet and their alarmed "hwank" was plain, and he tumbled into his trousers, but whether or not there was a disarming quality in that laugh, the shotgun with pepper in it was left behind, and he carried nothing with him but a bull's eye lantern. As he entered with clumsy stealth under the drooping branches of a winter pear, the ducks flashed by, glimmering, ghostly, heavy-footed, and a distinct, sibilant whisper came out of the darkness ahead: "You done it! Wat I tole you!

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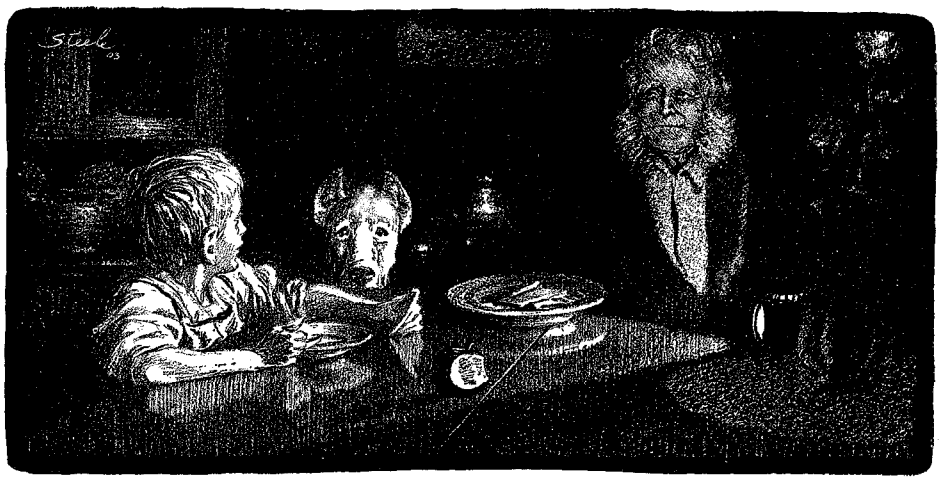

"It *does* make you rather hungry to be out at night, doesn't it!"—Page 503.

Run!" Simultaneously the Doctor was thrown to earth and hot jaws were at his throat.

"Joriander!" said a familiar voice, something like the society tones of Mrs. Bailey, "I'm surprised." The cover of the lantern flew back and shot a red beam into his favorite Fameuse tree, where a laughing and astonished face seemed suspended. Lower down were the soft but troubled eyes of Dolly, shining like a deer's while she held her ground with unwilling heroism.

Joriander withdrew, embarrassed, avoiding the path of light from the lantern.

"Gerry Bailey!" said the Doctor, slowly regaining his feet, "I'm surprised!"

"Yes, sir. I didn't intend you should know just yet."

"Where's that—that——"

"You mean Napoleon? He went away.

"Er—is it—that is—is it exactly safe for you to stand on Dolly's back that way to get the apples?"

"It's very convenient, but she *did* jump a little just now when you came."

"Shall I never," mused the Doctor inwardly, "be cured of hyperbole! But who would have supposed the little imp would have taken it literally! I only mentioned the extremest thing I could think of—oh, well——"

"I don't know," he said, "that the night air is just the thing for you, Gerry. We—that is—suppose we go into the dining-room? There's some floating island left from tea which is very digestible, and some oatmeal cookies. By the way," he said, casting a lantern ray at a small tree near the orchard entrance: "Did you get any of the Anson's Water-core?"

"No, sir; just the Fameuse. I didn't know any of the rest were ripe, except the Duchess and Astrakhan, and we have those at home."

"The Anson's Water-core is new," said the Doctor. "Where's your bag?"

"Oh—why, Napoleon has it."

"The dev—I mean, you don't say! Well, we'll get some of these and go along to the house. They're as good as the Fameuse, I fancy—but different. You hold one up to the sun and you can see the light through it. I'd been intending to send some over to your mother. I guess we can find a bag or something at the house."

The Anson's Water-core were green and difficult to find. Dolly smelt out one first and crunched it while the other two were hunting. When they had a dozen or so they started again for the house, Joriander following apologetically. Once he thrust a wet nose against the Doctor's hand.

"Don't," said that gentleman, "you make me nervous. Just think what might have happened if Gerry hadn't been there!" And Joriander dropped to the rear. Nevertheless, he was allowed to follow the two into the dining-room. At their entry an astonished cat, who was watching a mouse-hole, vanished, with a distinct suggestion of brimstone, into outer darkness.

Dolly stood outside and sampled a lilac

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bush, peering in through the screen, bright-eyed and wistful.

The Doctor looked at Gerry attentively by the light of the bull's-eye, made him put out his tongue, and roll up his sleeves to show how fat he was getting, probably for the pleasure of the thing, as it was not twelve hours since he had reassured himself as to those matters.

"You *are* coming on," he said, dished out a liberal bowl of floating island and found a plate of graham cookies, watching their disappearance with professional enthusiasm.

"It *does* make you rather hungry to be out at night, doesn't it!" observed the marauder, politely.

"You haven't tried it before, then?" said the Doctor with relief.

"No, sir. You said, you know——"

"Y-yes, I know." Was there a grin on the small bronzed face, and a leer in the light blue eyes behind the bleached lashes? The Doctor rubbed his gray hair the wrong way. The pale Gerry for whom he had prescribed horse, dog, and playing with French children, would have been incapable of understanding, much less carrying through, so stupendous a joke as this. He had thought the mysterious French boy was the prime mover in the affair. Now he doubted.

"I say, Gerry—it's all right when it's *my* orchard, you know, but I wouldn't do it to anybody else's if I were you."

The blue eyes opened wide. "Oh, dear, no!"

The tanned cheeks reddened. "You told me to——"

"Yes—it was rather figurative—but that's all right. Only I don't like your being out in the night air."

When the last yellow drop of floating island was gone the Doctor dressed somewhat more formally, and with his lantern in one hand and a bag of Anson's Water-core in the other saw Gerry home, watching with professional pride his ascent to his room by way of a porch pillar and a grape-vine, Dolly having first been put to bed and tucked up, with an Anson's Water-core to go to sleep on.

Joriander stretched his great bulk on the veranda under his master's window. The Doctor patted his head and scratched his pointed ears with great friendliness before he stole away.

"And *that's* all right," said he.

MOTHER GOOSE ANNOTATED FOR SCHOOLS:

AN EXPERIMENT IN MODERN PEDAGOGICS

By Clara Austin Winslow

THIS little volume is the first of a proposed new Literature Series, annotated and adapted for schools. The aim of the editor is to make the student thoroughly acquainted with the poem which he is studying, by a lucid explanation of all allusions, figures of speech, metrical forms, ethical thoughts, and psychological phenomena. It is hoped that this method will keep the student from thinking for himself or using his own imagination. If it does this, its mission will be accomplished. It is safe to say that every note has some important pedagogical purpose.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

L. 2—"tuffet." Some authorities assert that this is nothing more than a three-legged stool, while others contend that it is without legs and upholstered. Would not "hassock" have been a better word to use here?

L. 3—"curds and whey." A palatable dish and a favorite food among some peoples of to-day.

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L. 4—"spider." Scientific name, *arachnid*. Let the student look up the anatomy and habits of this insect and then judge for himself whether or not the author was a scientist.

L. 5—"sat down." Is this probable?

The general construction of the poem is good. There is a gradual development of the plot to the climax in line 4, then a quick and decisive downward movement to the final catastrophe.

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sate on a wall, 1
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall; 2
All the king's horses and all the king's men 3
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again. 4

L. 2—Repetition of name adds force.

L. 3—To what king does this probably refer? Do you agree with Marcellus Oldman that it is Henry the Eighth? The word "horses" gives a clew.

L. 4—The irregularity of metre here is appropriate to the sadness of the sentiment.

Ding, Dong Bell

Ding, dong bell, 1
Pussy's in the well. 2
Who put her in? 3
Little Tommy Green. 4
Who pulled her out? 5
Little Johnny Stout. 6
What a naughty boy was that 7
To drown poor pussy-cat, 8
Who never did any harm, 9
But killed the mice in his father's barn. 10

How does this differ from a sonnet?

L. 1—Compare with Shakespeare's

"Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell."

L. 2—"pussy." Quaint old word.

L. 4—"Tommy Green." What relation to Tommy Atkins?

L. 5—Notice the deep ethical meaning contained in this line.

L. 10—Ambiguity. Here the student has these two questions confronting him: "Who killed the mice?" "In whose father's barn?"

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill, 1
To fetch a pail of water; 2
Jack fell down and broke his crown, 3
And Jill came tumbling after. 4

Let the student explain the symbolical meaning herein contained in regard to co-education and athletics.

Needles and Pins

Needles and pins, needles and pins, 1
When a man marries his trouble begins. 2

The first line strikes the keynote of the whole. Notice the pathetic simplicity of language, and the direct appeal to sympathy in the last line. This is an exquisite gem.

L. 2—"trouble." In this connection, read Shakespeare's lines,

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Tommy Tonsey

Tommy Tonsey's come from France, 1
Where he learned the latest dance; 2
He has brought a scarlet dog, 3
And now the town is all agog. 4

L. 1—From what harbor and on what steamer do you think he sailed, judging from the context?

L. 3—"scarlet dog." The dog may have been dyed with cochineal, but more probably was painted.

L. 4—A curious coincidence that a modern poet has used the two words, "town" and "agog" in close proximity.

"Old want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town."

I Had a Little Husband

I had a little husband, 1
No bigger than my thumb; 2
I put him in a pint pot, 3
And there I bid him drum. 4

L. 1—At this point, it would be well for the student to enumerate the little men of the world. Were any of them as small as the one referred to here?

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L. 3—The quality of alliteration in "put," "pint pot" suggests that the heroine is a practical but somewhat pert woman.

L. 4—*Did* he drum? The most reliable authorities answer decisively in the affirmative. It is best to accept this decision, as it seems to accord with the expressed character of both parties concerned, and otherwise the poem would have a much lower moral standard.

Notice the author's familiarity with literature, shown by his use of the word "drum." The same word is used by Dryden in—

"The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark, the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

Also compare Shakespeare's

"A drum, a drum,
Macbeth doth come."

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner 1
Sat in the corner 2
Eating a Christmas pie; 3
He put in his thumb, 4
And pulled out a plum, 5
And said, "What a good boy am I." 6

L. 3—"pie." Probably "pudding" in the original. From internal evidence we learn that the hero was of a retiring disposition ("corner"), unaccustomed to high society ("thumb"), but nevertheless with the latent germs of a political aspirant ("pulled out a plum").

Hark, Hark, the Dogs do Bark

Hark, hark, 1
The dogs do bark, 2
Beggars are coming to town: 3
Some in jags, 4
Some in rags, 5
And some in velvet gowns. 6

L. 4.—"jags." This word may be interpreted in two ways: *i. e.*, "a row of serrated points," or, colloquially, a "load," as "enough liquor to intoxicate."

Observe the difference in atmosphere of the opening and closing lines. A pleasantly soothing effect is produced by the softness of the words "velvet gowns."

Little Tom Tucker

Little Tom Tucker 1
Sings for his supper; 2
What shall he eat? 3
White bread and butter. 4
How shall he cut it 5
Without any knife? 6
How shall he be married 7
Without any wife? 8

L. 2—"Sings." Compare, "*Arma virumque cano.*"

The last four lines of this poem are far below the preceding lines in excellence. The reader's mind should be satisfied with a convincing answer to the last two questions. The thought is not traced sufficiently far. The teacher should require the student to write papers containing the requisite answers.

Notice the optimistic lightness of the introduction, and the pessimistic, almost despairing, tone of the end. What is the reason for this?

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, 1
Had a wife and couldn't keep her; 2
He put her in a pumpkin shell, 3
And there he kept her very well. 4

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, 5
Had another and didn't love her; 6
Peter learned to read and spell, 7
And then he loved her very well. 8

L. 3—If the student will trace this allusion to its source, he will discover that it refers to the story of Jupiter's imprisoning the giants under Mt. Ætna.

L. 6—"didn't love her." A favorite theme among both ancient and modern writers. For example, see Wordsworth,

"It is not now as it has been of yore."

Byron,

"There is society where none intrudes."

Browning,

"Not a word to each other."

Marcus Aurelius,

"Enough of this wretched life and murmuring and apish tricks."

L. 7—Observe the marked difference in the treatment of his two wives. This is intended to symbolize the advance in civ-

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ilization since the beginning of the public-school system.

Hey, Diddle, Diddle

Hey, diddle, diddle, 1
The cat and the fiddle, 2
The cow jumped over the moon; 3
The little dog laughed 4
To see such sport, 5
And the dish ran away with the spoon. 6

To the teacher: The following questions are suggested for stimulating the pupil's imagination.

What is the significance of the first line?

("Hey" originally of sad character; compare Latin "heu," alas.)

Do you understand that the cat had already begun to play the fiddle?

How did the cow jump—by the Delsarte method?

Was it a full moon?

Was the dog's laughing an evidence of wit or of humor, or might there have been a combination of the two elements?

Would it have been possible for the dog to see at such a distance?

Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, 1
His wife could eat no lean; 2
Betwixt them both, they cleaned the plate 3
And licked the platter clean. 4

This abstruse bit gives food for much thought. The dramatic action is unified, but is it natural? Would Jack Sprat, with the aristocratic tendency suggested in line 1, have licked the platter clean? Martinus and Regulus say "No." Lines 3 and 4 are somewhat perplexing. The meaning doubtless is that his wife cleared the plate, *i.e.*, polished the silver, while he made way with all the food. This is the most natural explanation of a difficult passage. It is to be regretted that the moral lesson is so weak.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep, 1
Have you any wool? 2
Yes, marry, have I, 3
Three bags full; 4
One for my master, 5
And one for my dame, 6
But none for the little boy 7
Who cries in the lane. 8

L. 1—"Baa, baa." A favorite phrase in olden times, and still in current use; probably derived from the Latin "*beo*," to make happy.

Was the sheep black by nature, or only for the sake of alliteration?

L. 3—"marry." A curious use of the word, probably suggested by the preceding answer, "Yes."

L. 4—"Three bags full." An allusion to Æolus, King of the Winds.

L. 7 and 8—Note the ingenious device by which the ethical lesson is conveyed.

Study the text carefully and calculate accurately what was done with the third bag. Take into consideration all the possibilities: *i.e.*, the bag may have been divided among many, or the little boy may have stopped crying.

Suggested Questions for Examination

What is your opinion of things in general?

Begin at the origin and tell all the causes that lead to the consummation.

What warrants the use of words in literature?

Is the action of a periodic sentence natural or forced?

What relation has the climax of a plot to the second word of the third line?

Give the basis of your reasoning.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE of the curious results of the present prestige that surrounds all things Anglo-Saxon is the change that is taking place in certain quarters in the writing of the French language. It is a subtle change, at most; and yet it is discernible enough to those for whom such matters have interest and significance. Where a few years ago a man could take up the new book of the leading French writer, or the last signed article in newspaper or review, with a reasonably sure anticipation of the agreeable æsthetic titillation that comes of the thing said with a constant care for form and a felicitous achievement of it, he is now surprised, with increasing frequency, by phrases that give one the feeling of having been translated literally from an English original. This is not suggesting that English cannot be written with the sense of form, but that its genius, its hall-mark, consists rather, as we know, in the putting of facts directly, with a sort of naked adherence to statement, while the genius and hall-mark of the French language would be the putting of facts allusively, with a comprehensive inclusion of the various side-meanings that any statement comports. So far as one can generalize about so complicated an organism as a language, this definition will probably hold. There have been times—whole periods, or individual instances—when the English sentence swelled into an orotund, involuted piece of Latinity, magnificent or obscure, as the case might be. These, however, were really accidents. Typical English has an objective *allure*, a straightforward gait that gets forcefully to its point precisely because it *excludes*. The Saxon spirit, the Saxon mould of the language, will have it so. And now we see the French writers who are seeking to give a straightforward, objective tone to their style, obtaining that effect by placing their words differently from what the habitual reader would expect; by making a cast of phrase, in short, which discards something of the construction of the Latin family-model, in virtue of a construction that recalls the Saxon.

Strenuousness and the Play of Thought

In the main, these writers belong to the number of those modern Frenchmen who are engaged in the honorable enterprise of stimulating the moral tone of their country to greater energy and virility. They seem to see a connection between Anglo-Saxon effectualness and the comparative disregard of English verbal grace, considered *per se*. The result is an almost contemptuous impatience, here and there, with the traditional charm of manner, also considered *per se*, that undoubtedly, to the Gallic appreciation, has often been allowed to mask, and to atone for, lack of thought or right purpose, in literature.

Certainly, the way in which people find it most natural to speak and write *has* a connection with the ruling tone of the civilization of their day. The hyperbolic Elizabethan English was the print of Italian and Spanish influence and the crowding, ill-digested, splendid mental acquisitions of the Renaissance. If English in its present sober manner, the manner most essentially, properly its own, is more and more the world-language, it is because it says, swift and pat, all that is needful for modern men and women who are all the time and everywhere in a hurry. Quick and conclusive English words are being taken up in other languages; and the direction of general thought is such that the very build of the English phrase is impressing itself on the minds of men bent on concrete accomplishment, and with scant time for the by-paths, however psychologically inviting, that lead from their main route.

And yet sympathy goes out to those Parisians who are protesting that this, and other, effects of *la vie intense* are threatening to

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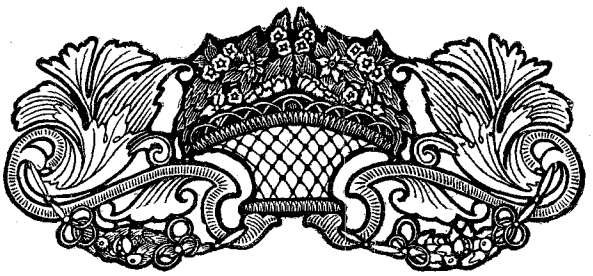
engulf things that should be saved at all costs. The other day a writer was deploring the decay of some indigenous and distinctive forms of amusement, like opera bouffe. These forms depend on peculiar qualities of wit for their success, and on a lightsome but none the less frequently penetrating philosophy of life, which are not always replaced in value, it is felt, by the problem play of the North and the strenuous literature of Anglo-Saxon origin. French wit is not always in good odor with the serious races, because of the order of subjects on which it has chiefly chosen to expend itself. May the day be far distant, nevertheless, when, in itself, it shall cease to be! The "turn of the phrase" is worth preserving, because that "turn" goes with a perception of all the ground that lies around the idea expressed, comes into being simultaneously with that perception. It conduces, in a word, to the play of thought. To drive straight at the mark of what you would say, to drive straight at the mark of what you would do, is strength, and (generally) ethics. The play of thought has not necessarily anything to do with ethics, *prima facie*. Yet on its freedom and fullness do ethics and all other modes and ideals of the human brain ultimately depend. Not activity of thought, either, is what one is thinking of, but *play*—just that light and seemingly irresponsible flashing of ideas over all the matter of experience which the Greeks once had, and for which we still feed upon their legacy. The Gallic situation may seem, to earnest patriots, to call more for strenuousness than for the attitude of mind out of which practical philosophy, the sense of form, and the well-put sentence are born. Some of the rest of us only find ourselves selfishly wishing, all the same, that things might remain as they are, and that characteristics might not be withdrawn from the common fund which, should we cease to get them from the Seine, might not easily come to us from any other source.



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THE FIELD OF ART

The Staalmeesters; officers of the Cloth-workers' Guild.
By Rembrandt. Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam.

THE DUTCH GROUP—PORTRAITS

THE "Jahrbuch der Kunsthistorischen Sammlungen des Allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses," published in Vienna, is an annual volume of folio size, and running to 500 pages, more or less. There have been added to the collection four volumes in larger folio, devoted to special subjects too vast to be included within the usual page; and one of those contains by way of introduction that most valuable essay by Wickhoff on Roman art, which has been translated, separately, and published as a quarto volume under that title. Another has to do with the prodigious frieze of Gjolbaschi in Asia Minor. So much to introduce the book; so much for "the place where," as Don Adriano says; and as for the time when, it is indifferent: but very recently there has appeared in those columns a treatise by Alois Riegl, entitled "Das Holländische Gruppen-porträt," The Dutch Portrait-Groups. This essay occupies 200 pages of the annual folio volume, and includes four plates in photogravure and 73 text illustrations printed from half-tone blocks. In other words, it is of the size and importance of a large octavo volume. It is as thorough as it is big; and one sees why this annual publication is supported at government expense. It may be well to give some account here of the contents of the paper.

It appears that in the later years of what we call the Middle Ages there were certain regularly organized pilgrimages from the Low Countries to Jerusalem, conducted in a formal sort of way, the organizers thereof calling themselves the Brothers of the Holy Sepulchre. In the fifteenth century already their portraits were in the way of being painted by Jan van Scorel, who is also called in the different dictionaries Schoreel and Schoorl, which last seems to be the usual form in which is given the name of his native place. Each picture contains six or eight figures arranged in a row, with but little variety of pose. There was also a religious order closely con-

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nected with the advancement and protection of such pilgrimage, and called the St. John's men. In the portraits of them which were painted by Geertgen of Haarlem, the Maltese Cross appears on every breast, and we may infer a very close connection with the famous order of Knights of St. John, which held Malta as its principal seat from 1530 until the Napoleonic epoch, and that in spite of all the efforts of the Turks. And these portrait groups of the men whom our author calls *Johanniter* are of extreme interest, made up as they are with landscape backgrounds and great variety of movement and pose, although they date from a time as early as that of this artist, who is better known to the art histories as Gerrit (in the diminutive Geertgen) van Sint Jans, because of his close alliance with the St. John's men, and who seems to have died about 1520. A photogravure of an ecclesiological picture of his, at Vienna, is given to show how the earliest portraits were those introduced into such compositions as that. Again there came into the field the famous Antony Mor—he who was afterward an important figure in Spain under the name of El Moro, and in England as Sir Anthony More, and he painted portraits of the Utrecht pilgrims to Jerusalem—that is to say, of the Utrecht branch of the order of Seekers of the Holy Land—and has represented them with the cross of Jerusalem (Cross Potent) on the breast of each man—a heraldic cross very different in appearance from that of the Knights of St. John. It has appeared already from what is found in the work of Jan van Scorel that there was a Utrecht as well as a Haarlem branch of this Brotherhood; and the photographs of his pictures show this cross of Jerusalem often recurring, although other heraldic escutcheons and other badges also appear. The splendid dress of the men shown in Fig. 7, a photograph from a picture by van Scorel, shows the cross of Jerusalem with four smaller crosses in the four cantons, the open right angles of the background; and this reappears in Antony Mor's picture, Fig. 10. It is, of course, the full heraldic bearing of the Crusader Kings of Jerusalem, during their little century.

So far we have followed our author in his account of the evidently religious and crusading movements of the middle ages; but as time goes on, and we come to those portrait groups which have no quasi-religious significance, the question is raised why the Italians never took up this method of painting portraits in groups, and one exception is marked in the general rule that they did not adopt this method. The Venetians at least, exceptional in this as in many things, did paint such portrait groups; and Domenico Tintoretto, son of the famous Jacopo Robusti, has left us a double group of the *Scuola dei Mercanti*, an institution long since closed. These two pictures are in the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, and they are formal groups arranged without great significance as to positions, but refined and stately in the treatment of the heads, in a fashion contrasting oddly with the pictures of the Netherlanders. So do they contrast with the single portraits which follow; for Dirk Jacobsz is represented here by a remarkable portrait in the Vienna Imperial Museum, inserted to show how the *portrait feeling*, the longing for insight into the human character of the subject, was strong in the mind of this excellent painter. His group portraits which follow, two very elaborate and interesting pictures in the Amsterdam Rijksmuseum, are, as Herr Riegl points out, much less attractive in this way, although another group at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, and reproduced in Fig. 24, is one of the most remarkable group portraits shown in this extraordinary gathering. By these pictures we are introduced to the matter of the shooting companies, and our author tells us in a by-the-way sort of fashion what these were. Persons who have grown familiar with the famous Rembrandts at The Hague and at Amsterdam, and with pictures by Van der Helst and Frans Hals, at Amsterdam and Haarlem, have also grown familiar with the general idea of semi-military organizations represented at least by their officers in these society portraits: but here there are so many of them that we are desirous to learn more than even this article tells us of the organizations in question. That they were originally shooters with the cross-bow, *Armbrustschützer* in German, or with the long-bow, *Bogenschützer*, and that then they took up the arquebus and later the carbine—all this appears well enough; and it appears also that they had some religious basis at first, as indeed all associations of the fourteenth century were bound to have, but that, beginning with the third quarter of the sixteenth century, they became a kind of city militia. Before this, however, they had been instrumental in the resistance

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The Marksmen's Guild of Saint Adrian.

Painted in 1627 in memory of their share in the Spanish war of 1622. By Frans Hals, City Museum, Haarlem.

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The Company of Capt. Franz Banning Cock and Lieut. Willem van Ruytenburgh; called "The Night Watch." By Rembrandt. Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam. (Part of the picture is hidden by the frame or cut off)

of the Protestant Provinces to Spanish domination and to the Inquisition in all its forms. It seems admitted that they played an important part in uniting the popular feeling for the necessary task of founding the Dutch Republic. The German title "Schützenstück," recurring again and again with regard to these illustrations, can hardly be translated literally, but we may call them "marksmen-pieces," if we choose. To call the men sharp-shooters would be to give them more credit than they claimed; it nowhere appears that their object was extreme accuracy of fire, nor was this a special purpose of their organization. These marksmen groups, then, by Jacobsz, by Teunnissen, by Dirk Barentsz, by Cornelis Ketel, by Pieter Ysaaks, by Aert Pieteraz, and by Cornelis Cornelisz, as well as by several unknown artists, bring the student far into what Herr Riegl calls his second period, beginning with 1588. The great ruffs of the time appear in connection with this pictorial disposition, and it is much if we can come to see in the paintings by Aert Pietersz anything except the rows of well-posed, grave and purposeful heads served up, as it were, on great disks of cambric and lace. Our author has taken space to show his readers how much genre painting, or the disposition toward genre painting, entered into the making of these later portrait groups, and how, under this influence, the formal row of heads became expanded into a much more pictorial composition. And so with these final years of the century there came the portraits of the "Regenten," that is to say the governors—of hospitals and charitable associations; although the marksmen-pieces also go on far into the seventeenth century and reach their glorious culmination in the great Rembrandt shown in one of our illustrations—the famous Ronde de Nuit. Our other two illustrations give the adorable Rembrandt, also at Amsterdam, called the "Staalmeesters" and representing the Governors of the Cloth-Workers' Guild; and the great Frans Hals, at Haarlem, the officers of the Shooting Corps of that town.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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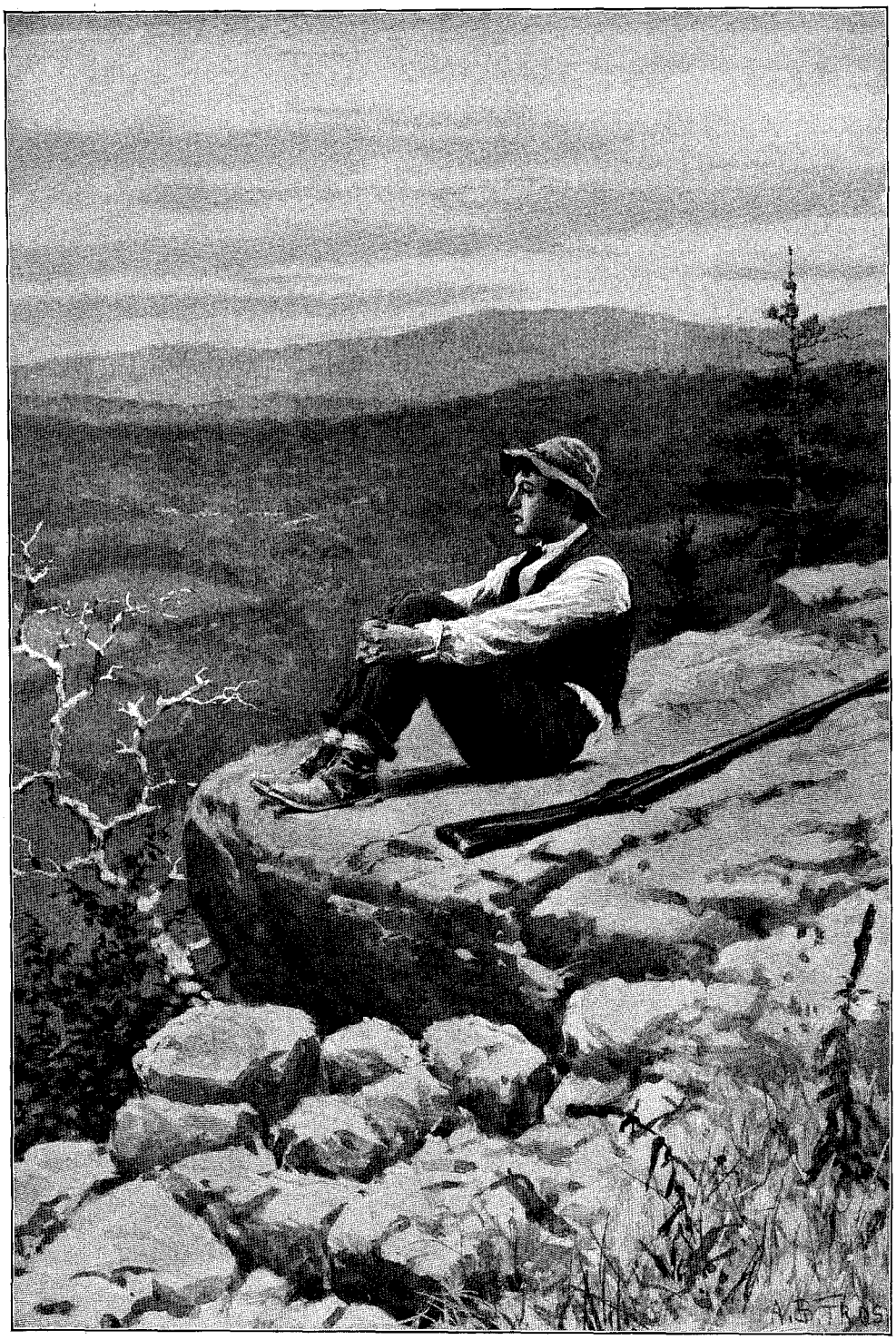

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

THEY CALLED TO ME AS A BOY.

—"The Soldier of the Valley," page 572.

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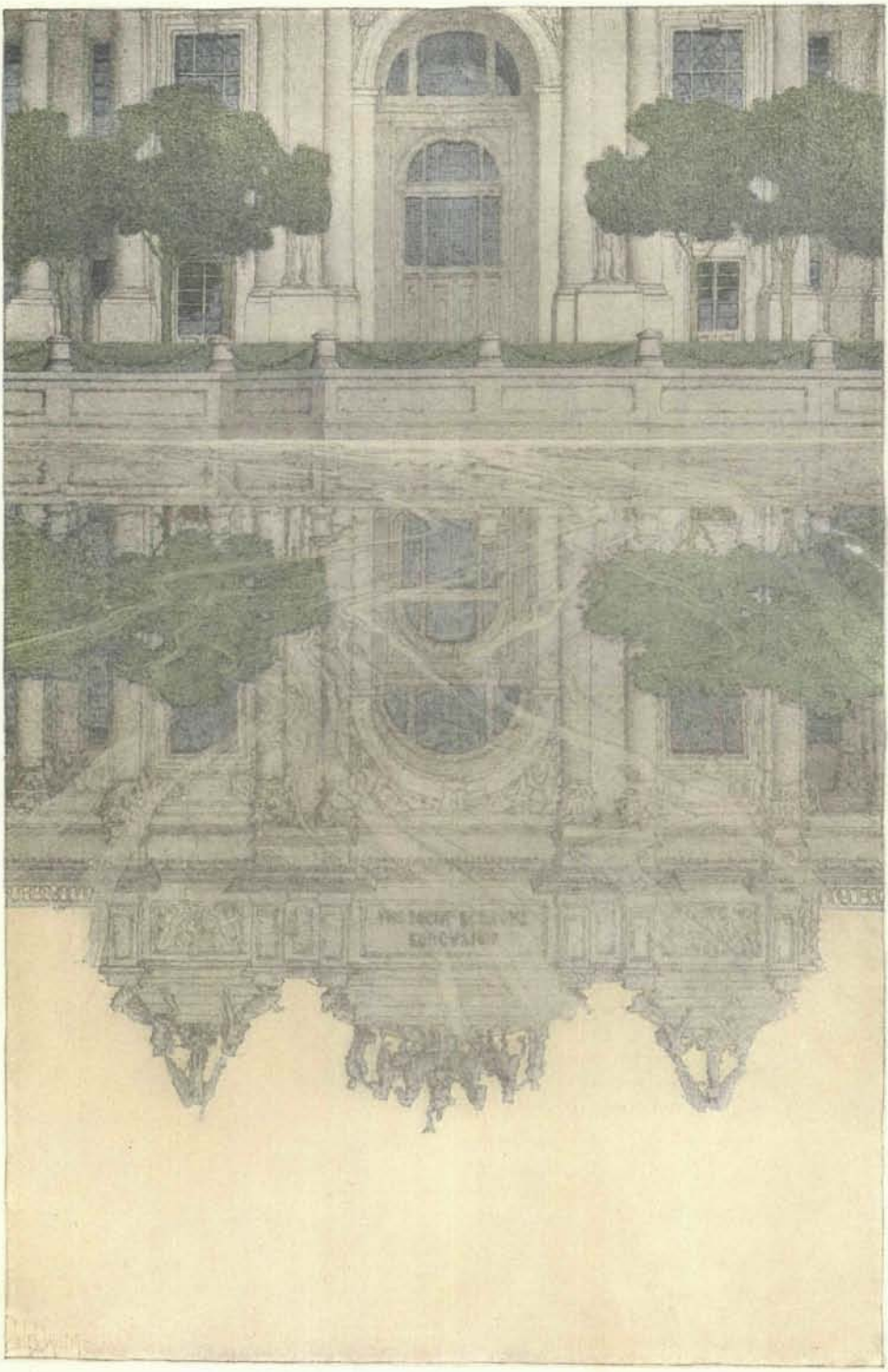

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Education Building, reflected in the Grand Basin, early morning.

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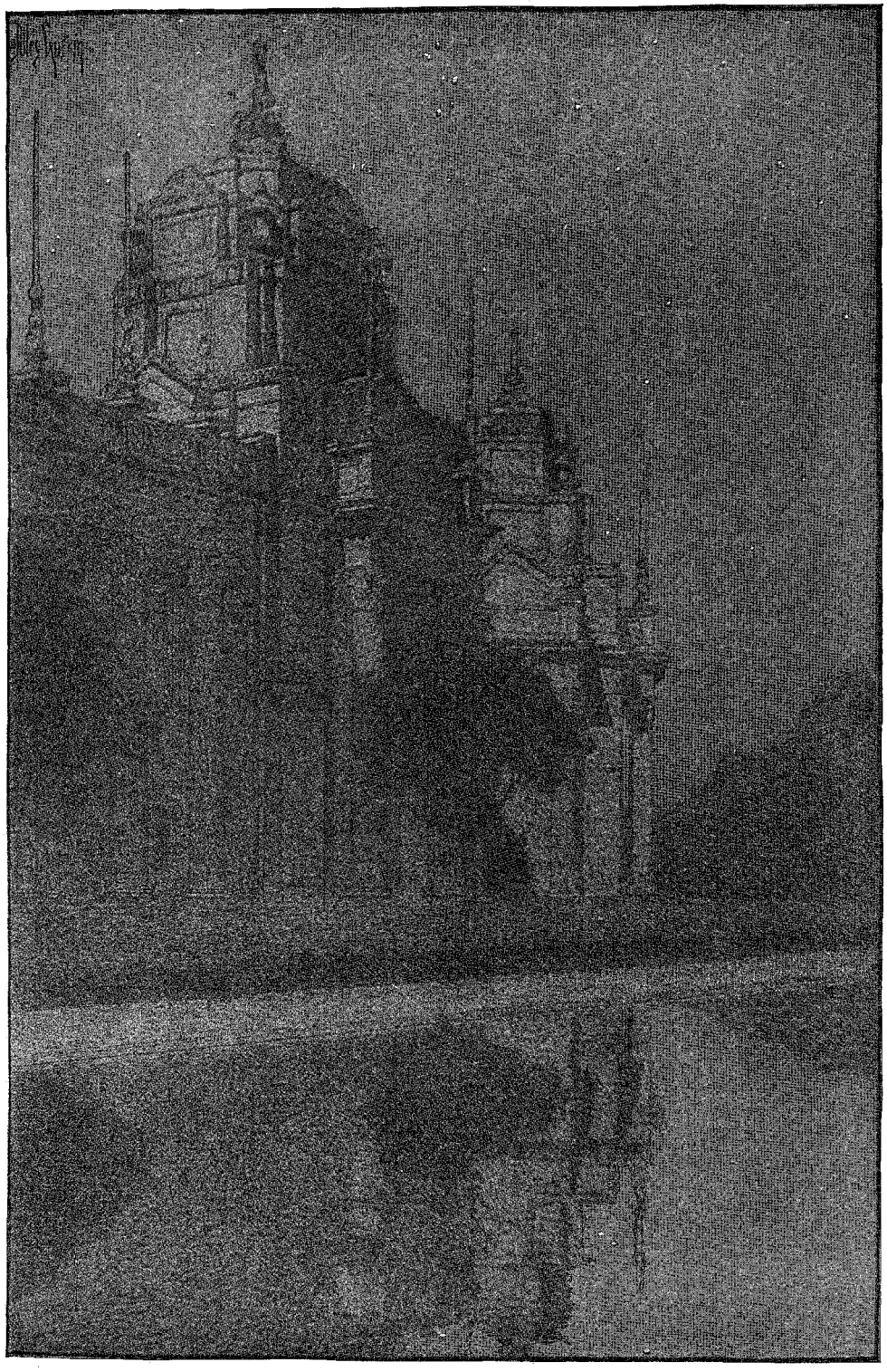

Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Electricity Building by moonlight.

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Drawn by Jules Guérin.

Façade of Transportation Building at night.

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